



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1855.

From the Quarterly Review.

GOLDSMITH.*

MR. CUNNINGHAM, whose scrupulous exactness is generally known, has furnished the first complete and accurate reprint of the miscellaneous writings of Oliver Goldsmith. Numerous errors which had crept into previous editions are corrected, omitted passages are restored, and entire pieces have been added.† By a fortunate coincidence Mr. Forster at the same moment has reproduced, with great additions, his well-known "Life of Goldsmith," in which he has collected, from an infinity of sources, every particular which could illustrate the career of his hero, and by his acute and genial comments, has assigned to the mass of disjointed facts their true significance. Much as has been written upon the man, and often as his works have been republished, we have now a better opportu-

nity for forming a thorough acquaintance with both than has been afforded us before.

There was an anomaly in Goldsmith's character which has existed in no other celebrated personage in an equal degree. An Irishman by birth, he had most of the virtues and not a few of the failings which distinguish many of his nation—their love of low festivities, their blundering, their gullibility, their boastfulness, their vanity, their improvidence, and, above all, their hospitality and benevolence. But with this Hibernian disposition he was an author after the purest and soberest models—chaste in his style and language, and calm and rational in his opinions. Those who lived with him found it hard to believe that one so weak in his conduct and conversation could display much power in his writings, and, as we learn from Dr. Johnson, "it was with difficulty that his friends could give him a hearing." Posterity, on the other hand, who reverse the process and judge him from his books, have been reluctant to acknowledge that the man "who wrote like an angel could have talked like poor Poll;" and there has been a tendency of late years to accuse his contemporaries of combining to exaggerate his absurdities. But whatever be

* *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith.* By JOURN FORSTER, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1854.

The Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Peter Cunningham. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1854.

† The new edition of the works of Goldsmith forms part of a series of the British Classics, which is undoubtedly the best selected and edited, the cheapest, and the handsomest that has ever issued from the press.

the explanation of the contradiction, there is abundant evidence that it was real. His works remain to speak for themselves: and the account of his foibles comes to us from such a variety of quarters, that to deny the likeness would be to undermine the foundations of biography itself. Even if traits originally ludicrous were made broader in the repetition, the general temptation to indulge in a caricature of his weaknesses is itself a proof that the qualities existed in excess. This distinct recognition by Mr. Forster of the blended nature of Goldsmith, of the Irish temperament which he derived from his parents, his training, and his early associates, and of the taste in composition which he derived from the study of books, has dissipated the doubts and difficulties which recent discussions were beginning to raise about one of the most strongly marked and transparent characters that ever existed in the world.

On the appearance in 1837 of Mr. Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, we related in detail the earlier, and at that time the least known, part of his career.* The son of a poor clergyman he was sent at seventeen to Dublin University, and for cheapness was compelled to enter as a sizar. If poverty is the stimulus to industry, industry is equally the solace of poverty. Study furnishes the mind with occupation, and removes the necessity for costlier and less worthy entertainment; but idleness aggravates penury, and is the parent of low diversions, lassitude, and debt. Such, from the indications which remain to us, appears to have been the college existence of Goldsmith. Any chance of his being drawn into the studies of the place was destroyed by the brutality of a tutor, who ridiculed his awkwardness and his ignorance, and who once knocked him down for giving a humble dance at his rooms to celebrate the small but solitary honor of having gained an exhibition worth thirty shillings. After nearly four years passed at Dublin without pleasure, profit, or distinction, he took his degree of bachelor of arts the 27th February, 1749.

His father died while he was at college, and his mother lived in reduced circumstances at a cottage in Ballymahon. He was urged by his family to take orders, but, wanting two years of the canonical age, he spent the interval at his new home. When he at last presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin he was refused ordination. According to a tradition which rests upon indifferent authority, and which is contradicted by other

accounts, he was rejected for appearing in scarlet breeches. The story was probably a jocular invention suggested by his love of gaudy clothes, and the only intelligible explanation of the transaction, as Mr. Forster remarks, is that his knowledge was found deficient. Instead of preparing for his examination he had employed his two years in country rambles, in playing whist and the flute, and in telling stories and singing songs at a club which met at the Ballymahon public-house. His own predilections had never been in favor of the clerical profession, and he made no further efforts to enter the church. Mr. Contarine, a clergyman who had married the sister of Oliver's father, now procured him the situation of tutor in the house of a Mr. Flinn. Here he remained a twelvemonth, when he taxed one of the family with cheating at cards and lost his office. He went back to Ballymahon with thirty pounds and a horse, started afresh in a few days, and reappeared at the end of six weeks with a worse horse and no money. His mother being very angry, he wrote a letter to pacify her, in which he professed to have gone to Cork, to have paid his passage in a ship which was bound to America, and to have been left behind by an unscrupulous captain who "never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board." A train of adventures followed, the whole of which bear evident marks of invention, and show how early he began to display the talents which produced the "*Vicar of Wakefield*." The church and emigration had failed. It was resolved to try law. With fifty pounds furnished by Mr. Contarine, he set out for London to keep his terms, gambled away his little fund with an acquaintance at Dublin, and was once more thrown back penniless upon his friends. The law was given up; but after a short interval they were hopeful enough to think that medicine might be attended with better luck. The money was again supplied by Mr. Contarine, and this time the reckless Oliver contrived to reach his destination, though it was no less distant than Edinburgh. He arrived there in the autumn of 1752, when he was twenty-four years of age.

It may be inferred from the previous and subsequent proceedings of Oliver, that he was neither very diligent nor very prudent at Edinburgh, but little is known with certainty. He remained there till the spring of 1754, when, led more by his love of roving than by his devotion to science, he resolved to visit the continental schools. "I shall carry," he wrote to Mr. Contarine in announcing that he

* "*Quarterly Review*," vol. Ivii. p. 273.

had drawn upon him for twenty pounds, "just £20 to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c., and that with economy will serve." Economy he never practised. Whatever pittance he possessed was usually squandered, and when he lived frugally it was because he had exhausted his means. A letter from Leyden to Mr. Contarine, which describes the mishaps that attended his voyage to Holland, whither he went instead of to France, is tinged, like the apologetical epistle to his mother, with palpable romance; and Mr. Forster suggests, we have no doubt truly, that it may perhaps have been dictated by the same motive—a desire to explain away heedless expenditure which might soon compel him to tax anew the purse and patience of his friends. His generous uncle, however, seems shortly afterwards to have sunk into childishness, and his other relatives in Ireland were deaf to his appeals. At Leyden he managed to exist by borrowing and giving lessons in English. He frequented the gaming table, and once brought away a considerable sum, which was lost almost as soon as won. When he took his departure in February 1755, he was obliged to a fellow-student for the loan which was to carry him on his way. Immediately afterwards he passed the shop of a florist, saw some costly tulip-roots, which were things prized by Mr. Contarine, and, solely intent upon gratifying his uncle, bought them at once with the borrowed money. It is these benevolent but ill-regulated impulses which have endeared the memory of Goldsmith to the world. In him the extravagance which ministers to gratitude and relieves wretchedness was still stronger than the improvidence which grew from self-indulgence. "He left Leyden next day," says Mr. Forster, "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand."

He took the course which he afterwards described in "The Traveller," and trudged on foot through parts of Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In later days he used to tell his friends of the distresses he underwent—of his sleeping in barns, of his dependence at one time upon the charity of convents, and of his turning itinerant flute-player* at another to get bed

and board. As no Englishman of his time could have seen so much of the interior life of the lower classes abroad, and been so intimately versed in their manners and feelings, it is surprising that among all his literary taskwork he should never have given a narrative of his continental adventures. It is stated by Mr. Forster, that after he grew into reputation the booksellers for whom he worked were unwilling to have it known that the famous Dr. Goldsmith had been a mendicant wanderer. If this was the cause of his silence, they judged very ill for their own interests and very falsely of public opinion, and the world has lost a more charming book of travels than has ever perhaps been penned.

The pedestrian tour of Goldsmith lasted exactly a year, and in February, 1756, he landed at Dover. He had increased his knowledge of men, manners, and countries, but he had brought back little which could aid him in his profession, except a medical degree that was supposed to have been procured at either Padua or Louvain, where the principal qualification was the payment of the fees. He made his way to London, and his first employment is believed to have been that of an usher in a provincial school. He soon returned to the metropolis, and offered himself to apothecaries to dispense their medicines. He had no other introduction than his mein and address, and it is not surprising that his ungainly figure, plain face, awkward manners, and shabby clothes should have failed to recommend him. Such was the poverty of his appearance that when he called shortly afterwards in his *best* suit upon Dr. Sleigh, who had been his fellow-student at Edinburgh, his former associate was unable to recognize him in his pitiful garb. His Irish birth increased the mistrust and stood much in his way. One Jacob, a chemist, who lived near the Monument, at last ventured to try him, and it was while in his service that Oliver renewed his intercourse with Dr. Sleigh. "When he did recollect me," says Goldsmith, "I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me dur-

* He was an indifferent performer, and, if we were to credit the story related by Sir John Hawkins, he was ignorant of his notes. Roubillac, so runs the tale, pretending to be charmed with one of Oliver's airs, begged to have it repeated that he might take it down. The sculptor jotted some random dots upon the paper, and showed it to Goldsmith, who, after looking it over with seeming attention, pro-

nounced it to be correct, adding, "that if he had not seen him do it he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him." In contradiction to this, the author of an address to the "Philological Society of London," published in May, 1787, and quoted by Mr. Forster, asserts that a gentleman of his acquaintance had often laid pieces of music before Goldsmith, who played them at sight. The anecdote of Hawkins is not in itself very probable, and may now be dismissed as apocryphal.

ing his continuance in London." Through the agency of Sleigh and Jacob he commenced practising in Southwark, and, in the language of Mr. Forster, became "poor physician to the poor." Yet even in this lowly sphere he was mindful of dress, and while with one hand he felt the pulse of his patient, with the other he held his hat upon his breast to conceal a patch upon his coat. Either he failed to get practise, or those who employed him were too needy to pay, and he abandoned physic to become corrector of the press to the famous Samuel Richardson. A printer whom he attended, and who worked for Richardson, is said to have suggested the notion and introduced him to the novelist. This contact with literature did not assist to make apparent the latent qualities of his genius. The author of "Clarissa" was too much taken up with his own importance to have a chance of detecting in his humble assistant the powers which were to produce the "Vicar of Wakefield."

In these several occupations the year was passed. The early part of 1757 found him usher at the Academy of Dr. Milner of Peckham, whose son was another of the fellow-students of Goldsmith at Edinburgh. He was now secure from want; but to judge from the descriptions he has left of the calling in his writings, it was of all his shifts the most painful and degrading. "The usher," he wrote in *The Bee*, "is generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, lives in a state of war with all the family." Mr. Forster, who quotes this passage, also quotes from the reminiscences of Mr. Cooke, a barrister, who was intimate with Goldsmith during the latter part of his life, the still more significant fact that, though he was accustomed to relate the hardships of his obscurer days, he never alluded to the Peckham Academy. The neglects and insults shown to his poverty were due to his circumstances, but the taunts of his pupils were a deeper wound to his sensitive nature, because they were directed against the man. The sketch of the usher he has drawn in *The Bee* is a palpable self-portrait, and it is a mark of his simplicity that he has generalised traits which were peculiar to himself. The office was doubtless often treated with disrespect, but the laugh which went round the juvenile circle, and extended itself to the

solemn central figure of the group, was especially provoked by the diverting originalities which distinguished Goldsmith from the rest of mankind. The oddity of language to which he alludes in *The Bee* was his Hibernian dialect, and it was remarked by his friend Mr. Cooke that to the close of his life he was careful to retain it in all its original force. A curious instance of his ignorance of English pronunciation occurs in one of his early reviews, in which he takes a poet to task for making *key* rhyme with *be*. He had then no idea that it had any other sound than his native Irish *kay*.

The tricks which the pupils played off upon Oliver he retaliated on the footman, who was weak in intellect and ludicrously vain. As he prided himself upon his eating and drinking feats, Goldsmith rolled some white cheese into the shape of a candle-end, and inserting a bit of blackened paper for a wick he placed it by the remnant of a true tallow-dip. "You eat that piece of candle," he said to the footman, "and I will eat this." Goldsmith set the example, and with a wry face ate up his cheese by mouthfuls. When he had nearly done, the footman swallowed his own piece of candle at a desperate gulp, and began to triumph over the protracted nausea of his antagonist. "Why truly, William," replied Goldsmith, "my bit of candle was no other than a bit of very nice Cheshire cheese, and therefore, William, I was unwilling to lose the relish of it." After practical jokes like these from a man of twenty-nine, it was an inevitable consequence that usher Oliver and footman William should be treated by the boys with about equal respect. But the old halo of benevolence which surrounds him everywhere shines out here, and his salary was usually spent, the very day it was paid, in charity to beggars and gifts to the smaller boys. "You had better, Mr. Goldsmith," said Mrs. Milner at last, "let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen." "In truth, madam," he replied, "there is equal need."

It was while he was at Peckham that the circumstance occurred which brought him into connection with his real vocation. Dr. Milner was a contributor to the "Monthly Review," and Griffiths, the proprietor, when dining at his table, was so far impressed by the conversation of Goldsmith, that he asked him to furnish a few specimens of criticism. The result was his removal from the establishment of Dr. Milner to that of Mr. Griffiths. He was to lodge and board with the bookseller, to receive a small salary, and to labor

every day from nine till two upon the "Monthly Review." He entered upon his new functions at the end of April, 1757, having engaged himself for a twelvemonth, and we are inclined to adopt a more cheering view of the contract than has been taken by Mr. Forster. Goldsmith declared that it was not till a year or two later that he discovered his talents for literature. He had, indeed, sent his brother Henry, in a letter from abroad, the first brief draught of "The Traveller," but it drew forth no praise from the family circle; and did not add to their hopes of the scapegrace Oliver. He had again, in the January of the present year, according to the statement of Dr. Farr, called upon him to read the commencement of a tragedy, upon which he had previously taken the opinion of Richardson, but he appears to have received no encouragement to proceed, nor is there the slightest trace, since he sold ballads when at college for five shillings apiece to the street-singers of Dublin, that in any of his distresses he ever dreamt of eking out his subsistence by his pen. To exchange the mechanical drudgery of hearing the Delectus and correcting the nonsense verses of little boys for the more intellectual drudgery of writing for the press was, we suspect, considered by himself an elevation at the moment. It was not Goldsmith conscious of his genius that had let himself out to Griffiths by the year, but Goldsmith the butt of acquaintances and the laughing-stock of schoolboys. In consequence, however, of the coarse, ungenerous nature of the particular publisher who had secured his services, the engagement proved unpropitious, and at the end of six months was dissolved in anger by mutual consent. The bookseller taxed his scribe with idleness and independence, and Goldsmith complained of the authoritative airs of Griffiths, of the domestic parsimony of his wife, and of the unwarrantable liberties of both in re-touching the articles he composed for the review. These early productions have the graces of his style, though not in the highest degree. The substance is below the form. The criticisms and observations are often commonplace, never novel or profound, and his happiest ideas can scarcely challenge any prouder designation than good common sense. With exquisite taste in his own compositions he never, strange to say, attained to much insight into the merits and defects of the writings of others. When his judgments are not false, they show neither nicety of discrimination nor keenness of relish.

In the autumn of 1757 he was once more

thrown upon the town, sleeping in a garret and dating his letters from the Temple Exchange coffee-house, near Temple Bar. He was tracked to his lodgings by his brother Charles, who, hearing a rumor that Oliver was up in the world, had decamped secretly from Ireland to partake of this unwonted Goldsmith prosperity. The poor author made light of his situation, and said that the *Campaign* of Addison was written in a garret higher than his own; but Charles saw that he must seek for another patron, and was soon on his way to Jamaica. In a letter which Goldsmith wrote in December to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, he speaks of himself as making shift to live by very little practice as a physician, and very little reputation as a poet. None of the poetry has been recovered, if indeed it ever existed, for his accounts of himself are not to be trusted. The only literary work which has been traced to him at this period is a short article in the "Critical Review" for November, 1757, and a translation from the French, entitled "The Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion," which was published in February, 1758. Even existence in a garret could not be supported upon the miserable proceeds of authorship, and he was fain to return to the Peckham Academy. He reappeared in the school under what we should have supposed to have been happier auspices. The health of Dr. Milner was failing, and the head mastership devolved in great part upon the usher. To the increased authority he derived from this circumstance was added the consideration, which in the worst days of literature must always have been something, of having been thought competent to instruct the public through the press. Yet his situation was still uneasy, and the hope which brightened his prospects was the promise of Dr. Milner to procure him a medical appointment in India. He bid a final adieu to the Peckham seminary in August, 1758, and shortly afterwards received the warrant which nominated him physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel. The salary was only a hundred a-year, but the private practice of the place, which followed the official station, was an extra thousand. To raise money for the outfit, which he calculated would require 130*l.*, he had for some time been preparing in his leisure hours "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He wrote to his relatives and old companions in Ireland to ask them to obtain subscriptions

for the work. Two or three of those from whom he expected most took no notice of his application, and verified the playful prediction in one of his letters of this date, which distinctly prefigures Mr. Forster and Mr. Cunningham. "There will come a day, no doubt it will, when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labors, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to be neglected!" It is true that the experience which these "heavy scoundrels" had had of the use to which Oliver put pecuniary assistance was by no means encouraging, true that any rumors which reached them of his proceedings abroad could only have exhibited him as a thoughtless idler or a mendicant vagrant, true that any tidings of his London vicissitudes must have surrounded him with the suspicion which always attends upon a man who is everything by turns and nothing long; but they also knew that he was as generous as he was improvident; that, if the situations had been reversed, they would not in vain have asked for themselves what they denied to him; that he had supported himself now for four years "without one word of encouragement, or one act of assistance;" and what was most of all to the purpose, to invite subscriptions to a book was to give a practical proof that he was turning his talents to account.

While Goldsmith was anxiously waiting for his Irish supplies he had to disburse ten pounds for the warrant of his appointment by the East India Company. To raise the money, he wrote articles for the "Critical Review," which was superintended by the genius Dr. Smollett. Two papers from Oliver's pen appeared in the number for January, 1795, but before they saw the light the warrant which was to make his fortune was withdrawn. The motive of this proceeding never transpired. That it arose from some cause which was mortifying to his vanity may be inferred from his always avoiding the subject, and from his assuring his brother Henry, in order to evade inconvenient explanations, that he had met with no disappointment in the business, though it was then three months since the warrant had been revoked. It was in November, 1758, that he was thus summarily set aside, and, lowering his ambition to his circumstances, the ex-physician to the Coromandel factory presented himself on the 21st of December

before the examiners at Surgeon's Hall, to qualify for the office of an hospital mate. A single unlucky candidate of all who applied that day was too ignorant of the rudiments of surgical science to pass, and that one was Oliver Goldsmith, Bachelor of Medicine, and late practitioner of physic in Bankside, Southwark. Who is to tell, after this, what rare qualities of mind may coexist with stammering ignorance and a plebeian exterior?

His examination at Surgeons' Hall soon involved him in an additional misery. He had no clothes in which he could venture to appear before a tribunal composed of the grandes of the profession. He opened a negotiation with his old master, Griffiths, who, in return for four articles contributed to the "Monthly Review" of December, became security to a tailor for the requisite suit, which was to be paid for, or returned, on a stated day. The stated day came, and found the clothes in pawn, and the four books which Griffiths had sent him to review in pledge to a friend. The occasion which reduced him to this breach of his work was the arrest of the landlord of his wretched lodging, to whom he was in arrear. The bookseller sent to demand the goods or their value, and, as Goldsmith could return neither, Griffiths wrote him word that he was "a sharper and a villain." In an answer full of woe the miserable debtor begs to be consigned to a gaol. "I have seen it," he says, "inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favor,—as a favor that may prevent somewhat more fatal." He denies the villany, but owns that he has been guilty of imprudence, and of "the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it." The wrath of Griffiths was appeased by Goldsmith undertaking to furnish a "Life of Voltaire" for twenty pounds, from which the debt was to be subtracted. The memoir, which was finished in a month, he himself called "a catchpenny," and it is certainly unworthy both of the author and the subject. Here closed for ever his ill-starred alliance with the bookseller, who was the first to start him in his literary career, and the first to make him feel the bitter bondage of the calling. Griffiths, Mr. Forster relates, retired from his business three or four years later, and ended by keeping two carriages, and attending regularly at the meeting-house. So prosperous and pious a gentleman little dreamt that he was to be known to posterity by his griping insolence to his pauper scribe.

Goldsmith said of himself that he had "a

knack of hoping," but the multiplied disasters which followed close upon one another had nearly reduced him to despair. "I have been for some years," he said, in the affecting letter to Griffiths, of January, 1759, "struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, and with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What then has a gaol that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society." "You scarcely can conceive," he wrote to his brother in the February following, "how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself. In short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it." It was through the very excess of the darkness which had gathered around him that he worked his way into day. He ceased to indulge in the tantalizing expectations which had balked him so often, and, without further distractions, sullenly resigned himself to the only business for which he was fitted. If he had succeeded in entering the Church, he would soon have sunk in the eyes of the parishioners to the level of his clerk. If he had satisfied the examiners at Surgeons' Hall that he could set a bone, he would still, we may be sure, have been a bungling operator, and the tormentor of his patients. He once threatened, when Mrs. Sidebotham rejected his advice, and adopted that of her apothecary, to leave off prescribing for his friends. "Do so, my dear Doctor," replied Beauclerk; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies." This was one of the true words which are spoken in jest. Johnson summed up the case when he said that his genius was great, but his knowledge was small. "No man," he remarked again, "was wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not." He had never been a student, and he had not that aptitude for facts, and that tenacity of memory, which enables many desultory readers to furnish their minds without steady toil. The materials for this charming compilations were hastily gathered for the occasion, and, being merely transplanted, as Johnson said, from one place to another without settling in his mind, he was ignorant of the contents of his own books.

Thus in common things he was below mediocrity, and he was driven to be either a literary genius or nothing. He was never any judge of his own qualifications. He volunteered to take a journey to copy the inscriptions on the *Written Mountains*, which had baffled every traveller, though he was not acquainted with a single letter of any oriental language living or dead; and he memorialized Lord Bute to send him out to investigate the arts and sciences of the East, for the purpose of importing the improvements into England, though Dr. Johnson exclaimed that he was utterly ignorant of the subject, and would have brought home "a grinding barrow that was to be seen in all the streets of London, and fancy he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

Just before his discomfiture in Surgeons' Hall he had removed to a lodging in a pent-up little square, now levelled with the ground, which, embosomed in a mass of buildings between Fleet Street and the Old Bailey, seemed named in mockery "Green Arbor Court," and which was approached by a steep flight of stone stairs called "Break-neck Steps." The houses were tall and tumbling, the inhabitants poor and filthy, the children over-many and over-noisy—in Mr. Forster's phrase, "a squalid and squalling colony." In this retreat he was visited by Percy, the well-known editor of the "Reliques," and afterwards Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith had been introduced to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, by Dr. Grainger, the author of the "Sugar-cane," and one of the contributors to Mr. Griffiths' "Monthly Review," and Percy had detected sufficient merit beneath the unpromising appearance of his new-made acquaintance to think him worth a call. He found him, at the beginning of March, 1759, engaged upon his "Enquiry," in a dirty room, with only a single chair, which he gave up to his visitor, while he sat himself in the window. As the conversation was proceeding, a ragged little girl appeared at the door, and, dropping a curtsy to Goldsmith, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals." A volume of description would not convey a more vivid impression of the society of "Green Arbor Court" than this single trait; and ludicrous as is the incident, the respectful address of the messenger is yet a pleasing proof of the homage which was paid him by the ordinary inhabitants of the square. The most complete picture which, perhaps, we possess of Grub-street life has come

down to us in connection with Goldsmith. The majority of distressed authors were too obscure to find a biographer. Those of the greater pretensions had either started from a respectable position, or had quickly reached a higher eminence. A single unwieldy figure, in the person of Johnson, was seen moving for years among the crowd of ill-dressed, ill-fed, badly-lodged, and insulted tribe who provided the ephemeral literature and party pamphlets of the day, but maintaining in the midst of his poverty such unshaken fortitude, such lofty principles, and such rugged independence, that the characteristics of the class were very imperfectly shadowed forth in him. The portrait drawn by Mr. Forster of the moral heroism and robust benevolence of this illustrious man is one of the most attractive episodes in his book. Goldsmith, on the contrary, had the habits and tastes of the class. After he had acquired celebrity, and was admitted to the society of men like Burke, Fox, Reynolds, and Beauclerk, he looked back with regret upon his former haunts. "In truth," he said to Mr. Cooke, "one sacrifices something for the sake of good company, for here I'm shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably." He did not persevere long in resisting his inclinations out of regard to appearances, nor did he ever get clear of the shifts and expedients which attended his earlier struggles. He was merely destined to exhibit in his single person, as he rose, all the gradations in the lot of a bookseller's dependant, from the poorest to the best-esteemed.

At the commencement of April appeared the "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," upon which Percy had found him engaged in the preceding month. If the work were to be judged by the promise held out in the title, a more superficial and unsatisfactory production has seldom issued from the press. Though he had travelled through Italy, Germany, and Holland, his account of the literature in these countries, to which he devoted distinct chapters, was so extremely meagre that it really conveyed no information at all. He enlarged but a very little more on the books and authors of England and France. He took up the paradox that the decay of learning had in every age been produced by criticism, and stated that the chief design of his Essay was to persuade people to write what they thought, regardless of reviewers. Yet the bulk of his treatise had no relation to this position, which he has not supported by any

plausible argument. The fact is, that he put his private life into his books beyond any other genius whom we can call to mind, and he had not derived his doctrines from a survey of Europe, but from his personal experience of Mr. Griffiths' establishment. It is this, in conjunction with the pleasing style, and some scattered observations of a lively truth, which gives an interest to the work, in spite of its imperfections as a critical and philosophic disquisition. He had seen that the praise and blame of the "Monthly Review" were dispensed in accordance with the mercantile interests and vindictive passions of Griffiths. He had become acquainted with the ignorance of the starving scribblers who hung about the shop, eager, for the sake of a job, to do the bidding of their master, and who, when left to their own discretion, mistook railing for wit. He had witnessed the pain which their censures inflicted, and the injury done to books by their oracular abuse. No man, nevertheless, was ever written down except by himself, and the worst that the ablest and most wrong-headed critic can effect is to retard for a little space a reputation which is not fully formed, or to shorten the existence of some flimsy publication which if left to itself would die a natural death. He dwelt with equal emphasis upon the wrongs of authors,—complained of the contempt which was shown to them,—pointed out the evils of their bondage to booksellers,—and asked the great to renew the patronage of the preceding generation, when a dinner with Lord Somers, procured invitations to Young the poet for the rest of the week. These opinions were natural to one who judged of booksellers from Griffiths,—of the respect paid to authors from the treatment experienced by the ragged tenant in "Green Arbor Court,"—and of the advantage to be derived from the countenance of the nobility by the number of feasts which he hoped would accrue to men who were suffering, like himself, from hunger and neglect. But it is not now, nor, probably, was it then, in the power of any Mr. Griffiths to keep an author from fame who had the talent to deserve it; and as for a system of patronizing dinners, it has two fatal objections,—that it is not the needy, the obscure, and the struggling who would receive the invitations; and that any companionship of the kind which does not come about naturally from personal likings or sympathy of tastes, is a degradation instead of an honor.

"The Enquiry" attracted little attention. None of his other productions in the first nine

months of 1759 have been identified, except a few contributions to the "Critical Review;" but in October he is found exerting himself with unwonted diligence, furnishing essays to "The Busy-Body" and "The Ladies' Magazine," and writing the whole of a weekly paper called *The Bee*, which alone consisted of thirty-two pages. *The Bee* expired after a brief existence of eight weeks. Though he had aimed at variety in his subjects, there was a uniformity in the treatment, and the objection made in "The Monthly Review," that "the observations were frequently trite and common," is not unfounded. The best portions of the work appear to us to be the remarks upon acting, and on the habits of the spider. Quantity and quality both considered, it is very creditable to the fertility of his mind, the readiness of his pen, and the elegance of his style. He must have had much ado to keep up with the press, and we are not surprised to learn that a visitor one evening entered the lodging in Green Arbor Court, turned the key of the door, commenced upbraidings, which were followed by a three hours' silence, at the close of which he came forth in good humor, and ordered in a supper from a neighboring tavern, to reward the poor author, who had just completed his arrears under the surveillance of his employer. In later days he was a rapid composer, and whole quires of his *Histories* and "Animated Nature" flowed from his pen with such facility, that, according to Bishop Percy, he had seldom occasion to correct a single word. "Ah," said he to Mr. Cradock, who was anxiously weighing phrases, "think of me who must write a volume a month." But, at this earlier period, he had an inconvenient propensity to linger over his work. "I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause," he makes George Primrose (who is the *alias* of Oliver Goldsmith) say, "but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. All wrote better, because they wrote faster than I." It was to this very pains, which seemed at the outset to curtail his profits without advancing his reputation, that he owed much of his subsequent fame. The power to glean knowledge is a common accomplishment, which is shared by the dull; the power to clothe it in felicitous language

is an exceptional gift, and as justly prized as it is rare. The fault, or rather the misfortune, of Goldsmith, is, that his necessities seldom allowed him to take care enough—that incongruous words, careless phrases, and weak and slovenly sentences, blot his beautiful prose.

On the 1st of January, 1760, appeared the opening number of the "British Magazine," a monthly publication, edited by Dr. Smollett; and on the 12th the "Public Ledger," a daily newspaper, which was started by Mr. Newberry, the bookseller. Goldsmith was invited to contribute to both. He furnished about twenty essays to the magazine, and for the newspaper he wrote his well-known "Citizen of the World." He usually provided two letters a week, and for these he was paid a guinea apiece. They soon attracted a certain degree of attention; but we infer from his own later language on the little notice which his essays obtained, that their popularity was not great. "Whenever I write anything," he ludicrously said to Johnson at some period which preceded the publication of "The Traveller," "the public make a point to know nothing about it." The plan which Goldsmith adopted in "The Citizen of the World" of introducing an Oriental, commenting upon manners so different from his own had been frequently tried, and in the case of Montesquieu with distinguished success. The absurdity of usages which only appear rational because they are familiar, becomes strikingly apparent when they are described by a stranger with the wonder of novelty. This happy artifice comes to nothing in the hands of Goldsmith. His Chinese is, to all intents and purposes, an Englishman; and, whenever he attempts to make him speak in character, the failure is complete. It is simply as a collection of light papers upon the vices and follies of the day that the work must be regarded. As in all his speculations, there is much that is commonplace; but he skims pleasantly over the surface of things, gives picturesque sketches of the men he met and the haunts he frequented, and intermingles observations which, whether grave or gay, bear the stamp of his kindly nature. The series, consisting of one hundred and twenty-three letters, was brought to a conclusion about the middle of 1761, and was republished in two small volumes at the beginning of 1762.

In the gracefully told story of the "Man in Black," which derives additional interest from its being in the main an epitome of the

life of the essayist himself, he talks of his improvident generosity, and his discovery that the way to assist the needy was first to secure independence. "My immediate care, therefore," he says, "was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behavior." He removed, accordingly, towards the close of 1760, into better lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, but the reformation in his conduct did not ensue. In every thing which he wrote at this period, he dwells upon the superiority of economy and justice over the misplaced liberality which puts the donor into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves, for he had been smarting from the effects of discharging the debts of others with the money which should have gone to defray his own. In furtherance of his design, he boasted that he had exchanged his free and open manner for a close, suspicious air, and that he was now on his guard against the needy sharpers who, instead of picking his pockets, prevailed on him to empty them of his own accord into their hands. But he rightly called himself a mere machine of pity, incapable of withstanding the slightest exhibition of real or fictitious distress, and, however knowing his looks, his power to see through the clumsiest fraud was on a par with his firmness. He seems to have smiled at his own impotent resolutions in the moment of forming them. "One of the most heroic actions I ever performed," says the Man in Black, "and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it and I had it to spare." This does not promise much constancy in the course, and no indication ever appeared that he had left his improvidence or his simplicity in his Green Arbor Court lodging. Among other good deeds, he remembered the landlady to the day of his death, supplied her from time to time with food from his table, and frequently returned to the scene of his old one-chaired apartment to cheer and assist her.

In evidence of his progress in detecting imposition, we are told that one Pilkington, who had long preyed upon the easiness of his nature, and had exasperated him by his conduct, burst into his room in ecstasies of joy. He apologized for the liberty, but his fortune was made, and he could not resist hurrying to impart the glad tidings to his best and earliest benefactor. The Duchess of Manchester had a mania for white mice. She possessed a pair, and for years had been

offering enormous sums for a second. Pilkington had commissioned a friend in India to send him two from the East; they were now in the river on board the good ship "Earl of Chatham," and, in proof of his story, he pulled out the letter advising him of their despatch. Nothing stood between him and independence except the want of a suitable cage in which to present them, and he could no more raise the two guineas for the purpose than pay off the national debt. Goldsmith protested that a single half-guinea was all he had in the world. "Ay," says Pilkington, "but you have a watch: if you could let me have that, I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you with heart-felt gratitude in a few days." Pilkington must have resolved to have his jest as well as his guineas, when he made poor Oliver the dupe of so gross a hoax. Two years elapsed, when he suddenly reappeared in a state of semi-intoxication at Goldsmith's rooms, and greeted him in the language of familiar friendship, at the unlucky moment when Topham Beauclerk and General Oglethorpe were honoring him with their company, and he was ashamed to seem intimate with the vulgar and disreputable importer of white mice. Pilkington had come to pay, not the guineas, but the "heart-felt gratitude." "Here, my dear friend," he suddenly exclaimed, as he pulled a couple of little parcels out of his pocket, "is a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar, for, though it is not in my power at present to return you the two guineas, you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude." Oliver, roused to anger, bid him begone, and he departed, carrying his tea and sugar with him. They never met again; but when Pilkington was dying, a messenger took, says Mr. Forster, "to the poor starving creature's death-bed a guinea from Mr. Goldsmith."

Mr. Cooke, who relates the anecdote of the white mice, has coupled with it another illustration of the extreme credulity of his friend. He appeared late and hungry at a club, and, having eaten no dinner, ordered a dish of mutton chops for supper. His companions, to balk his eager appetite, drew their chairs from the table on the appearance of the dish, and gave sundry symptoms of disgust. Goldsmith asked anxiously if anything was the matter with the chops; but they evaded the question, and it was only with much pressing that they were brought to tell him that the smell was offensive. He rang the bell, covered the waiter, who quickly

caught up the jest, with abuse, and, for a punishment, insisted, at the suggestion of the company, that the man should eat the horrible viands himself. A fresh supper was prepared for Oliver, who, soon regretting the vengeance he had taken, ordered "a dram for the poor waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal." What wild tales of things beyond his immediate cognizance would not a man believe who smelt the dish beneath his nose by the assertions of his friends!

In the lodging in Wine Office Court, Goldsmith, on the 31st of May, 1761, received for the first time to supper the great Samuel Johnson. Percy, who brought about the meeting, called for the sage, and found him in a trim unlike what he had ever witnessed before,—his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered. Marvelling why the negligent Johnson should dress himself with such courtly care to visit an indigent author in his humble apartment, Percy ventured to inquire the cause, and received for reply,—"Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." An addiction to foppery had been the former as it was the subsequent weakness of Oliver. In Ireland he got the reputation of attempting to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches; in Edinburgh, as we learn from a tailor's bill which Mr. Forster has recovered, he wore "rich sky-blue satin," "fine sky-blue shalloon," and "silver hat-lace;" on settling in London, he was met by an old schoolfellow in a tarnished suit of green and gold; when his reputation was established, a waiting-woman at a house where he visited remembered him chiefly by the ludicrous ostentation with which he showed off his cloak and cane; and when he was with a party of celebrities, such as Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and Murphy, "he strutted about bragging of his bloom-colored coat," and announcing that his tailor, Mr. Filby, had begged to be recommended when admiring spectators asked who made his clothes. From the retort of Johnson that Mr. Filby was thinking of the crowd which would be attracted by the strange hue of the cloth, and of the credit he should get for producing a reputable garment out of so absurd a color, it may be presumed that even for those gayer-dressing days it was ridiculously gaudy. It was, therefore, from no indifference to appearances that for a brief interval he resigned himself to a sordid style of dress. His pockets

were empty, his credit nothing, and, making a virtue of necessity, he was glad to justify the meanness of his attire by the example of Johnson. The year 1762 found him still working upon a variety of compilations for Mr. Newberry, of whom he said that "he was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time," and a distressed author now and ever after was Oliver Goldsmith. On one occasion this patron paid him twenty guineas—"a sum," he said, "I was so little used to receive in a lump, that I felt myself under the embarrassment of Captain Brazen in the play; whether I should build a privateer or a playhouse with the money. The embarrassment which quickly followed was of an opposite kind, and he had constant recourse to Mr. Newberry for loans. "These paltry advances," Mr. Forster admirably remarks, in language which ought to sink into the mind of every man who makes literature his profession, "are a hopeless entanglement. They bar freedom of judgment on anything proposed, and escape is felt to be impossible. Some days—some weeks, perhaps—have been lost in idleness or illness; the future becomes a mortgage to the past, every hour has its want forestalled upon the labor of the succeeding hour, and Gulliver lies bound in Lilliput."

This was the period of the Cock-lane ghost. A clerk in a public office, prohibited by the law from marrying the sister of his deceased wife, lived with her in concubinage. She died of the small-pox in the early part of 1760, bequeathing her property, which was about a hundred pounds, to her lover. They had previously lodged in Cock-lane with one Parsons, a parish clerk, who borrowed money of his tenant, and, being unable or unwilling to defray the debt, he was sued by his creditor. The grudge which rankled in the mind of Parsons found vent upon the death of the woman, and he set his daughter, a girl of twelve, to assert that she had seen her ghost, and to counterfeit noises which were supposed to come from the "perturbed spirit." The final result to which the device tended was, that the ghost was to knock, twice for a negative and once for an affirmative, and by this means to indicate that she had been poisoned by her paramour, and wished him hanged. The sensation excited by the farce at the commencement of 1762 was immense. The Duke of York, Lord Hertford, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, and Horace Walpole, went together in a hackney-coach, and, though it rained in torrents, found the lane

full of people, and the house so crammed that it was impossible to get in till somebody recognized the Duke. While the phrenzy was proceeding, Dr. Johnson, in conjunction with other persons of eminence, investigated the story. The ghost had never made a sign except when the girl was present and in bed, and, the Doctor obliging her to place her hands above the clothes, the noises ceased. The spirit having very incautiously promised to strike her own coffin, which was in the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, the company adjourned to the vault, and called upon her in vain to keep her word. The exposure was complete, and Johnson drew up a statement of the particulars, and published it in the newspapers. The Doctor himself always spoke of his share in detecting the cheat with much satisfaction, but many, with Churchill at their head, laughed at him for thinking it worth a serious refutation. Parsons, for his infamous attempt to procure the death of his former lodger by a judicial murder, was three times set in the pillory at the end of Cock-lane, and imprisoned for a year. The mob, who were more ready "to take the ghost's word" than to listen to Johnson's reasoning, sympathized with Parsons, and collected a subscription for him. An incident which for weeks and weeks was the talk of the town promised to prove a popular topic, and, by an extant receipt for three guineas paid by Newberry, Goldsmith was known to have produced a pamphlet on the subject. The supposed piece, under the title of "The Mystery Revealed," has been lately discovered, and is republished by Mr. Cunningham in Goldsmith's works.

Shortly after Johnson had laid, and Goldsmith chronicled, the Cock-lane ghost, the worn-out author visited Tunbridge and Bath for his health. The king of the latter place, the notorious Beau Nash, had died the year before, and Goldsmith took advantage of the event to write his Life. He speaks in many passages of his personal acquaintance with him; and though it does not appear when or where the meeting occurred, it is either a fact, or he must have received a considerable assistance from the friends of the Beau. The literal report of the conversation, than which nothing can be more dramatic, and of itself conveys a perfect picture of the man, together with the details of his habits and manners, could only have proceeded from a familiar associate. The merit of the biography is less as a piece of composition, a particular in which it is very unequal, than

as a vivid portrait of the vanities, the follies, the vices, and, what was a redeeming trait, the charities of this poor slave and arbiter of fashion. He has neither exalted nor caricatured him. He describes him as what he was—"a weak man governing weaker subjects," frivolous, insipid, petulant, and boastful, without steady principles or the lighter talents. People bore with his dominion because he was a useful manager of their amusements, and because they were conscious that they paid him but a mock respect. Goldsmith received for this biography, which is of considerable length, only fourteen guineas.

At the end of 1762, Goldsmith, urged, we suppose, by the necessity for fresher air and more active exercise, hired, in addition to his London lodging, country apartments in Islington from a friend of Newberry's, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming. To secure the landlady her dues, and to protect Goldsmith from the effects of his own prodigality, it was agreed that the bookseller should pay the board and lodging quarterly, and deduct it from the literary earnings of his author. What little money Oliver fingered was doled out to him in small sums of from one to two guineas at a time. No better arrangement could be made for a man, who, in his own words, was careless of the future, and intent upon enjoying the present; but even this precaution, after a short trial, proved insufficient to ward off the old distresses. In the meanwhile, besides writing sundry miscellanies, he was busy upon a "History of England" for the young, in a series of letters. His mode of compiling was to spend his morning in reading such a portion of Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet, as would furnish matter for a single chapter. He passed the remainder of his day with his friends, and when he went up to bed wrote off his forenoon preparations with the same facility as a common letter. With such a system there could be no deep research, comprehensive views, or profound thought. Nor does he pretend to anything of the kind. His aim was to produce a pleasing transparent narrative, and in this he succeeded. The "Letters" appeared in 1764 as from a "Nobleman to his Son," and were generally attributed to the first Lord Littleton, whose stiff and heavy composition had no resemblance whatever to the easy and often careless style of Goldsmith. The sale of the book was rapid, and, though superficial and inaccurate, it has never ceased to be a favorite.

Newberry's payments exceeding Gold-

smith's earnings, the advances came to an end, and the landlady's bills were left undischarged. She was a woman in whom resolution was unmix'd with tenderness, and notwithstanding that the arrears were of short continuance, she arrested him at the close of 1764 for her rent. When Boswell expressed his wonder that he who had obtained the title of the "great moralist" should be kind to a man of very bad character, Goldsmith replied—"He has now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson." It was to this steady friend of the miserable that he had recourse in his present dilemma, and when the messenger returned he brought with him a guinea and the assurance that the moralist would soon follow. Johnson found him in a violent passion, the guinea changed, and a bottle of Medeira and a glass before him. As they talked of the means of extricating him from his difficulties, Goldsmith produced a novel he had composed in his snatches of leisure, and Johnson, after glancing his eye through its pages, sallied out and sold it for sixty pounds to James Newberry, the nephew of the bookseller with whom we are already familiar. Oliver paid his rent, rated the landlady, and left her lodgings. Johnson thought himself that the novel would meet with but moderate success, and Newberry's opinion of it was not sufficiently high to induce him to print it. A manuscript which was among the most precious ever penned was thrown aside for the present, and half of Goldsmith's immortality lay exposed to the accidents which grow out of negligence.

But the day was now come when he was to emerge from obscurity, and gain that station among the eminent men of his time for which he had pined so long. "The Traveller," which he had commenced nine years before when he was abroad, and which he had brooded over at intervals with fond solicitude, was at last ready for the press. In 1758, when he was young in authorship, he told his brother Henry that poetry was easier to produce than prose, which can only be taken as an indication that he was not then the ready writer of prose which he quickly became, for to the last he composed poetry with singular slowness. He used to say that he had been four or five years in gathering the incidents of his "Deserted Village," and two years were spent in the process of versifying what he had gleaned. Nobody would have guessed, when "The Traveller" appeared on the 19th of December, 1764, what months of toil lay hid in that little pamphlet of verse, which

seemed as if it had flowed from the author's mind with the same facility that it fell from the reader's tongue. But the labor had not been greater than the reward. In a few weeks it crept into reputation, and was equally admired by the many and the discriminating few. Johnson declared that there had been no such price since the time of Pope, and Fox said later that it was one of the finest poems in the English language. There is perhaps no other which combines an equal amount of ease and polish—which preserves a juster medium between negligence and constraint. The sentiments and language are of the same mild and equable cast. There are no bold flights of fancy, no daring metaphors, no sublime ideas or penetrating maxims. The charm is in the happy selection of the particulars which compose his pictures of men and nature in the different countries of Europe, and in the almost unvarying elegance, and often the exquisite felicity of the language in which these particulars are embodied. Many single lines are unsurpassed for gentle beauty of expression, and for the distinctness of the image which they place before the mind. He excels, too, in those artifices of style by which the repetition of words and phrases adds melody and force. His verse is pitched in the key which suits with the general spirit of his poetry. It is less resounding than that of Johnson, but it has sufficient fulness of tone, and is all but uniformly musical.* For this delightful pro-

* "There is not," said Langton, "a bad line in that poem of the Traveller; not one of Dryden's careless verses." He must have forgotten the last line of the following couplet, which ought to have been intolerable to the fine ear of Goldsmith:

"As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even."

The passage cost him considerable trouble, for he expunged the version which stands in the first edition, and the couplet we have quoted makes part of the second attempt. The few additions he owed to Johnson are excellent, and one line especially, which he introduced into Goldsmith's description of the wanderer lost in the forest, and dreading destruction from Indians or wild beasts, is admirable for its terseness, its melody, and the vivid picture which it presents of a man struggling between terror and fatigue.

"There while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine."

The expression in the last of these lines is affected, and a few more exceptions could be found to Langton's remark.

duction, which he had been nine years in bringing to maturity, and which passed through nine editions during his life, he received of Mr. Newberry twenty guineas. Whether he received to himself any further share of the profits is uncertain; but we question if an obscure author, which he then was, would obtain a larger equivalent in the present day for the copyright of a poem of the same length and merit. It is the success of the publication which makes the sum appear small, while Newberry had to consider the risk of loss as well as the chance of gain. Johnson got but ten guineas for his "London," and only five more for his "Vanity of Human Wishes."

"The Traveller" was inscribed to the brother to whom the first sketch was sent from Switzerland, and who is addressed in the opening lines of the poem in as magical language as was ever dictated by genius and affection combined. Henry Goldsmith was seven years older than Oliver, and something of the respect which would be paid to a parent seems to have mingled with the fraternal love of the younger; for not only in his public dedication, but in a private letter, he calls him "Dear Sir." He soon afterwards gave a proof of his attachment. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—the Earl of Northumberland—hearing that the author of "The Traveller" was a native of that country, sent for him, and offered to promote his advancement, to which Goldsmith replied that he had a brother, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. "As for myself," said Oliver to Sir John Hawkins, who was waiting in the outer room, "I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." He was feeling then the first flush of satisfaction from the increased estimation in which he was held by the trade, and the more liberal offers which came thick upon him; but the power of his name only served in the end to increase his embarrassments. He employed it to raise larger sums and contract more numerous obligations, while the money was quickly spent and the obligations remained. In the compassion which is excited by the distresses of Goldsmith, it must never be forgotten that many of them were the result of his own misconduct; and we fear, if a debtor and creditor account were struck, it would be found at the close that in money dealings he had been guilty of greater injustice to others than had ever been committed against himself.

In 1763 was established what many years

later received the title of the "Literary Club," but which at first was called the "Turk's Head Club," from the name of the tavern where it met.* It was settled by its founders, Johnson and Reynolds, that it should consist of such men that, if only two of them attended, they should have the ability to entertain one another. Goldsmith was among the nine original members, and owed this honor to the influence and recommendation of Johnson, who in the same year said of him to Boswell, "He is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." But this opinion of his literary attainments was that of Johnson himself, and not of the world. What he had hitherto written had been published anonymously, and, if Hawkins is to be believed, when he was mentioned for the club, the notion prevailed that he was a mere bookseller's drudge, incapable of anything higher than translating or compiling. Admitted at first upon sufferance, he was now become, by the publication of his poem, among the ornaments of the society. The attention he began to receive is shown in his amusing and characteristic speech when Kelly introduced himself to him at the Temple Exchange Coffeehouse, and asked him to dinner. "I would with pleasure," said Goldsmith, "accept your kind invitation, but, to tell you the truth, my dear boy, my 'Traveller' has found me a home in so many places, that I am engaged, I believe, three days. Let me see—to-day I dine with Edmund Burke, to-morrow with Dr. Nugent, and the next day with Topham Beauclerk; but I'll tell you *what I'll do for you*, I'll dine with you Saturday." About the same time Lloyd, the friend of Churchill, accosted him in a tavern, and, claiming his acquaintance as a brother poet, invited him to a supper-party in the evening. Long after midnight Goldsmith heard the voice of his host in altercation with a man in the passage, and, hastening to the support of his new friend, found that the landlord of the house, to whom Lloyd was already in debt, was refusing to trust him for the reckoning. "Pho, pho, my dear boy!" exclaimed Goldsmith, "let's have no more words about the matter;" and turning to the landlord asked him if he would take his pledge for the amount. "Most certainly, Doctor," said the man, "and for as

* The most accurate and complete account of the early history of the Literary Club which has yet appeared will be found in the volumes of Mr. Forster.

much more as you like." "Why, then," rejoined Lloyd, "send in another cast of wine, and add it to the bill." With this bill the landlord presented himself in due course at Goldsmith's door, and he discovered too late that the evening's entertainment had in every sense of the word been at his expense.

Among other effects of his growing fame, it was now that he resolved his dress should be worthy of his reputation, and he appeared in purple silk smallclothes, a scarlet greatcoat, and a physician's wig. He carried a gold-headed cane, the badge of his calling, in his hand, and a sword, which was never combined with this professional symbol, hung at his side. The weapon was so disproportioned to his diminutive stature that a coxcomb who passed him in the Strand called to his companion "to look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it." Goldsmith not only descended to a retort, and cautioned the passengers against that "brace of pickpockets," but stepped from the footpath into the roadway, half-drew his sword, and invited the jester to a mortal combat. The fops slunk away amid the hootings of the spectators; and the story has been told as an instance of the manly valor of Goldsmith. Such a vaporing challenge in a crowded street where a duel was impossible seems to us to be only a proof of his extreme indiscretion.

Goldsmith, in the early part of 1764, left his town lodging in Wine-Office Court, for Garden Court, in the Temple, where he shared his rooms with the butler of the society. Ashamed of their mean appearance, he observed apologetically to Johnson, "I shall soon be in better chambers, Sir, than these." "Nay, Sir," said Johnson, "never mind that. *Nil te quæviseris extra.*" When the sudden success of the "Traveller" changed his position in the world, he removed to more decent apartments in the same court. His country quarters were, first in a room of Canonbury Tower, Islington, and next in a small house in the Edgeware Road, which he shared with one Bott, a barrister, described by Cooke as "an intimate literary friend."—His labors during 1765, and a large portion of 1766, have left little trace, and, unless we had known that he was compelled to write to live, we should have inferred that he had resigned himself to the indolent enjoyment of his fame. It is conjectured, from a memorandum by Newberry, that he drew up at this time the rough draught of the work entitled "A Survey of Experimental Philosophy," which was not published till after his death, and which, small as is now its scien-

tific value, may still be read with pleasure, for that translucent style and felicity of expression which throw a literary charm over even the rigid facts of natural philosophy. He made a selection of "Poems for Young Ladies," in 1766, for which he had ten guineas, and for another compilation of the same kind, in 1767, he was paid fifty. For the latter he told Mr. Cooke he got two hundred pounds, just as three years before he assured Boswell that he had received four hundred for the "Vicar of Wakefield." He must often have paid dearly for these false pretences. The mention of such large sums would invite applications from needy friends, which, with his easy disposition, and his anxiety to make good his boast, he would be unable to resist. Though the two hundred pounds was a fable, he assigned an excellent reason why so slight a task should be so liberally rewarded. "A man," he said, "shows his judgment in these selections, and he may often be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment."

On the 27th of March, 1766, the "Vicar of Wakefield," appeared, and ran through three editions in the year. Its excellence, therefore, was recognized at once, but it was not at first what it has since become, one of the most popular books in the English language. Garrick said there was nothing to be learned from it; Johnson called it "a mere fanciful performance;" and Burke, in praising it, seems to have specified its pathos as its distinguishing merit. When Johnson said it was fanciful, he alluded, we presume, to the construction of the story, which is full of improbabilities. The accumulated miseries which befal the vicar and his family, and their strange and rapid return to prosperity, have often been mentioned as passing the bounds of ordinary experience. The majority, indeed, of the principal incidents arise from a series of chances, which, separately, were not unlikely to happen, but which in conjunction cease to be natural. When the vicar is supping with the servants at the fine mansion, and the master and mistress unexpectedly return, it saves him from discomfiture that they enter accompanied by the object of his son's attachment, Miss Arabella Wilmot. When the whole party go to witness the performance of the strolling players, this son stands before him as one of the actors. When he continues his journey, and stops at night at a little public-house, he hears the landlady abuse a poor lodger in the garret, and recognizes his lost daughter in the suppliant's voice. Such wonderful meetings are set

thick in the tale. The characters themselves in several particulars are overdone. The simplicity of the vicar is delightful, but when he mistakes such a servant as Goldsmith has drawn for the owner of the house, and such women of the town for London fine ladies, the credulity of Dr. Primrose is much too great for that of the reader. Sir William Thornhill is represented as a good and sensible man, but he shows himself to be neither when he abandons his estate to a monster like his nephew, and permits the vicar to be crushed by miseries he could have averted or relieved. Yet in spite of these and numerous other blemishes of the same description, the story, from first to last, leaves a pervading sense of beauty upon the mind. This is in a large degree due to the running commentary of wise and gentle sentiments which gives the tone to the narrative, and to the charm of the serene and finished style, of what is by far the finest specimen of Goldsmith's prose. If an objection is to be made, it is that the neatness is so uniform that it grows monotonous. But its highest excellence is as a representation of domestic life, painted with the smoothness and minute fidelity of a Dutch picture. It is a phase of humanity which lies within the experience, and carries with it the sympathy, of nearly all the world, and is not the less relished that the family, with more than an ordinary amount of the amiability, have their full share of the petty weaknesses of their class. The vicar is the most perfect character in the book, but while we love him for his benevolence, his resignation, and his cheerfulness, we smile at the contrast between the sense of his conversation and the simplicity of his conduct, at the wise maxims which he utters on every occasion, and which on every occasion are overruled by the pertinacity of his wife and daughters. Nothing else in the tale equals the skill and humor with which Goldsmith has depicted the vanities and stratagems of the female part of the establishment, and especially of poor Mrs. Primrose herself, whom he barely manages to redeem from contempt. The nature, however, which he describes, is what lies chiefly upon the surface. He did not attempt to sound the depths of the heart, which is the faculty that Johnson valued most in a novelist, and the want of it in Goldsmith was a principal cause of his low estimation of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Much as Oliver had seen of life, he had no great power of seizing character. He never was able to travel far beyond the circle of his early home. The vicar was his father, and out of his not very

complex self he has contrived to furnish two characters—George Primrose and Sir William Thornhill. Even these materials were not employed for the first time. He had drawn extensively upon them before, in the story of the "Man in Black," and in other portions of his miscellaneous writings. If the male characters were family portraits, there can be little question that Mrs. Primrose had a strong resemblance to his mother, and Olivia and Sophia to his sisters; for since he left Ireland he had never sat at a domestic hearth, and had had no later experience of the female life he describes.*

The pecuniary obligations of Goldsmith continued to increase with his years, and he was recommended to write for the stage,—a successful play at that period producing far larger profits to the author than any other species of literary composition. He acted on the advice, and, having completed in 1767 his comedy of the "Good-natured Man," offered it to Garrick. Davies informs us that Johnson took pleasure in introducing Goldsmith to his eminent acquaintances, but he had not brought him into contact with his old pupil, for a bad feeling had long existed between the actor and the poet. It was the latter that laid the foundation of the ill-will by commencing with severity upon the treatment which dramatists received from managers in a passage of his "Essay upon Polite Learning," that was aimed at Garrick. Shortly afterwards the office of secretary to the "Society of Arts and Sciences" became vacant, and Goldsmith, not very delicately, called upon the subject of his censure, who was a perfect stranger to him, and requested his vote. The manager replied that he had deprived himself of all claim to his support by

* One indication of the extreme popularity of this delightful story is the number of subjects it has furnished for pictures, some of which are as beautiful as the book which inspired them. No one who has ever seen it can forget the exquisite work of Mulready, "The Choosing the Wedding Gown," or the masterly painting by Maclise of "Moses and the cross of Green Spectacles," which was in the Academy Exhibition of 1850. Nothing could be more faithful to the spirit of Goldsmith's characters than the expression depicted in each of the countenances in the latter picture, the emotion varying with every member of the group, and as true as it was powerful in all. No pictures are more popular than those which illustrate some literary masterpiece, and none will have a more enduring interest. The beautiful paintings of Mr. Leslie owe their reputation to their intrinsic excellence, but it certainly adds to the delight they afford that they give form and color to our shadowy ideas of the creations of Cervantes, Goldsmith, and Sterne.

an unprovoked attack. "In truth," Goldsmith said, "he had spoken his mind, and he believed he was very right." They parted with outward civility and mutual irritation, and met no more until they were put into communication by Reynolds, with a view to get the "Good-natured Man" upon the stage. Garrick, according to Davies, expected to be courted, and Goldsmith was determined not to fawn. Differences soon broke out between them. Garrick demanded alterations, Goldsmith was pertinacious in refusing to make them, and gave only a modified consent in the end; Garrick proposed that Whitehead the laureate—we cannot say the poet—should arbitrate between them, and Goldsmith rejected the suggestion as an insult. It at last came to an open rupture, and Oliver, after telling the actor that he suspected his conduct to be dictated by revenge for the old offence, withdrew his comedy, and sent it to Colman, the new manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who immediately accepted it. "I cannot help feeling a secret satisfaction," he wrote to his new ally, "that poets for the future are likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dependent situation, and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties." A little further experience of the protector of poets changed his opinion. The words with which Garrick concluded his part of the correspondence breathed a kindly spirit. "It has been the business," he said, "and ever will be, of my life to live on the best terms with men of genius, and I know that Dr. Goldsmith will have no reason to change his previous friendly disposition towards me, as I shall be glad of every future opportunity to convince him how much I am his well wisher."

At Covent-Garden the play appeared on the 29th of January, 1768, and was opened by a prologue from the pen of Johnson, in which Goldsmith was designated "our little bard." The epithet was as distasteful to his dignity as Pope's "low-born Allen" was to the wealthy proprietor of Prior Park, and Johnson, to humor him, changed it to "anxious." Anxious enough he had reason to be, for the play long hung trembling in the balance, and at the scene of the bailiffs there burst forth a cry of "*Low! vulgar!*" which had nearly proved fatal to it. The irresistible comicality with which Shuter, who performed the part of Croaker, read the incendiary letter in the fourth act, coupled with the strenuous exertions of the poet's friends, who had assembled in great strength, saved

the piece. But though not actually damned, it had only just struggled through; and the experiment was felt on the whole to be a failure. Goldsmith retired with his colleagues of the "Literary Club" to sup at the "Turk's Head," joined gaily in the conversation, and, as he afterwards related, when he and Johnson were the guests of Dr. Percy at the chaplain's table at St. James's, "to impress them more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity," sang his favorite song about "*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.*" "All this while," he continued, "I was suffering horrid tortures, and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart. When all were gone except Johnson here I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again." "All which," remarked Johnson, taking up the conversation, "I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world." When his own "Irene" met with just such a dubious reception, and he was asked how he felt, he replied, "Like the Monument;" and he might well wonder at the voluntary exposure of a weakness to which his sturdier mind would have scorned to give way. The fortune of Johnson's tragedy and Goldsmith's comedy on their first appearance was nearly identical. As the introduction of the bailiffs had almost cut short the performance of the one, so the attempt to strangle the heroine of the other upon the stage called forth shouts of "Murder! murder!" which were with difficulty quelled. "Irene," by the friendship of Garrick, lingered nine nights; the "Good-natured Man," as Mr. Cooke relates, "*dragged through*" ten; and both dramatists received one hundred pounds, in addition to their theatrical profits, for the copyright of their plays. The sum derived by Goldsmith from the performances on his "third nights," which was then the mode of remunerating the author, was four hundred pounds. Without the direct testimony of Mr. Cooke "that the success of the comedy fell infinitely short of what either Goldsmith or his friends had anticipated," we should have augured from the result that it had done by no means ill.

The indifferent reception of the "Good-natured Man" was not the only mortification

connected with it. When Goldsmith commenced his literary career, sentimental comedy had possession of the stage. To be solemn was as much the fashion then as is the dreary attempt to be vivacious now. He waged war from the outset with the prevailing taste, and in his "Essay on Polite Learning" vindicated the humorous exposure of absurdities from the imputation of being low. The "Good-natured Man" was a practical attempt to give effect to his theory. At the same period the Hugh Kelly with whom he had promised to dine by way of "doing something for him," a man destitute of acquired knowledge but with fair natural talent, commenced a play in the approved sentimental style. Though by this time they had advanced to considerable intimacy, Goldsmith was filled with jealousy and alarm at what he considered a rival scheme, and, being questioned by somebody as to Kelly's project, he replied, "he knew nothing at all about it. He had *heard* there was a *man* of that name about town who wrote in newspapers, but of his talents for comedy, or even for the work he was engaged in, he could not judge." Kelly's piece, under the title of "False Delicacy," was brought out by Garrick at Drury-lane theatre on the 23d of January, six nights before the performance of the "Good-natured Man." "All kinds of composition," said Grimm, "are good except the tiresome," and to this kind the sentimental comedy belonged. Great, nevertheless, was the success of "False Delicacy." It was played twenty nights in the season to crowded houses; the sale of it when printed was ten thousand copies; and the bookseller who purchased it, to evince his gratitude, gave the author a public breakfast and a piece of plate. The entire gains of Kelly amounted to more than seven hundred pounds. The fame of the piece was not limited to England. It was translated into German, Portuguese, and French, and was played in Lisbon and Paris with marked applause. These continental honors were perplexing to Goldsmith. He denied at first that any translation had been made, and when the fact was demonstrated beyond dispute, he gravely asserted "it must be done for the purpose of exhibiting it at the booth of foreign fairs, for which it was well enough calculated." He vented his spleen at coffee-houses as well as among his friends, and vowed "he would write no more for the stage whilst the dramatic chair was occupied by such blockheads." In the midst of these pangs of envy he accidentally met Kelly, who

was no stranger to the abuse he had lavished upon him, in the Green-room of the Covent-Garden theatre, and congratulated him faintly on the success of his comedy. "I cannot thank you," said Kelly, "for I cannot believe you." They never spoke again, but, when Goldsmith was buried, Kelly of his own accord joined the funeral procession, and wept bitterly over the grave.

"False Delicacy," like its author, has passed away, and the "Good-natured Man" survives. "It is the best comedy," said Johnson, "that has appeared since the Provoked Husband. There has not of late been any such character exhibited upon the stage as that of Croaker." It was with reason that Johnson was partial to Croaker, for Goldsmith acknowledged that he had borrowed the conception from the *Suspensus* of the "Rambler." Of the two other prominent personages Honeywood was a repetition of the many portraits from himself, and we cannot but suspect that he also found the germ of Lofty in his own addiction to unfounded boasting. The rest are agents to conduct the plot, and have little that is distinguishing. "To delineate character," he said in his preface, "had been his principal aim," and Mrs. Inchbald was of opinion that the design had been attended with conspicuous success. Croaker, Honeywood, and Lofty deserved, she said, the highest praise which could be bestowed upon the creations of the mind. "In fiction they are perfectly original, yet are seen every day in real life." To us, on the contrary, they seem to want nature; a large alloy of the peculiarities of each is common enough in the world, but they never exist in solitary extravagance. Honeywood, Croaker, and Lofty are rather the personifications of qualities than men. The first is all childish benevolence, the second all groundless alarm, and the third a mere mouthpiece for ostentatious lies. The same objection, however, may be urged against several of the masterpieces of Molière. "To exaggerate the features of folly, to render it more thoroughly ridiculous," was the just principle of comic satire laid down by Goldsmith in his "Essay on Learning." His mistake is to have carried the principle too far, till comedy descends to the lower level of farce. The humor is excellent of its kind. Lofty is entertaining, and the apprehensions of Croaker are ludicrous in the extreme. The misunderstandings, though not always probable, are well contrived for producing mirth, and the piece must have had a triumphant run if the insipid Honey-

wood had been replaced by a character of more sterling worth or more comic effect. As it is he provokes less laughter than contempt, and is too complete an illustration of the proverb that "every man's friend is every man's fool" for the serious hero of a play.

Shuter selected the piece for his benefit, and the author, says Mr. Forster, "in a fit of extravagant good nature sent him ten guineas for a box ticket." In this instance we think that the gratuity of Goldsmith was the discharge of a debt, for, by saving his comedy from being damned, Shuter had brought him fifty times the sum. On the first night of the play he told the actor that he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of the coloring made it appear almost as new to him as to the audience. The bulk of the proceeds from the "Good-natured Man" was spent in purchasing, and furnishing with elegance, a set of chambers in Brick Court, in the Temple, for which he gave four hundred pounds. Having emptied out his pockets the instant they were filled, he had still his daily bread to earn, and for this he trusted to a "History of Rome" in two volumes which he was compiling for Davies. It was commenced in 1767, and published in May, 1769. The price paid for the copyright was two hundred and fifty guineas. This was the work which Johnson very erroneously contended placed Goldsmith above Robertson as a writer of history. Goldsmith, he said, had put into his book as much as it would hold—had told briefly, plainly, and agreeably all that the reader wanted to know; while Robertson was fanciful, cumbersome, and diffuse. "Goldsmith's abridgement," he went on, "is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius; and I will venture to say that, if you compare him with Vertot in the same places of Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compiling, and of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner." Though there is broad truth in the commendation of Johnson, it conveys an exaggerated notion of the merit of the book, which is not only destitute of exact scholarship, but bears in the style innumerable marks of the careless haste with which it was composed.

The credit he derived from his English and Roman Histories, coupled with his general fame, procured him, in December, 1769, the distinction of being nominated Professor of History in the newly-created Royal Academy of Painting, at the same time that Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient

Literature. There was neither salary nor duties attached to the office, and Goldsmith, in a stray letter to his brother Maurice in the January following, says, "I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." A less vain and simple man would have reversed the phrase and represented the appointment as a compliment from the institution to himself. To obtain the requisite shirt, he had entered into an engagement in February, 1769, with a bookseller, Mr. Griffin, to compile a Natural History in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas a volume, and in June, encouraged by the success of his "Rome," he contracted with Davies to finish in two years a "History of England," in four volumes, for five hundred pounds. He was to be paid for each volume of the Natural History as the manuscript was delivered; but he was to receive nothing on the "History of England" till the whole was complete. Before the year had run out he persuaded Griffin to advance him five hundred guineas on a work he had barely begun, and, having anticipated and squandered his supplies from this source, he devoted nearly all his time to the compilation for Davies, which would bring a return. He had never been very sensitive in pecuniary matters, and his obtuseness increased with his difficulties. The breach of his engagements produced expostulations from the booksellers, which roused more ire than repentance. In one altercation of the kind with Davies, they agreed to refer the difference to Johnson; and Goldsmith "was enraged to find that one author should have so little feeling for another as to determine a dispute to his disadvantage in favor of a tradesman."

Mr. Robert Day, then a law student at the Middle Temple, and afterwards an Irish judge, became acquainted with him in 1769, and often visited him in conjunction with another of his countrymen, the young and at that time unknown Henry Gratian. The habit of Goldsmith, according to this unexceptionable witness, was to lay aside his labors when his purse was replenished, and give himself up, while he had a sixpence left, to convivial enjoyments, and attendance at the theatres, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall. His funds dissipated, he recommenced his drudgery, and paid for his brief excesses by protracted toil. All are agreed, notwithstanding the Man in Black, Sir William Thornhill and Honeywood, that much of his

money continued to be bestowed upon artful impostors, or upon persons whose circumstances were not so bad as his own. Once, as Mr. Forster relates, when he had recently performed a piece of literary taskwork for the sake of two guineas, he made over seven and a half to a vagabond Frenchman as a subscription to a pretended History of England in fifteen volumes. Two or three poor authors and several widows and housekeepers were his constant pensioners. "He was so humane in his disposition," says Mr. Cooke, "that his last guinea was the general boundary of his beneficence." Nay, he carried it further still, for, when he had no money to bestow upon his regular dependants, he would give them clothes, and sometimes his food. "Now, let me only suppose," he would say with a smile of satisfaction after sweeping the meal on his table into their laps, "that I have eaten a heartier breakfast than usual, and I am nothing out of pocket."

Observers remarked that his benevolence, real as it was, was stimulated by ostentation, and, from his imputing the motive to the characters which he drew from himself, he was evidently conscious of the weakness. The odd simplicity which pervaded his proceedings was especially conspicuous in relation to money. He borrowed a guinea when he was destitute himself to lend it to Mr. Cooke, and endeavored in his absence to thrust it under his door. His friend, in thanking him, remarked that somebody else might have been first at the chambers, and picked up. "In truth, my dear fellow," he replied, "I did not think of that." Another acquaintance remonstrated with him for leaving money in an unlocked drawer, from which an occasional servant took what he pleased for the casual expenses of his master. "What, my dear friend," exclaimed Goldsmith, "do you take Dennis for a thief?"

With all his recklessness of expenditure no man had a store of cheaper tastes, or was more easily entertained. His favorite festivity, his holiday of holidays, was to have three or four intimate friends to breakfast with him at ten o'clock, to start at eleven for a walk through the fields to Highbury Barn, where they dined at an ordinary, frequented by authors, Templars, and retired citizens, for 10*d.* a head, to return at six and drink tea at White Conduit House, and to end the evening with a supper at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffeehouse. "The whole expense," says Mr. Cooke, "of the day's fête never exceeded a crown, and oftener from

three and sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air, good living, and good conversation." He had got weary of the hopeless attempt to keep up his dignity, and was again willing to be happy in the secondary society where he was alone at his ease. Mr. Forster has tracked him in particular to a club of good fellows at the Globe Tavern, called the Wednesday Club from its day of meeting, and where a principal part of the pleasure was to sing songs after supper. The sort of company he met there, and the terms on which he stood with them, are amusingly exhibited in the fact that a pig-butcher was one of the members, and, piquing himself on his familiarity with the celebrated Goldsmith, always said in drinking to him, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." Glover, an Irish adventurer, and who had been, in succession, physician, actor, and author, maliciously whispered to Noll, after one of these salutations, that he wondered he permitted such liberties from a pig-butcher. "Let him alone," said Goldsmith, "and you'll see how civilly I'll let him down." With this design he called out, at the first pause in the conversation, "Mr. B., I have the honor of drinking your good health;" to which the pig-butcher answered briskly, "Thankee, thankee, Noll." "Well, where now," inquired Glover, "is the advantage of your reproof?" and the baffled Noll had nothing to reply, except that "he ought to have known before that there was no putting a pig in the right way." Trivial as are these anecdotes, they are worth repeating, because they throw light upon the character of the man, and explain why he was "the jest and riddle," as well as the "glory," of his friends.

His enjoyment in all societies where he could freely give way to his natural impulses was immense. "He was always cheerful and animated," says Mr. Day, "often indeed boisterous in his mirth." He went to a dance at Macklin's, and was brought to such a pitch of ecstasy by this "frisking light in frolic measures," that he threw up his wig to the ceiling, exclaiming that "men were never so much like men as when they looked like boys." He prided himself on his dancing, which was not so graceful as it was hearty, and an Irish family of the name of Seguin, who were intimate with him at this period, were thrown into uncontrollable fits of laughter by seeing him go through a minuet. He loved to romp with children and join in their games. He would put the front of his wig behind to excite their mer-

riment, play forfeits and blind man's buff, and show them tricks upon cards. The younger Colman remembered that when he was five years old he had given Oliver a smart slap upon the face for taking him on his knee. The little vixen was locked up by his father in a dark room, whither Goldsmith soon followed with a candle and wheedled Master Colman back to good humor by placing a shilling under each of three hats, and then conjuring them all under the same crown. It was a gambol with his dog that suggested to him the pretty couplet in "The Traveller":

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child.

But from sports like these he was summoned back to his desk, and, in addition to the bulky compilations he had undertaken, he was preparing "The Deserted Village" for the press. Mr. Cooke calling upon him the day after it was commenced, Goldsmith read him a fragment of ten lines, adding, when he had done, "Come, let me tell you this is no bad morning's work." From the time he took to complete the poem he could rarely have accomplished so much at a sitting. His habit was first to set down his ideas in prose, and, when he had turned them carefully into rhyme, to continue retouching the lines with infinite pains to give point to the sentiment and polish to the verse. Mr. Forster dwells with great force upon the loss to literature from the want of this care in the generality of authors. The bulky ore, he truly says, can seldom obtain currency, however rich the vein. Those who extract and collect the gold, no matter how thinly it may have been originally spread, will ever be the writers most prized by the world. It was owing to this care that "The Deserted Village," being published on the 26th of May, 1770, went through four editions before the end of June. His brother Henry died in 1768, and the honor which Goldsmith allotted him on the appearance of the "Traveller," he now conferred upon Sir Joshua Reynolds. "The only dedication I ever made," he gracefully says, "was to my brother, because I loved him better than most men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you." Sir Joshua Reynolds returned the compliment by painting a picture of Resignation, in allusion to the line—

While Resignation gently slopes the way,
and inscribing the print which was engraved

from it to Goldsmith. An anecdote was told of his having returned a part of the hundred pounds which Griffin had paid him for the copyright, in consequence of his having discovered that it amounted to "near *five shillings* a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or indeed more than any modern poetry was worth." Mr. Forster rejects the tale on the ground that it was a very improbable act in a man who, a little before, had taken five hundred guineas from the same publisher on the faith of a book he had hardly begun. Mr. Cooke, however, a very trustworthy authority, and who was certainly in a situation to be privy to the transaction, says that the story was "strictly true,"—a phrase which implies both that it had been called in question, and that he knew it to be a fact. Testimony so distinct must weigh, we think, against speculative improbabilities, which amount to very little in the case of Goldsmith, who was a creature of impulse, and who in money matters especially would meanly borrow one minute what he generously gave the next. The rapid sale of the poem, it is added, removed his scruples, and he ultimately accepted payment in full. Even at this price he was only remunerated in fame for the lengthened labor he had bestowed upon the work, and he replied to Lord Lisburne, who urged him at an Academy dinner to persevere in writing verse, "I cannot afford to court the muses; they would let me starve; but by my other labors I can make shift to eat and drink, and have good clothes."

"What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*," says Burke in a letter quoted by Mr. Forster. "They beat all: Pope and Phillips, and Spenser too, in my opinion—that is in the pastoral, for I go no farther." In no other rural piece is there so much poetry and reality combined. The pictures of Auburn—its pastor, its schoolmaster, and all its other accessories—are as exact as anything in Crabbe, but they are painted under their best and softest aspect; and while "The Parish Register" pains and depresses Goldsmith throws a hue of enchantment in the "*Deserted Village*" over all he describes. The very titles of the poems are characteristic of their contents, and seem one to promise the prose, the other the poetry of life. "The *Deserted Village*" has the advantage over the "*Traveller*," of treating upon topics which lie closer to our doors, and touch our sympathies more nearly. The verse is a continuous succession of felicities without a

single forced conceit. The vividness of the descriptive passages, the skill with which the details are selected, the magical language in which they are expressed, the pensive sweetness which prevades the piece, unite to make it one of the most perfect little poems in the world.

In the midst of the blaze of reputation which attended the publication of "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith started in July for France, attended by Mrs. Horneck and her two pretty daughters—a Devonshire family whose acquaintance he had made in the house of Reynolds. To travel had once been his supreme delight. The love for every place, except that in which they resided, is mentioned by himself as a Goldsmith characteristic. "But travelling at twenty and at forty are," he said, "very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the continent so good as when I left it." Not meeting with the pleasure he anticipated, and his literary undertakings weighing upon his mind, he was glad to get back to his old quarters, after an absence of two months. He was no sooner home than he added to his already oppressive engagements by agreeing for a payment of fifty guineas to abridge his Roman History. A slight sketch of Parnell, which contained two or three graceful paragraphs, was published in the summer with some success; and a "Life of Bolingbroke," to be prefixed to his "Dissertation on Parties," which was calculated might obtain a fresh lease of popularity in the political heats of that fiery time, was now to be provided without delay. It was the first completed of his pending projects, and is one of the flimsiest tracts which ever proceeded from his pen—flat and feeble in style, as well as destitute of thought and knowledge. In August, 1771, came forth the "History of England," in four volumes, which has all the characteristics of his former compilations of the same kind. He avowedly took his information in at secondhand, and only engaged to furnish what he more than accomplished—"a plain, unaffected narrative of facts, with just ornament enough to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to set the reader upon thinking." He was accused, by men who were themselves overflowing with party-spirit, of being the tool of the ministry, and of making history subservient to political passions. "I have been a good deal abused," he remarked, writing to Langton, "for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head;

my whole aim being to make up a book of decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, would do harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sour Whig." Goldsmith's political creed was of so extreme a kind that he was even opposed to the Hanoverian succession, and affirmed that it never would be well with our constitution until another "happy revolution" should rectify the injury done by the settlement of 1688. He had once gone with Johnson to visit Westminster Abbey, and, while they were surveying poet's corner, his friend exclaimed—

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

When they reached Temple Bar Goldsmith pointed to the bony remains of the rebel's heads, and slyly whispered, in allusion to their mutual Jacobite predilections—

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

But notwithstanding his indulgence in these obsolete theories, his practical interest in passing politics, during the hottest ebullitions of factious rage, appears to have been extremely slight, and there were few subjects, we imagine, upon which he read, thought, or understood less. A year or two before, Dr. Scott, the chaplain of Lord Sandwich, endeavored to engage him to devote his pen to the support of the administration, and informed him that he was empowered to pay him liberally for his services; but poor as Goldsmith was, he was not to be tempted by the offer. "I can earn," he said, "as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me."

The fame of "The Traveller" brought Goldsmith into contact with his countryman Mr. Nugent, who had now become Lord Clare. He was much with him at the close of 1770 at his seat of Gosfield Park, and in the spring of 1771 accompanied him to Bath. Oliver is said by Mr. Cooke to have been liable to fits of absence, and an instance occurred during the present visit when he strayed into the house of the Duke of Northumberland, who lived next door to Lord Clare, and threw himself down on the sofa just as the Duke and the Duchess, who were acquainted with him, were sitting down to breakfast. Conjecturing that he had made a mistake, they endeavored to put him at his ease and inquired the news of the day; but it was not until they invited him to join

them at the table that he awoke from his reverie, and explained, with many apologies and much confusion, that he was unconscious of the intrusion. After seeing on his return to London his "History of England" through the press, he hired a room in a farmhouse on the Edgeware Road, and commenced "She Stoops to Conquer." "I have been trying these three months," he wrote to Bennet Langton, September 7th, 1771, "to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The comedy is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve." He met with more difficulties in his attempt to get it brought upon the stage than he probably anticipated when these words were penned. He told his friends that, notwithstanding the partiality of the public for graver pieces, he would persevere in his former course, and, at the risk of being thought low, "would hunt after nature and humor in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous." The cold reception of the "Good-natured Man" had nevertheless abated much of his confidence in the result, and he was easily discouraged. A friend to whom he told the plot in a chop-house, shook his head and expressed a fear that the audience would think it too broad and farcical for comedy. Goldsmith looked serious, and, taking him by the hand after a pause, said in piteous tones, "I am much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the candor of your opinion, but it is all I can do; for, alas! I find that my genius, if ever I had any, has of late totally deserted me." The manager of Covent Garden Theatre shook his head, like this friend. He kept the author long without an answer, started objections to the conduct of the piece, and on a pressing appeal from Goldsmith, in January, 1773, to be relieved from suspense, coupled with an entreaty that the comedy might at least be allowed a hearing in consideration of the large sum of money he had shortly to make up, he replied by sending back the manuscript, with several unwelcome criticisms endorsed upon the pages. Though he added an assurance that the play should be acted, Oliver was irritated and applied to Garrick. He had no sooner taken the step than he revoked the request at the advice of Dr. Johnson, who went to Colman, and in his own words "prevailed on him at last by much solicitation, nay a kind of force, to bring it on." The manager still believed that it would

never reach a second representation, and refused to expend a shilling in decoration. Several of the performers mutinied and threw up their parts. Other petty vexations followed, and, with the exception of a favorable opinion from Dr. Johnson and one or two more, everything conspired to frown upon the venture. There was some difficulty in finding a suitable title for the piece, and on Davies repeating that the great oracle had said, "We are all in labor for a name to *Goldy's* play," Oliver in one of those capricious fits of assumption, which oddly intermingled with undignified familiarity, expressed, "I have often desired him not to call me Goldy."

On the evening of the first performance (March 15th, 1773), a few of the principal literary friends of the author assembled at dinner; but Goldsmith was too agitated to swallow a mouthful, and too nervous to accompany the party to the theatre. He was found sauntering in St. James's Park by an acquaintance, who told him his presence might be necessary to make some alteration demanded by the temper of the audience, which induced him to go. Entering the stage-door as a faint hiss broke out at the improbability of Mrs. Harcastle believing herself to be forty miles from home when she was within a few yards of her own house, he exclaimed with alarm "What's that?" "Pshaw! Doctor," said Colman, who was standing behind the scenes, "don't be fearful of squibs, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder." Goldsmith never forgave the speech. In reality the piece had not been in jeopardy for an instant, and from beginning to end all was mirth and applause. Johnson, who presided over the dinner, was present to justify his favorable verdict, and, as often as he broke forth into a roar of laughter, the rest of the house followed the lead and laughed in chorus. "I know of no comedy," he said, "for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience,—that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry." "The play," Goldsmith wrote himself to Mr. Cradock, "has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage, and, though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall on the whole be a loser even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation." The comedy was repeated all the available nights, which amounted only to twelve, up to the

end of the season, and if what Mr. Cooke says be true, that Goldsmith cleared eight hundred pounds, he could not have been the loser he anticipated through the time subtracted from his ordinary task-work. In the next season "*She Stoops to Conquer*" continued a favorite, and Goldsmith grew in love with dramatic writing and the stage. Mr. Cooke believes that, had he lived, he would have increasingly devoted himself to this department of literature. The general approbation of the comedy was accompanied by a general abuse of Colman for his jealousy or want of judgment, and he was at last humbled to the point of asking Goldsmith to make some statement which should "take him off the rack of the newspapers."

No better description can be given of "*She Stoops to Conquer*" than that which was written by Johnson to Boswell, after reading it in manuscript. "The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable." With a general resemblance of manner to his former comedy, there is this prominent distinction, that in the "*Good-natured Man*" he has concentrated his strength upon the humor which grows out of character, and in "*She Stoops to Conquer*" upon the mirth which is provoked by misadventures. Even Marlow, forward with his inferiors and bashful with his equals, seems a commonplace conception. The interest and comicality of the piece are in the succession of deceptions and misunderstandings, and the lively dialogue which accompanies them. As he indulged before in extravagance of character, so he did now in extravagance of incident, and nothing except his admirable management of his materials kept his piece within the limits of comedy. Horace Walpole pronounced it the "lowest of all possible farces." He might at least have said the highest, nor does it much matter by what name it is called, when it is allowed by everybody to be one of the most ingenious, original, and laughable plays in the language. The "*Good-natured Man*" is tame by comparison.

Every stage of Goldsmith's existence was coupled with some disaster or jest, and a few days after the appearance of "*She Stoops to Conquer*" he brought himself into a new description of trouble. A letter appeared in the "*London Packet*" abusing his comedy, and asserting that he had a hopeless admira-

tion of Miss Horneck. He had the folly to call upon Evans, the publisher of the paper, and strike him with a cane at the moment when he was disclaiming his knowledge of the libel, and promised to speak to the editor. Evans returned the blow, a scuffle ensued, Goldsmith's hand was much bruised in the fray, a lamp above his head was broken to pieces and covered him with oil, and, to complete his humiliation, there issued at this instant from a back room his old detractor, Dr. Kenrick, the author of the attack, who led him away to a hackney coach. He was prosecuted by Evans for the assault, and compromised the action by paying fifty pounds to a Welsh charity. His friends laughed, the journals railed at him, and he wrote a letter in his defence, called by Johnson "a foolish thing well done," in which, avoiding all the details of the transaction, he confined himself to half-a-dozen well-turned sentences upon the licentiousness of the press. It was this time a comedy in which "he had stooped to be conquered."

Neither the eight hundred pounds, nor his other earnings, sufficed to satisfy his past debts and present extravagance. "When he exchanged his simple habits," says Mr. Cooke, "for those of the great, he contracted their follies without their fortunes or qualifications. Hence when he eat or drank with them he was habituated to extravagances which he could not afford; when he squandered his time with them he squandered part of his income; and when he lost his money at play with them he had not their talents to recover it at another opportunity." He had all his life been fond of cards, played ill, and, when the run of luck was against him, would fling his hand upon the floor, and exclaim with mock concern, "Bye—fore George, I ought for fever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!" But in his latter years he played for deeper stakes. He contracted what Cooke calls "a passion for gaming," which is one of the ingredients in the motley character that was drawn of him by Garrick, and Mr. Cradock, who was on familiar terms with him at this period, specifies it as his greatest fault, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket he would lose it all by an attempt to double it. An abstemious man himself, he was ostentatious in his entertainments, and in the last year of his life Johnson and Reynolds rebuked his profusion by refusing to partake of the second course of a too sumptuous dinner. He often repented his folly, but as often renewed it. Reynolds found him one morning kicking a bundle round his room,

The poet said in explanation, that it was a masquerade suit, and, being too poor to have anything useless about him, he was taking out the value in exercise, or in other words, he was venting his vexation for his thoughtless conduct upon the dress. His accumulating debts made him melancholy and wayward. He would frequently quit abruptly the social circle and creep to his own cheerless chamber to brood over his embarrassments. His happiest periods, as he acknowledged, were when, driven by sheer necessity from the round of dissipation, he retired into the country to labor with unremitting toil upon his projects.

In the intervals between his other engagements Goldsmith had for some time been continuing in his farm-house retreat the "History of Animated Nature." "It is about half finished," he said to Langton in the letter of September, 1771, "and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows, I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work." Boswell, in company with Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, went to see him at his country lodging in April, 1772. He was not at home, but they entered his apartment and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil. Buffon was his principal storehouse for facts, and much of the work is an avowed translation from the eloquent Frenchman. "Goldsmith, Sir," said Johnson, "will give us a very fine book on the subject, but, if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that I believe may be the extent of his knowledge of Natural History." To observe for himself, and to recapitulate the observations of others, were such distinct operations, that, in spite of his want of a practical acquaintance with the science, he might easily be equal to a view of the popular parts of the study. He was a little credulous of marvels, and if his guides had gone astray he of necessity copied their errors, but the volumes teem with delightful information, and of the literary merits of the narrative it is enough to say that it was written by Goldsmith.

The purchase-money of the "History of Animated Nature" was spent before it was earned. The work was not finished till Goldsmith was within a foot of the grave, nor published till after his death, and throughout the interval which elapsed from its commencement to its conclusion it continued to be one of his worst embarrassments. He had still to provide for the wants of the passing hour, and numerous were the schemes he attempted or proposed. He was in arrear to

the younger Newberry, to whom he made over the copyright of "She Stoops to Conquer," in partial satisfaction of a debt which he had previously promised to discharge by another such tale as the "Vicar of Wakefield." The specimen which he furnished proved to be a narrative version of the "Good-natured Man," and was declined by the publisher. He undertook, as a companion to his "History of Rome," to compile for two hundred and fifty pounds a "History of Greece," which was unfinished when he died. But his favorite project was a "Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," to which Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds had promised to contribute, and the loss of the disquisitions of these famous men renders the abandonment of the work a subject for great regret, though in the aggregate it would probably have been a very imperfect performance. Goldsmith wrote the Introduction to the Dictionary, which was read in the manuscript by Mr. Cradock, who thought it excellent, and which may possibly be the same with the Prospectus he printed and circulated among his friends, but which has hitherto escaped the researches of his editors. Davies tells us that his expectations from any new scheme were generally sanguine, but for this he prognosticated an unusual success, and never recovered the disappointment of its rejection by the booksellers, who had little confidence in the prosperity of "an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon a man with whose indolence of temper and habits of procrastination they had long been acquainted." In some emergency in 1773 he borrowed forty pounds of Garrick, and not long afterwards he sent him a note, which bears manifest marks of having been written in agitation and distress, in which he requests him to make the debt an hundred. To propitiate his creditor he offered to remodel the "Good-natured Man" in accordance with the original proposal of the manager when they quarrelled upon the subject. "I will give you a new character," Goldsmith said, "and knock out *Lofly*, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you suggest." Garrick promised the money, but gave no encouragement to the scheme for recasting the play. The thanks of Goldsmith were warm, and to show his gratitude he added, "I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two, at farthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing." Both these notes are endorsed by Garrick, "Goldsmith's par-laver;" and it is likely enough that his dis-

tresses enticed him into promises and professions which, though meant at the moment, were quickly forgotten."

In the midst of these shifts and sorrows a trivial incident occurred which produced one of the happiest effusions of Goldsmith's pen, and afforded a fresh proof of the versatility of his talents. He insisted one evening at the Literary Club on competing with Garrick in epigram, and each agreed to write the other's epitaph. The actor exclaimed on the instant that his was ready, and he produced extempore the couplet which is as widely known as the name of Goldsmith himself:—

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wro'e like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.

Abashed at the laugh which ensued, "poor Poll" was unable to produce a retort. The company pursued the idea which had been started, and either then or afterwards several of them wrote epitaphs upon their standing butt in a similar vein. Goldsmith in the interim was not idle. He was carefully preparing his "Retaliation" in silence; and when he had advanced as far as the character of Reynolds he showed it to Burke. He wished it to be a secret till it was finished; but having allowed copies to be taken, its existence became known to those who were the subjects of it, and he was obliged to read it at the Literary Club in its imperfect state. Garrick mentions that the skirmish on the part of all concerned was conceived and executed in perfect good temper; but we learn from Mr. Cooke that Goldsmith intended that the sting should be felt. From the time that his talent for satire was discovered he was treated with greater respect, and the oddities which had hitherto been a theme for endless jest were spoken of as not entirely destitute of humor. Oliver marked the change, felt his power, and told a friend that he kept the poem "as a rod in pickle upon any future occasion." The premature disclosure of his verses took away the stimulus which he derived from anticipating the effect they would produce upon his bantering friends, and seems to have prevented his proceeding any further in a composition which certainly cost him much thought and pains. As far as we can recollect, nothing of the kind had ever been struck out before. His little rhyming piece of pleasantry, "The Haunch of Venison," which he sent to Lord Clare about 1771, is in the same easy strain of verse; but the peculiarity of "Retaliation" is in the happy mixture of gaiety and satire; in the air of

smiling good humor with which he has told most poignant truths; and the dexterity with which he has blended praise and blame. The characters are drawn with uncommon terseness and force, and with such felicity of language that many of the lines have become proverbial.

A few weeks after this game of epitaphs had been played out poor Goldsmith was in his grave. He was subject to strangury, produced or aggravated by fits of sedentary toil; and an attack of the disorder in March, 1774, passed into a nervous fever. On the 25th of the month he sent for an apothecary, and in defiance of his remonstrance persisted in taking James's powder. Yet, much as the medicine reduced his powers, the worst symptoms of the disorder abated, and it was apparent that the sleeplessness which remained was induced by some other cause. "Your pulse," said Doctor Turton, "is in much greater disorder, than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No," said Goldsmith, "it is not." He was paying, in fact, with his life the penalty of his improvidence. He expired, after an illness of ten days, on the 4th of April, 1774; and on the 9th, his remains, followed by a few coffeehouse acquaintances, hastily gathered together, were laid in the burial ground of the Temple. "He died," wrote Johnson, "of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before? But let not his faults be remembered. He was a very great man." It was suggested that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, with a pomp commensurate with his fame; and Judge Day conjectured that the proposal was abandoned in consequence of his debts; but Mr. Cooke expressly states that the reason why the scheme was given up was because the greater part of the eminent persons who were invited to hold the pall, and whose presence could alone have conferred importance on the proceeding, pleaded inability to attend. Yet two at least of the number had a real and deep regard for the man. Burke, when he heard of his death, burst into tears; and Reynolds, who had never been known to suspend the exercise of his calling for any distress, laid down his brush, and painted no more that day.

Goldsmith was short and thick in stature, his face round and strongly pitted with the smallpox, his forehead low, and his complex-

ion pale. The general cast of his countenance, according to Boswell, was coarse and vulgar; and Miss Reynolds states that he had the appearance of a low mechanic. He was once relating, with great indignation, that a gentleman in a coffeehouse had mistaken him for a tailor; and his resemblance to the brethren of the needle was notoriously so strong that an irresistible titter went round the circle. One morning when Mr. Percival Stockdale, was remarking to Davies the bookseller on this similarity of appearance, Goldsmith entered, and, with that curious infelicity which seemed always to attend upon him, said to Mr. Stockdale, who had recently published a translation of Tasso's *Aminata*, "I shall soon take measure of you." His picture by Sir Joshua presents the face of a man unusually plain, yet Miss Reynolds mentions it as the crowning feat of her brother in portrait-painting that he had imparted dignity of expression without destroying the likeness. What that lady thought of him appears from her naming him for her toast when she was asked to give the ugliest person she knew; and Mrs. Cholmondeley, with whom she had some little difference at the time, was so delighted with the selection that she shook hands with her across the table. "Thus the ancients," said Johnson, "in the making up of their quarrels, used to sacrifice a beast between them."

His address, until he warmed into the good-humor which was natural to him, strengthened the unfavorable impression produced by his appearance. "His deportment," says Boswell, "was that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman." "His manner," says Davies, "was uncouth, his language unpolished, and his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation." "He expressed himself," says his friend Mr. Cooke, "upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen." Some attempts have been made in recent years to prove that his talk was not unworthy of his fame; but the witnesses to the contrary are so numerous, and there is such a general agreement in their testimony, that it is idle to controvert it. Mr. Rogers asked Mr. Cooke what he really was in conversation, and Cooke replied, emphatically, "He was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was born.' He was a fool, sir." Mr. Forster observes in extenuation, that "born" is an Irish mode of speech; but though the particular instance may not support the propo-

sition, it was not from a single example, but from an intimate acquaintance of seven years, that Cooke derived his impression. Dr. Beattie said that the silliness he exhibited was so great that it almost seemed affected; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had a peculiar regard for him, adopted the same improbable theory. Chamier, after talking with him, came away, saying, "Well, I do believe he wrote the *Traveller* himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal." Against Horace Walpole's smart saying, that he was an "inspired idiot," Mrs. Piozzi wrote in her old age, "very true;"* and the point, we may add, of Garrick's epigram would have had no sort of force unless it had possessed a semblance of truth. It is easy to collect from the book of Boswell, who acknowledges that his folly had been greatly exaggerated, the real state of the case. Johnson, who did the amplest justice to his genius, remarked that he had no settled notions upon any subject; that his ready knowledge was very slight; that he was eager to shine; and discoursed at random upon questions of which he was almost entirely ignorant. "If he were with two founders," said the Doctor, "he would fall a-talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." To this want of fixed opinions and extensive information was added what Boswell calls "a hurry of ideas, producing a laughable confusion in the expressing them;" and what Mr. Cooke terms "a strange, uncouth, deranged manner" of speaking. With his slender store of facts, his inability to arrange his thoughts on a sudden, his hasty rashness of assertion, his incoherent, provincial style of expression, it is manifest that he would do very slender justice to the better genius which he poured at leisure into his books. But a man of his talents must, in spite of the deficiency of tact and quickness, have often been visited with bright ideas; and Boswell relates that he was sometimes very happy in his wit-combats with Johnson, and records the instances of it. From the specimens which have been preserved of his absurdities it appears that they often consisted in the ludicrous misapplication of a single phrase. The story of his remarking to Lord Shelburne, "I never could conceive the reason why they call you

* Malone, on the other hand, says that he never could assent to Walpole's pointed sentence. "I always," he says, "made battle against Boswell's representation of him, and often expressed to him my opinion that he rated Goldsmith much too low."

Malagrida; for Malagrida was a "very good sort of a man," was, as Johnson justly remarked, little more than an error of emphasis. Horace Walpole, whose authority, however, is worth nothing on the question, exclaimed that the blunder was a picture of his whole life. Beauclerk called it, ironically, "a happy turn of expression, peculiar to himself;" and the daughter of his friend Lord Clare, who always spoke of him with the utmost affection, used to say, "that [it was so like him]." His delight at the pun which was made on the dish of yellow-looking peas at Sir Joshua's table, when one of the company observed that they ought to be sent to Hammersmith, for that was the way to Turn 'em Green; his taking the earliest opportunity to repeat the jest as his own, his first exclaiming that that was the way to make 'em green, and next, when he found his witticism fall pointless, that that was the road to turn 'em green; his starting up, disconcerted at the second failure, and quitting the dinner-table abruptly, all reads like a humorous invention to caricature his failings. In confirmation of his disposition to retire when he was mortified, Hawkins states that he would leave a tavern if his jokes were not rewarded by a roar. Once in particular, having promised the company, if they would call for another bottle, that they should hear one of his *bon mots*, he proceeded to tell, that, on hearing that Sheridan practised stage-gestures in a room with ten mirrors, he replied "that then there were ten ugly fellows together." His anecdote was received in silence; and after inquiring, to no purpose, "Why nobody laughed?" he departed in anger. "Rochester," says Mr. Forster, "observed of Shadwell, that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humor than any other poet; and measuring Goldsmith by Shadwell, we may rest perfectly satisfied with the relative accomplishments and deficiencies of each."

Boswell asserts that he studiously copied Johnson's manner, on a smaller scale; and both Hawkins and Joseph Warton relate that he affected to use the great lexicographer's hard words in conversation. The consequent impression he left upon Warton was, "that he was of all solemn coxcombs the first; yet," he adds, "sensible." To be solemn was not natural to him; and it is evident that he often forgot to act his part, or deliberately laid it aside. This mimicry of Johnson which reduced him to a comic miniature of the original, no doubt occasioned, as it renders

more piquant, the insolence of Graham, who wrote the "Masque of Telemachus." When he had arrived at the point of conviviality to talk to one man and look at another, he said, "Doctor, I shall be happy to see you at Eton," where he was one of the masters. "I shall be glad to wait on you," said Goldsmith. "No," replied Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Dr. Minor, 'tis Dr. Major, there." "Graham," said Oliver, describing him afterwards, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide." Another circumstance which he used to mention with strong indignation was the conduct of Moser, the Swiss, at an Academy dinner, who cut short his conversation with a "Stay, stay, Doctor Shonson is going to say something." On such occasions, Johnson tells us, he was as irascible as a hornet; was angry when he was detected in an absurdity; and miserably vexed when he was defeated in an argument. Of the little ebullitions of temper which arose from mortified vanity, Boswell has preserved a single instance. He was about to interpose an observation in a discussion which was going on, and his sentence was drowned by the loud voice of Johnson, who had not heard him speak. Dr. Minor, who was standing restless, in consequence of being excluded from the conversation, hesitating whether to go or to stay, threw down his hat in a passion, and, looking angrily at Dr. Major, ejaculated, "Take it!" Toplady beginning to say something, and Johnson making a sound, Goldsmith called out, "Sir, the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." Sir, rejoined Johnson, "I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent." When they met in the evening at the club, Johnson asked his pardon, and Goldsmith, who was as placable as he was hasty, placidly replied, "It must be much, sir, that I take ill from you."

Of his vanity he gave many ludicrous examples. "He would never," said Garrick, "allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe." "How well this postboy drives," said Johnson to Boswell. "Now, if Goldy were here, he'd say he could drive better." "If you were to meet him," said a journalist of the day, who was satirizing his well-known infirmity, "and boast of your shoes being well blacked, the Doctor would look down at his own and reply, 'I think mine are still better done.'" In trying to show at Versailles how well he could jump over a piece of water, he tumbled

into the midst of it: at the exhibition of puppets he warmly exclaimed, on their dexterously tossing a pike, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself." And he broke his shins the same evening, at the house of Mr. Burke, in the attempt to prove that he could surpass them in leaping over a stick. When some of their club were loud in their praise of a speech of Mr. Burke, Goldsmith maintained that oratory was a knack, and that he would undertake to do as well himself. Being dared to the trial, he mounted a chair and was unable to advance beyond one or two sentences. He was compelled to desist, but reiterated his assertion, and imputed his failure to his being "out of luck" at the moment. He possessed so little of the boasted knack, that when he attempted a speech at the Society of Arts he was obliged to sit down in confusion.

His vanity was coupled with a babbling envy that was laughable, but not malignant. "Though the type," says Cooke, "of his 'Good-natured Man' in every other respect, yet, in the point of authorship, and particularly in poetry, he could bear no rival near his throne. This was so deeply rooted in his nature, that nothing could cure it. Poverty had no terrors for him; but the applauses paid another poet made him poor indeed." He could not bear, Dr. Beattie said, that so much admiration should be bestowed upon Shakespeare; and though he had a true and hearty regard for Johnson, he exclaimed in a kind of agony, on hearing him vehemently applauded, "No more, I desire you; you harrow up my soul."

Genius is jealous: I have heard of some
Who, if unnoticed, grew perversely dumb;
Nay, different talents would their envy raise:
Poets have sickened at a dancer's praise;
And one, the happiest writer of his time,
Grew pale at hearing Reynolds was sublime;
That Rutland's Duchess wore a heavenly smile—
"And I," said he, "neglected all the while!"

Mr. Forster expresses his regret that Crabbe should have invented an illustration of Goldsmith's vanity opposed to all the known records of his intercourse with Reynolds; but the author of the "Tales," who had lived with many of Oliver's associates, plainly meant to give real instances; and, as we see from the case of Johnson, love for the man did not exclude jealousy of the panegyrics bestowed upon the genius. The work of Crabbe in which the lines occur was dedicated to the Duchess of Rutland, and the second example was doubtless from her-

self or her family. Another ludicrous manifestation of his jealousy occurred at an Academy dinner: when one of the company was uttering some witticisms which excited mirth, Goldsmith begged those who sat near him not to laugh, "for in truth he thought it would make the man vain." He openly confessed that he was of an envious disposition; and Boswell maintained that he had no more of it than other people, but only talked of it more freely. All are agreed that it never embittered his heart; that it entirely spent itself in occasional outbreaks; and that he was utterly incapable of a steady rancor, or of doing an action which could hurt any man living. He once proposed to muster a party to damn Home's play "The Fatal Discovery," alleging for his reason "that such fellows ought not to be encouraged;" but this, says Davies, was "a transient thought, which, upon the least check, he would have immediately renounced, and as heartily joined to support the piece he had before devoted to destruction." Such were the foibles which shaded the higher qualities of this whimsical being, and which must find the readier belief that most of those who record his eccentricities appear to have felt kindly towards him, and could certainly not have conspired to fasten upon him a fictitious character which was so little in keeping with his genius.

Washington Irving expresses his belief that far from being displeased that his weaknesses should be remembered, he would be gratified to hear the reader shut the volume which contained his history with the ejaculation POOR GOLDSMITH! In our opinion nothing would be more distasteful to him. He had higher aspirations, a more heroic ambition. But what would have delighted him would have been to hear Johnson pronounce in oracular tones that "he deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better;" to read in the epitaph which his great friend prepared for his monument, "that he was of a genius sublime, lively and versatile, that there was no species of writing that he had left untried, and that he treated nothing which he did not adorn;" to find posterity confirming the sentence and ranking him as the worthy peer of the illustrious men whose fame he emulated, and whom he needlessly envied; to see that his works were among the most popular of British classics, that everything connected with him possessed an undying interest for mankind, that all the minutest incidents of his career had engaged the anxious researches of numerous biographers, and that the list

was closed by the elaborate volumes of Mr. Forster. "Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother."

In adding one more to the many sketches of Goldsmith's life we have not done justice to the very able and interesting Biography from which we have drawn our materials. His history is there illustrated with a fulness which may even be thought excessive, for the era in which his lot was cast, and the eminent men with whom he associated in his later years, are largely described in conjunction with himself. In intrinsic interest these episodes are inferior to no other portion of the book, and the very notes are a storehouse of wit and wisdom culled from the writings and sayings of the contemporaries of Goldsmith. The central figure of the piece is drawn with equal ability and truth, and with no more extenuation of his infirmities than is due to the frailties of a common humanity. But Mr. Forster had a wider object than the mere exhibition of the life and adventures of an individual. He wished through the example of Goldsmith to plead the cause of literature with the world, and we are anxious to give currency to the concluding pages in which he sums up the scope and moral of his admirable work:—

This book has been written to little purpose, if the attention can be attributed to it of claiming for the literary man either more money than is proportioned to the work he does by the appreciation it commands, or immunity from those conditions of prudence, industry and a knowledge of the multiplication table, which are inseparable from success in all other walks of life. But, with a design far other than that, one object of it has been to show that the very character of the writer's calling, by the thoughts which he creates by the emotions he is able to inspire, by the happiness he may extend to distant generations, so far places him on a different level from the tradesman, merchant, lawyer, or physician, who has his wares and merchandise or advice to sell, that, whereas in the latter case the service is as indefinite as the reward due to it, in the former a balance must be always left, which only time can adjust fairly. In the vast majority of cases, too, even the attempt at adjustment is not made until the tuneful tongue is silent, and the ear deaf to praise; nor, much as the extension of the public of readers has done to diminish the probabilities of a writer's suffering, are the chances of his lot bettered even yet, in regard to that fair and full reward. Another object of this book has therefore been to point out that literature ought long ago to have received from the state an amount of recognition which would at least have placed its highest cultivators on a level with other and not worthier recipients of its

gratitude. . . . The best offices of service to a state are those in which thinkers are required, and, more than many of its lawyers, more than all its soldiers, it is in such offices that the higher class of men of letters and science are competent to assist. Yet, if any one would measure the weight of contempt and neglect that now presses down such service, let him compare the deeds for which an English parliament ordinarily bestows its thanks, its peerages, and its pensions, with the highest grade of honor or reward that it has ever vouchsafed to the loftiest genius, the highest distinction in literature, the greatest moral or mechanical achievement, by which not simply England has been benefited and exalted, but the whole human race. . . . Partly because of the sordid ills that attended authorship in such days as have been described in these volumes, partly from the fact that it is a calling daily entered by men whom neither natural gifts nor laborious acquirements entitle to success in it, the belief is still very common that to be an author is to be a kind of vagrant, picking up subsistence as he can, a loaf to-day, a crumb to-morrow, and that to such a man no special signification of respect in social life can possibly be paid. Nor, in marking thus the low account and general disesteem of their calling, are the literary class themselves to be exempted from blame. "It were well," said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, "if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy." The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith after his fashion very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that on all occasions to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it, but, while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as in *forma pauperis* the rights of the English author. Confiscation is a hard word, but it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne, for the encouragement of literature. That is now, superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning: for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind every other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Doctor Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency of protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is

cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years, whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. . . . No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they have had the chance of remunerating the genius and labor of their producers.

The volumes of Mr. Forster afford many touching proofs of the truth of his positions, and contain, indeed, the most complete and affecting representation with which we are acquainted of the bitter struggles and reverses of men of genius in all the walks of life. No author in this productive and charming department of literature has ever exhibited so wide a range of knowledge and sympathy, and, though his hero had become a hackneyed

topic, the originality with which the work is conceived and executed, the vast variety of facts, anecdotes, and letters, which are now produced for the first time, the new and more truthful light in which the old materials are disposed, the introduction into the picture of Burke, Johnson, Garrick, and other celebrated members of the Goldsmith group, render these Memoirs as fresh and novel as though Mr. Forster had been the first biographer of the poet, instead of the last. Much, indeed, of what had been previously done consisted of a loose collection of stories about the man, but here we have depicted the man himself as he moved along his path, and at every turn of the story, which is unfolded with the vivacity and regularity of an actual drama, he stands before us in the vividness of reality, with all the changes which had been wrought in him by each previous stage of his journey. This is real *Biography*.

From the Biographical Magazine.

GENERAL CANROBERT.

THERE is often an epoch in the life of a man when every incident in his career is invested with a novel and extensive interest, when the present reflects a lustre on the past, and recollection gives confidence to hope. So is it now with the commander of the French army in the Crimea.

FRANCIS CANROBERT was born in 1809, in the department of Lot, some leagues from the village where Murat first saw the light. He entered the school of St. Cyr in the month of November, 1826, and obtained the highest honors in that establishment after passing two years in laborious study. On the first of October, 1828, he was appointed to the sub-lieutenancy of the 47th regiment of the line, and was made lieutenant on the 20th of June, 1832. In 1835 he embarked for Africa, and arrived in the province of Oran, where the emir, Abd-el-Kader, had held the French troops for some time in check. Soon after his arrival he accompanied the expedition to Mascara, where he first distinguished himself. He followed with his regiment the

movements of the Generals Clauvel, D'Arlandes, and Letang, in the province of Oran. The capture of Tlemcen, the expeditions to Cheliff and Mina, the re-occupying of Tlemcen, the battles of Sidi, Yacoub, Tafaa, and Sikkak, revealed his brilliant military qualities, and gained him the rank of captain, on the 26th of April, 1837. In the course of the year he proceeded to the province of Constantine, where the Duc de Nemours and General Damremont were preparing to take revenge for an insult. He received a ball in the leg at the storming of the town. He was at the moment by the side of Colonel Combes, an old soldier of the Isle of Elba, under whom he was acting as orderly officer, and who was mortally wounded while mounting the breach. Before Colonel Combes expired he recommended the young captain to Marshal Valet as an officer of full promise.

Captain Canrobert returned to France in 1839 with the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and was entrusted with the duty of

organizing, for the foreign legion, a battalion out of the foreign bands which had been driven over the frontier by Culreia into the French territory. Through the persevering activity of the organizer, these remnants of the civil war were quickly brought into a condition to be associated in the labors of the troops in Algeria.

In 1840 he was on duty at the camp of St. Omer, where he composed in obedience to the commands of the Duke of Orleans, several chapters of a manuel for the use of the light troops. In the month of October, Captain Canrobert was incorporated into the 6th battalion of Chasseurs-à-Pied, and returned to Africa in 1841. In this new campaign he signalized himself in the battles which took place on the hills of Mouzaia and Gostas, as well as in the bloody struggle which the Beni-Massers maintained against the troops. Having obtained the rank of chef-de-battalion in the 15th light regiment on the 22d of May, 1842, he was placed in command of the 5th battalion of chasseurs, which kept up the campaign on the banks of the Chetiff. He was present at the affair of the grottoes, at that of the Sheah, and, lastly, at several battles on the Riou. A part of the year 1842, and the whole of the year 1843, were employed in new operations in Africa; and there, in a manner worthy of himself, Commander Canrobert sustained the honor of his battalion. He accompanied Colonel Cavaignac in the expedition of Ouaren-Senis, and had a command in the column under the orders of General Bourgolly, whose division, after having attacked the Flitas, fought resolutely in the country of the Kabyles of Yargoussa. On all occasions the 3d and 5th battalions were commanded by him, and with extraordinary success.

He had been an officer of the Legion of Honor for two years, when Colonel St. Arnaud, who in the year 1845 succeeded Colonel Cavaignac to the government of Orleansville, made use of his services against Bou Maza. The chief of the 5th battalion played a distinguished part in the affairs of Buhl, Oued Metmour, Oued Gri, and Oued Lenzig. In the first he succeeded with two hundred and fifty bayonets in holding his own against more than three thousand men, who could not make any impression on him. Consequent upon these transactions followed his appointment to a lieutenant-colonelcy, on the 26th of October. He was soon afterwards closely blockaded by the Kabyles, in the town of Tenez, where he had just suc-

ceeded Colonel Claparede in the command. Eight months of continual warfare ended in the pacification of the country, and the superior officer, to whom the result was due, obtained the rank of Colonel on the very field of his exploits.

After having commanded the 2d regiment of the line, he was transferred to the 2d foreign regiment, on the 31st of March, 1848, and kept possession of Bathna. At this period General Herbillon entrusted him with the command of a strong column, with orders to attack and intimidate the mountaineers of the Aures. This commission was promptly executed. Colonel Canrobert surprised the enemy at the foot of the Djebel Chelea, defeated them, and followed them closely to Kebeck, in the Amar-Kraddou, taking the Bey Ahmed prisoner. Returning to Bathna, he took the command of the regiment of Zouaves at Aumale. In this new post he had an opportunity of acting vigorously against the Kabyles and the tribes of Targura, which he brought into subjection.

It was in 1848, however, that Colonel Canrobert displayed energies beyond all praise. Cholera was raging in the garrison of Aumale, but the events which were passing at Zaatcha summoned them before the walls of this oasis. What courage, what coolness did it require in the commander of the Zouaves to lead his soldiers in this manner through all the perils of an adventurous march, soldiers constantly accompanied by the afflicting spectacle of misery. He, as it were, multiplied himself. He exhorted the sick, devoted his attention to them, threw a reinforcement into the town of Bou Suda, the garrison of which was blockaded, deceived the enemy who opposed his passage, by announcing that he brought pestilence with him, and that he should communicate it to his assailants, arriving at Zaatcha on the 8th of November. On the 26th he led, with wondrous intrepidity, one of the attacking columns. Out of four officers and sixteen soldiers who followed him to the breach, sixteen were killed or wounded at his side. In recompense for his conduct he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honor on the 11th of December, 1849.

Having distinguished himself at the battle of Narah, he was elevated to the rank of general of brigade on the 13th of January, 1850. He came then to Paris, and took the command of a brigade of infantry, and was attached as aid-de-camp to the Prince President of the Republic. On the 14th of January, 1853, he was appointed general of

division, still preserving his functions as aide-camp to the Emperor. Three months afterwards he was called to the command of a division of infantry at the camp of Helfaut, and nearly at the same time appointed to inspect the 5th arrondissement of the same arm. Lastly, being placed at the head of the first division of the army of the East, he has played one of the most active parts since the commencement of the war, both in making preparations for the difficult operation of the debarkation, and in contributing greatly to

the success at Alma, where he received a wound. It is well known that Marshal St. Arnaud, who had learned his value, had absolute confidence in his talents and bravery, and it is certain that the young general had neglected nothing to make him worthy of this confidence. Before his departure he was known to be occupied at the military depot in profound studies, having for their object the knowledge of the theatre of war, as if he had a presentiment of his future destiny.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CARDINAL XIMENES.

"Austere and lonely, cruel to himself
Did they report him."—HOMER.

DURING the middle ages, and even later, education was principally confined to the monks, the students of learned or scientific professions, and a few (very few) of the higher orders. Hence, priests, bishops, and cardinals were frequently to be seen grasping the helm of State, and either chosen for, or elevating themselves to become the prime ministers of sovereigns, and their advisers or controllers in worldly affairs, as well as the keepers of their consciences in things spiritual. Amongst these princes of the church and lights of legislation, Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros is entitled to hold a prominent, if not the very foremost position. His predecessor, Cardinal Mendoza, recommended him, on his deathbed, as the most eligible man in Spain, to succeed him in the office of minister and chancellor, which, for twenty years, he had filled with such undisputed ascendancy, under Ferdinand and Isabella, that he was called by the courtiers, "the third king of Spain." The same *sobriquet* was afterwards applied to Richelieu in France, under similar circumstances. Mendoza had previously obtained for Ximenes the appointment of confessor to the Queen, and thus by double steps assisted him to mount the ladder of preferment. But the patron and his *protégé* were widely opposed in personal character. Mendoza had been a libertine in his youth, after the usual practice of the Spanish clergy of his day; and more than one noble family

of the land trace their ancestry to the consequences of his amours. He was fond of splendor and show, maintained a retinue as costly as that of Richelieu, and as he indulged himself freely, was liberal in his concessions to others. Ximenes was an ascetic, who had subdued and rooted out his own passions by a long course of self-mortification, and had little inclination to accord tolerance or pardon to frailties, against which his own nature and habits were invulnerably fortified. Wolsey was too much given up to power, pomp, and personal aggrandisement; Richelieu was an incarnation of selfishness; Mazarin, as constitutionally cunning and deceitful as the arch-enemy himself; Alberoni, a hypocritical double-dealer; and Dubois, an atheistical, unprincipled profligate, without even the outward assumption of sanctity or decent morals.* But Ximenes was thoroughly honest, and sincerely religious—a bigot, if you like, but still a conscientious bigot. Austere, even to cruelty, and deaf to appeals founded on mere compassion; but ever consistent in his own life and actions, which reflected faithfully the creed he professed; while we feel that he was harsh, we are compelled to admit that he practised as he preached. Ambition was the only worldly passion, or weakness, which his strong mind acknowledged; but he never

* Cardinal Fleury, minister of Louis XIV., appears to have been a virtuous exception.

suffered ambition to predominate over his conscience, his faith, and his moral rectitude. A stern confessor he undoubtedly was, and one whom, in the discharge of his duty, even a royal penitent could not awe into compromise; but we never find that he indulged in the tyranny of personal rudeness, or abused the license permitted to his clerical function. It was not so with the general of the Cordeliers, who being alarmed at the sweeping reforms of Ximenes, came from Rome, to confer with Isabella on the subject, and to oppose the measures which interfered with his own views. In an interview with the Queen, he conducted himself with so much intemperance, that she asked him, when he had finished a violent harangue, if he was in his senses, and recollected whom he was addressing?

"Yes," replied the insolent monk, "I am in my perfect senses, and know very well that I am speaking to Isabella, Queen of Castile; a mere handful of dust and ashes, no better than myself."

Ximenes has found many biographers. His career is inseparably mixed up with all general histories of the period; but his individual life has been ably treated by Alvaro Gomez de Castro, in Latin; by Quintanilla, and other Spanish writers of inferior note. Two French authors of celebrity—Flequier, Bishop of Nismes, and Marsollier—have also employed themselves on the same subject. We are not aware that any of these works have been translated into English, although quoted and referred to as authorities by all writers in our language, down to Prescott inclusive the latest and the best on the list. Flequier deals with Ximenes as if he was exclusively a saint. Marsollier describes him as a universal genius—a sort of an Admirable Crichton—and mixes up in his narrative more of fable than reality. De Castro depicts the man nearly as he was; and Quintanilla, who was employed to procure from the Vatican the canonization of his hero, inclines somewhat more to the marvellous than modern readers will be disposed to follow.

Francisco Ximenes was born at Tordelaguna, in Spain, in the year 1496. He sprang from a noble, but decayed family. Quintanilla carries up his genealogical tree to remote royalty; but a pedigree is more easily alleged than provided. At fourteen he entered the college of Salamanca, and at twenty received the degree of bachelor in civil and canonical law, from that renowned and punctilious university. Three years after this he repaired to Rome where he di-

ligently pursued his studies for six years more. The death of his father recalled him to Spain, whither he returned, with a bull from the Pope preferring him to the first benefice that might fall vacant in the see of Toledo. No such promotion opened to him until 1473; he then prepared to avail himself of his grant; but Carillo, the archbishop of the diocese, had promised the post to one of his own followers, and resisted the claim of Ximenes. The latter maintained it stoutly, whereupon the prelate, using the strong arm of power, imprisoned him in the castle of Santorcaz, for six dreary years. The mere privations and hardships to which he was subjected were of no little moment to a man of his self-denial, who long afterwards, under the purple robe of the cardinal, wore his old habit of the order of St. Francis, with a hair shirt; and, in the midst of all his ministerial splendor, contented himself with a bed of straw and one frugal meal. On his liberation, he obtained possession of his benefice, but, in 1480, exchanged it for the chaplaincy of Seiguenza. His long imprisonment had deepened the natural austerity of his disposition, and tended to convert him into a religious enthusiast. He became altogether wearied of secular avocations; and, in the year following, having duly performed his novitiate, became a Franciscan monk, of the most rigid section of the order. During this translation, he practised towards himself unflinching discipline—enduring vigils, fasts, and flagellations, with patience and perseverance seldom equalled, and never surpassed. He then assumed the Christian name of Francisco, in compliment to the patron saint and founder of the society, and abandoned that of Gonzalo, by which he had been baptized.

His reputation for holiness crowded his confessional, until it resembled the levee of a sovereign. This disturbed his thoughts, and induced him to retire into a lonely convent, situated amidst mountains and forests, where he dwelt in a small cabin built by himself, and passed a life of ascetic infliction which the anchorites of old—Anthony, Paul, and Hilarion—could scarcely have emulated. The great powers of his mind were wasted in these mistaken mortifications, which rendered him visionary and ecstatic, and reduced him to what would now be considered a state of dreaming insanity. From this useless condition of vegetative existence, superior command transferred him to the convent of Salzeda, of which community he was soon appointed guardian, where active duties

recalled him from his sublimated reveries. In 1492, he was selected for the Queen's confessor, but the advancement produced no change in his manners or mode of life. His coarse friar's dress, emaciated form, and haggard countenance, contrasted strangely with the glittering throng of courtiers and lovely ladies, with whom, in spite of himself, he was sometimes compelled to mingle. But all sense of enjoyment was dead within him—temptation was powerless; and if ambition whispered to his heart, the voice was so low that he heeded it not. In 1494, Queen Isabella obtained a bull from Pope Alexander VI. (of infamous memory), to reform the conventual abuses, which existed to such an extent throughout Spain, that the whole nation rang with their notoriety. Ximenes, being appointed provincial of his order, was empowered to carry out the edict; and never did reformer labor with more untiring zeal, or enforce precept by more unswerving example. In 1495, Cardinal Mendoza died, and vacated the dignities of Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Chancellor of Castile. The revenues of the see alone amounted to 80,000 ducats, or something like £175,000 sterling of our present money. The sum is nearly incredible, yet does not appear to have been exaggerated by historians. The political and religious importance of the joint office placed the possessor on a level with princes, and second only to the Pope himself. In preference to many candidates, and in spite of strong interest in other quarters, the Queen conferred the post on Ximenes; who, taken thoroughly by surprise at the announcement, positively refused to accept the proffered dignities. He was at that time verging on his sixtieth year; and if ever he had encouraged ambitious thoughts, now came the opportunity to indulge them, which was not likely to occur again. Still he persisted resolutely in his denial, saying he was too old for public life, for which he had neither capacity nor inclination. That he was sincere appears certain; and he only yielded when a second bull from the Pope positively commanded his obedience to the sovereign authority of the Church. Ximenes then acquiesced, and became minister of Spain, most unquestionably against his will.

He cannot be justly accused of hypocrisy, and it may be said with truth that he was called back from the grave to the world. But though not desirous of power, and inexperienced in its exercise, having once accepted, he used it promptly, and soon proved that he possessed the innate faculty of command with

the energy of enforcing obedience. Soon after his elevation, the troops revolted for want of pay. As Ximenes was addressing them, in the hope of producing a better disposition of mind, one of the soldiers cried out, "Give us our arrears, and no more speeches!" Ximenes, without the least emotion, turning to the ranks from whence the voice proceeded, found out the speaker, had him hung upon the spot, and then went on with his harangue. The high grandees, as a matter of course, looked upon him as an obscure upstart, thrust into a position which they considered as exclusively belonging to their own order. He cared not for their impatience or opposition, acted fearlessly, and spoke without reserve. His enemies were more disgusted by his speeches than by his actions. "By God's help," he was wont to say, "and with my girdle of St. Francis, I will bring every great man to his duty, and with my sandals I will stamp upon the insolence of the nobility." The latter exclaimed loudly against his authority, and a party of them entered his palace one day without ceremony, and abruptly demanded to know by what right he governed the kingdom. "By virtue," answered he, "of the power that was given to me by my late sovereign, Ferdinand, and which has since been confirmed by his successor, Charles V." "But Ferdinand," retorted the malcontents, "being only the administrator of the kingdom, had not the power of appointing a regent; the Queen alone could lawfully do that." "Well, then," said Ximenes, retreating with them into a balcony, from whence a battery of cannon was discovered, which was at that moment thundering forth a furious discharge, "behold the power with which I have governed, and with which I intend still to govern!" They departed in silence, and complaints ceased on the instant.

Ximenes, while he jealously watched the interference of the nobility and curbed the lower classes to canvass the acts of his government and express their opinions freely. He used occasionally to say, "When a man is in power, and has nothing to reproach himself with, the wisest course he can adopt is to permit the people to enjoy the wretched consolation of avenging their wrongs by their speeches." He was in the right. Open grumbling is less nearly allied to rebellion than moody, brooding silence. Frederick the Great acted on this maxim of the Spanish cardinal, and to a much greater extent. Being asked one day why he permitted so many libels to be printed against him, he

answered "Myself and my subjects are come to a composition: I do as I please, and they write as they please.

In the distribution of ecclesiastical preferment, Ximenes acted with strict impartiality, regardless of interest or any recommendation beyond personal merit.* Very soon after he became minister he was applied to by the friends of Don Pedro de Mendoza to confirm him in the government of Cazorla (one of the best places in the gift of the Archbishop of Toledo), with which he had been entrusted by his brother, the late grand cardinal. They urged the obligations conferred on Ximenes by his predecessor, and the anxious desire of the Queen. He refused peremptorily to consent, declaring that, as minister, he acknowledged no private ties; that the Sovereign might send him back to the cloister again, whither he was ready to depart on the instant, but that no personal considerations should ever operate with him in distributing the honors of the Church. After a reasonable interval, when no longer importuned with solicitations, he restored Mendoza to the place, observing that he did so because his own judgment told him he was qualified to fill it with credit. "I will choose my officers," said he, "but I will not have them chosen for me, neither shall they select themselves. Personal application indicates either want of merit or want of humility in the applicant." The conclusion is a little strained, but may pass as a ministerial apothegm.

The reforms of Ximenes, as might be expected, raised against him a host of enemies who had even influence enough with the Pope to obtain his interference. But he resisted in this instance the sovereign head of the Church, and, supported by Queen Isabella, who, though more mildly disposed, was equally firm, carried out his plans in defiance of opposition, and succeeded in obtaining the warm co-operation of the apostolic nuncio. In 1499, he resolved, at all hazards and at any price, to convert the Moors of Granada, and went to work with his characteristic energy. All means were employed which persuasion, money, or force could bring into play. The proselytes were numerous and willing, but many were obstinate, and seemed determined to brave persecution even to death in defence of their faith. Ximenes resolved

to root out the very characters in which the abominations of Mohammedanism were recorded, and caused a mighty holocaust to be made of every Arabic manuscript he could lay his hands on; thus committing to the flames more copies of the Koran and other works connected with the theology of that compilation, than the Caliph Omar had sacrificed at Alexandria, of Christian and classical literature, eight centuries before. A few hundred volumes on medical science, in which the Moors of that day were pre-eminently skilled, he preserved, to enrich the newly-founded University of Alcalá; but invaluable lore on many other subjects was destroyed for ever. The over-zealous prelate, no doubt, persuaded himself that in this conflagration he was wielding the brand of retributive justice. His violent proceedings called up an insurrection; the Moorish populace rose in defence of their expiring creed, and besieged him in his palace. When urged to fly while there was yet an opportunity of escape, Ximenes refused with the blended spirit of a hero and a martyr. He cared not for life, proclaimed his determination to die at his post rather than desert his faithful followers, and held out manfully until relieved by reinforcements. The violence of the cardinal in this matter drew on him the displeasure of his sovereigns, which, however, he soon dispersed by powerful declamation, and in the end he carried his point, for many of the most influential Mohammedans were compelled to sell their estates and emigrate to Barbary, and when peace was restored it was found that about fifty thousand converts were added to the ranks of Christianity. From this date the proud Moors of the Peninsula began to decline in influence and numbers, until the race gradually degenerating, disappeared altogether. If the means were objectionable, the end was obtained, and, as measures are usually estimated by results, the reputation of Ximenes received a prodigious advance from this proud victory. "He has achieved a greater triumph," said the virtuous Archbishop Talavera, "than even Ferdinand and Isabella; they conquered only the soil, but he has gained the souls of Granada."

The death of the Queen, in November, 1504, deprived Ximenes of his constant friend and unvarying supporter. Ferdinand respected the abilities of the minister, but Isabella venerated the virtues of the man. The confidence placed in him by the latter was unlimited. The former mixed up a little duplicity with his apparent cordiality. When the

* Flechier, Bishop of Nîmes, furnishes an instance of a man held back by his merit. When Louis XIV. at last promoted him, he did it with this rather unsatisfactory compliment: "I should have rewarded you much sooner, but that I was unwilling to lose the pleasure of your discourses."

cardinal in person superintended the expedition against Oran, the King wrote a private letter to Navarro, a rude captain who commanded under him, in which he said, "Hinder our good man from coming back to Spain too soon. We must make all the use we can of his person and of his money." In 1507, Ximenes received the cardinal's hat from Pope Julius II., and soon after added to his other high appointments the office of Inquisitor-General of Castile. No further honors could now, by any possible turn of Fortune's wheel, be heaped upon him, except the papacy itself. His catholic zeal expanded with his power, and became firmer as he declined into old age; while his ambition, so long mortified and dormant, glowed with all the ardor of early manhood. Still he was unselfish, and thought only how to advance religion with the advancing influence of his country. Like Richelieu, he possessed the spirit of a soldier, and in earlier ages would undoubtedly have headed a crusade. He even thought of such an enterprise, but determined to commence by an expedition nearer home—the conquest of Oran, on the opposite coast of Barbary. He not only volunteered to lead the armament, but to advance from his private funds the necessary supplies of money. We shall search many pages of many histories before we find a minister so thoroughly disinterested. The nobles, who hated Ximenes, derided his preparations, and prognosticated failure. "What," said they, "could be more ridiculous than the idea of a monk fighting the battles of Spain, while the great captain, Gonzalvo de Cordova, was left to stay at home, and count his beads like a hermit?" Ximenes would willingly have given the command to that renowned chief-tain, had the King consented. Perhaps, Ferdinand, in his heart, desired to get rid of his minister, and thought the opportunity a tempting one. The energy displayed by Ximenes was almost miraculous; and it must be remembered that, in addition to a life of cloistered solitude, and habits all unfitted to the trade of war, he was oppressed with physical infirmities, and had passed the seventieth year of his age. Narses is the only other general we can recollect who took the field for the first time when most men are preparing for the grave. The campaign was short and decisive. The army landed on the 17th of May, 1609, and on the evening of the following day the city was carried by storm. The most respectable authorities have gravely declared, that the miracle of Joshua was repeated on this special occasion. The cardinal

urged an immediate attack, in opposition to the doubts expressed by Navarro, his general. The advice and the triumphal issue were both naturally ascribed to inspiration by his superstitious and elevated followers. Before the Spanish army marched up to the walls, Ximenes mounted his mule, and rode along the ranks. He wore his pontifical robes and a sword was girded by his side. He addressed his soldiers in a suitable harangue, and inflamed their courage with the promise of the plunder of the infidel city. He was attended by a monk on horseback, who bore a massive silver cross, his archiepiscopal standard of Toledo. As the men passed by with loud cheers and reverential enthusiasm—"Go on, go on, my children," exclaimed the cardinal; "I am at your head. A priest should think it an honor to expose his life for his religion. I have many examples before me in my valiant predecessors." As soon as his victorious troops had obtained possession of the town, he entered the gate, attended by his train of monkish brethren, and repeated aloud the language of the Psalmist—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise and the power given!" The spoil, amounting to half a million of gold ducats (more than a million of our present sterling money), was placed at his disposal for distribution, and his heart was rejoiced by the liberation of three hundred Christian captives. He burst into tears on seeing the number of dead that were lying on the ground, and was heard to say to himself—"They were indeed infidels, but they might have become Christians. By their death they have deprived me of the principal advantage of the victory we have gained over them."

The easy capture of Oran stimulated Ximenes to enterprises of a more extended nature. Already he contemplated the conquest of every Mohammedan city on the coast of Barbary; but Navarro, disgusted at being controlled in the direction of the army by an ecclesiastic, demurred against his authority, and claimed the right of independent command. The King, too, seemed inclined to desire the cardinal's absence for some political schemes of his own; and these combined reasons induced the latter to give up the further prosecution of the crusade he had so successfully begun;* and leaving behind him

* The Spanish army under Navarro, after the departure of Ximenes, pursued a rapid course of victory, and took in succession Bugia, Algiers, Tunis, Tremecen, and Tripoli, until their conquests were checked by an unexpected defeat in the island of Gelva.

ample funds and stores for the prosecution of the war, together with much able advice, which was sure to be disregarded as soon as his back was turned, he went back to Spain with a scanty train of attendants, in an unarmed galley. He was received, on landing, with enthusiastic greetings; but he declined all public honors and congratulations, and his demeanor, instead of being inflated by the great triumph he had achieved, became more simple and unpretending than before. Seven or eight years of life and power still remained to him, during which he dedicated much of his time to the improvement of his celebrated University of Alcalà, founded in 1500; and also to the completion of the far famed Bible which bears his name, and is to this day one of the great lions of a few public libraries. Either of these two undertakings would have sufficed to render his name immortal; and to carry them out required not only the influence but the wealth of a monarch. In eight years the college was finished, furnished, and amply endowed; but fifteen elapsed before the Bible saw the light in a perfect form. The book called the Complutensian Polyglot (from the place where it was printed, Complutum,* or Alcalà de Henares), is a glorious specimen of early typography, and one that rejoices the heart and dazzles the eyes of a true bibliomaniac whenever he chances to stumble on a copy,† which will not often happen. Six hundred was the original number struck, of which by far the greater portion has disappeared, either buried in convents or destroyed by the ravages of war and time. The original price was six ducats and a half. According to Brunet, copies have been sold so high as £63. If one was to be announced to-morrow under the hammer of the auctioneer, it would produce a fancy price, almost as extravagant as the reputed value of the *koh-i-noor*. Three copies of the first edition were printed on vellum, for one of which Count MacCarthy, of Toulouse, paid £483, at the sale of the Pirelli library. The work is in six volumes folio: the old Testament occupies the four first, the fifth is devoted to the New, and the last contains a Hebrew and Chaldaic vocabulary, with other incidental treatises. Modern criticism has detected many errors in the text; but the cardinal's Bible will ever be valuable as the first successful attempt at a polyglot version of the Scriptures, and the

foundation of later and more perfect ones. As Prescott remarks—"We cannot look at it, in connection with the age and the auspices under which it was accomplished, without regarding it as a noble monument of piety, learning, and munificence, which entitles its author to the gratitude of the whole Christian world." Ximenes, though not an extensive general scholar, was well qualified for this particular task. He urged his assistants, who were all selected for their profound erudition, to complete the volumes, and encouraged them by his presence. "Lose no time, my friends," he said to them, "in the prosecution of our glorious work, lest, in the casualties of life, you should lose your patron, or I have to lament the loss of those whose services are of more price in my eyes than wealth and worldly honors."* The Spanish historians have recorded the names of these learned associates. The expense incurred must have been enormous, but the revenues of Ximenes were equal to it. The art of printing was then in its infancy, and oriental types were unknown in Spain, and probably in Europe. He imported artists from Germany, had types cast under his own eye in the foundries at Alcalà, and spared nothing that money could obtain. The languages employed are four. The part devoted to the Old Testament contains the Hebrew original, with the Latin vulgate of Jerome, the Greek Septuagint version, and the Chaldaic paraphrase, with Latin translations by the Spanish scholars. The New Testament is printed in the original Greek, with the Latin vulgate of Jerome. The curious on this subject will find ample information and details in Dr. Dibdin's "Library Companion," and other bibliographical works of that voluminous writer. The antiquity of the manuscripts employed in this great compilation has been disputed vehemently (what has not been disputed?); but the question must remain for ever *sub judice*, for good authority states that, towards the end of the last century, a wicked Erostratus of a librarian, in whose custody they were, sold them as waste paper to a rocket-maker of Alcalà, who soon worked them up in the regular way. The ghost of Ximenes is firmly believed to have appeared to the garrison of Oran in 1643, to encourage them in their defence against the Algerines. It is much to be lamented that the spectre did not again revisit the "glimpses of the moon," and perpetually haunt the slumbers of this modern

* The word *complutum* is probably derived from the fruitfulness of the soil.

† There is a very fine one in the British Museum.

* See Quintanilla and Gomez, quoted by Prescott ("Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.")

Omar, whose name deserves the unenviable immortality which it has escaped by oblivion.

The University of Alcalá may, perhaps, be considered the most gigantic undertaking ever conceived and executed by one man, not a sovereign, from his own private resources. The revenue bequeathed by Ximenes to this child of his old age at his death, amounted to fourteen thousand ducats, which, within a century and a half, increased to treble that sum; while the celebrity of the new college as a seat of learning, and the admirable discipline maintained there, cast even Salamanca into the shade, and resounded through every state in civilized Europe. Within five years after it was opened, King Ferdinand visited Alcalá, and, though not much of a scholar, was acute enough to perceive the advantages which the institution conferred on his kingdom, and to honor the labors of the minister who had accomplished such a work. His delight was expressed in terms of unqualified panegyric. When Francis I. of France was a prisoner in Spain, after the defeat of Pavia, in 1525, he expressed a desire to examine this renowned establishment. Seven thousand students came forth to receive him. As he traversed the numerous halls, and saw the perfect manner in which every department was appointed, admiration was superseded by astonishment; and at last he exclaimed in a generous burst of enthusiasm "Your Ximenes has executed more than I should have dared to conceive; he has done, with his single hand, what it has cost a line of kings to accomplish." The Spanish cardinal was more fortunate than Wolsey, whose college at Ipswich, his native town, fell with the disgrace of the founder.*

On the 23d of January, 1566, King Ferdinand died, and was succeeded on the throne of Castile and Arragon by his grandson Charles, son of Joanna, daughter of Isabella, afterwards the celebrated Emperor Charles V. He was at that time absent in the Low Countries, and until he could arrive to take possession of his kingdom, Ximenes was appointed by the late king's will, regent of Castile. It is doubtful whether Ferdinand loved him, but his high character set aside all personal objections. The monarch was sixty-four when he died. The new regent had reached his eightieth year, yet his faculties were as strong and clear as they had ever been, and his energy was unimpaired. Yet in the course of nature, although he had

long exceeded the space of life allotted to vigorous man by the psalmist, it was not likely that his career could extend much further. Neither did he enjoy his high office without trouble and opposition. Charles wished to be declared king; but his mother, though dead to the world, was still alive, and the Castilians looked upon this desire as both illegal and indecent. Ximenes remonstrated with him strongly against the unpopular measure; but Charles was obstinate, and the cardinal yielded, compelling the nobility to acquiesce, to their infinite mortification. He next proceeded to reform the finances, which had fallen into considerable disorder; suppressed superfluous offices, retrenched large salaries, curtailed pensions granted through interest, and abolished sinecures. His foreign policy displayed equal courage and vigor. Amongst other salutary measures, he endeavored to ameliorate the condition of the natives in the American colonies, and to prevent the introduction of negro slaves. At the same time, with inherent bigotry (the only fault we can detect in his public character,) he added to the already tremendous power of the Inquisition, and pushed the authority of that dreadful tribunal to a tyrannical exercise. Three of the most influential nobles of Castile, the Dukes of Alva and Infantado, and the Count of Urena, openly rebelled against his authority. The cardinal soon put them down by the strong arm, seized and burnt the town of Villafraña, of which some of their partizans had taken possession, and having subdued them, then solicited their pardon from the king. But, in spite of his most strenuous efforts to the contrary, the young monarch, who required money in Flanders, insisted on selling offices in Church and State, and withdrew the funds thus acquired, for foreign purposes. The government of Ximenes became unpopular, from measures, in which he not only had no participation, but strongly opposed. At length, in the autumn of 1517, Charles repaired to Spain, and landed in the Asturias. The cardinal was seriously ill, but the opportune arrival of the king revived him, and they interchanged mutual letters of congratulation. Charles was surrounded by Flemings, who, having profited by the name and abilities of Ximenes, as long as they required them to win the Spanish nobility, were now desirous of preventing an interview between the sovereign and the regent, and sought to prejudice the former by unfavorable representations of the cardinal's morose temper and arbitrary conduct. Charles suf-

* But Christ Church, Oxford, remains an imperishable monument of his fame.

ferred himself to be persuaded to write a cold, hypocritical letter to the great minister, naming the time and place for a personal conference, thanking him for past services, and suggesting his immediate retirement to his diocese. The unexpected blow cut the proud cardinal to the heart, and checked his hitherto indomitable spirit. According to some historians he died of this unfeeling epistle, but it seems more likely that he died of eighty-one; the latter cause will suffice without the accelerating stimulant. Ximenes was too tough and stubborn to be extinguished by a letter, or by royal ingratitude, however pungently conveyed; time and disease had worn him out, and he bowed his head in obedience to the summons of the grim monarch of the grave, which was delivered simultaneously with the missive of the great temporal autocrat. He commenced a letter to King Charles in reply, but a few lines exhausted him, and the effort was suspended. On the 8th of November, 1517, his attenuated frame became the dust from whence all humanity derives its origin. His last words were those of the Psalmist, uttered in the Latin tongue, "In thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded." He was buried with great pomp, contrary to his own express desire. On his deathbed, and just before he received the last sacraments, he uttered these words, recorded by the listeners—"I have no cause to afflict myself that I have ever done an injury or injustice during the whole course of my administration; and I indeed have all the reason in the world to believe, that I have never lost an occasion on which I could afford my assistance to any one that required it. With respect to the revenues, which as an ecclesiastic I have possessed, and of which I am now about to give an account to God, I most firmly and solemnly protest, that I have never diverted from its proper destination a single crown-piece to the advantage of myself and of my relations." We may believe in the sincerity of Ximenes, whose life furnished the best comment upon his creed; but how are we to reconcile the similar dying avowal of Richelieu, who said, in the same extremity—"I am in the presence of the Judge, who will speedily pronounce my sentence. I entreat of Him, with my whole heart, to condemn me, if, during my ministry, I have ever been guided by other thoughts than the interests of religion and my native country." Ximenes was inflexibly conscientious: Richelieu knew not the meaning of the word (we judge by the positive actions and apparent

motives of both. The latter seems to have been an ultra-expedientist—a man who cared not how his ends were accomplished, and who used the name of Christianity as a convenient and controlling implement. The Spaniard was sincere; the Frenchman a hypocrite or an unbeliever; and yet both, in their last moments, appealed from the judgment of men, to a more absolute and awful tribunal, in nearly the same words, and with a corresponding confidence. Here is one of the enigmas of human feeling which we strive in vain to unravel or understand. The greatest criminals, the most licentious offenders, often die as calmly as the uniformly virtuous, and appear to be as well satisfied that mercy will be extended to their transgressions.

Ximenes was altogether one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. Impartial posterity can detect that his politics were sometimes wrong, but his motives and principles were invariably right. He was sometimes less scrupulous of means than true apostolic religion sanctions, but his violent and extreme measures had no taint of selfishness. His polar star was *duty*, and from that he never deviated. This inward conviction of integrity in purpose led him to adopt measures which would have been more satisfactory, and more completely justifiable, had they been carried out by a milder and more strictly orthodox course. But in all this he had no thought of himself, and neither rewarded nor punished from private predilection or personal pique. He despised libels, lampoons, and caricatures, by which great and strong minds have been disturbed; he equally repudiated indirect support or justification, and resolved to govern by the innate virtue of power combined with integrity. With unbounded resources, he provided for no poor relations, and left no private pensions to impoverish the exchequer of the minister who succeeded him. His accumulated savings were settled on the university of his own creation. Flechier describes his character as follows:—"As dexterous as Ferdinand himself in the art of governing mankind, he infinitely surpassed him in the qualities of the heart: noble, magnificent, generous, the protector of innocence, of virtue, and of merit, he conceived and executed no plans but those which were of use to mankind. Yet, as everything human must have some alloy, his excellent qualities were occasionally tarnished by severity, by obstinacy, and by ambition. Of his merits, perhaps, no greater testimony can be given, than that his sovereign, Ferdi-

nand, who hated him in his heart, at his death appointed him regent of his kingdom."

A parallel between Ximenes and Richelieu was written by the Abbé Richard in 1703, which Prescott has quoted and referred to. The points of resemblance are somewhat forced, and the balance inclines heavily in favor of the Spaniard. A marked distinction attended the circumstances of their deaths. Richelieu was so universally execrated, that a popular tumult accompanied his funeral, and his remains were in danger of being torn from the grave and scattered in the elements. Ximenes was carried to the sepulchre amidst universal tears and lamentations. But in one point there was a striking similarity between them. Both were true members of the church militant, and braved the dangers of war with the alacrity of practised soldiers. Richelieu fought at Rochelle in the panoply of a man at arms, and Ximenes headed his troops against the infidels of Oran. His biographer Gomez de Castro says, that he once declared himself that "the smell of gunpowder was more grateful to his senses than the sweetest perfume of Arabia." His military propensities may have influenced his decisive and arbitrary legislation.

Most readers like to know something of the personal appearance and habits of any remarkable individual who has excited their curiosity or interest. No one will figure Ximenes to their mind's eye as other than gaunt, graceless, and unprepossessing. Long before he attained middle life, the penitential severities to which he had accustomed himself reduced his frame to the attenuated appearance of an *anatomic vivante*. Continence and abstemiousness, while it rendered him outwardly rugged and repulsive, strengthened his constitution, and gave vigor to the seeds of life. Yet he carried his personal privations to such an extent that his health

suffered in consequence, and during his latter years he endured much from changes of the atmosphere and inclement weather. He slept little, eat less, and listened more than he talked. He cared not for general conversation, and was seldom roused to participate eagerly, unless when the topic happened to be some leading question of theology. His style was short, clear, and straight to the point. If a tedious visitor wearied him, he took up a book as a signal that it was time for the intruder to go. When he spoke, his voice was clear, though somewhat harsh, and the accents came slowly from his lips. His carriage was erect, his forehead unwrinkled, his stature tall, his features sharp and thin, his eyes small, dark, and deep set, and the general expression of his countenance, repulsive and severe. His cranium was examined forty years after his death, and found to be totally without sutures. That of Richelieu, on the contrary, was ascertained to be perforated with small holes. The Abbé Richard reasons on this after a manner which may amuse comparative anatomists, physiologists, and surgeons. He says, "On opening the head of Richelieu, twelve small circular holes were discovered, through which the vapors of his brain exhaled, and for this cause he never had a pain in his head; on the other hand, the skull of Ximenes was without seam or opening, which accounts for the headaches with which he was almost incessantly afflicted."

We may safely conclude that Richelieu was the most accomplished and agreeable of the two great cardinal-ministers; Ximenes the safest and most honest. Both were to be feared, but one only could be trusted. In the former, we are called on to admire transcendent ability; in the latter, we bow with more respect before the same exalted genius, because we find it linked with far superior integrity of purpose, and a much higher degree of constitutional virtue.

From the Biographical Magazine.

LORD DENMAN.

THE legal profession, in its largest scope and meaning, has two great divisions, or its followers are divided into two great classes, who are again divided and subdivided into many sections. The barrister, moreover, acknowledges the attorney as a lawyer; and the latter, on his part, seldom aspired to the distinction, until recently. The study of law, in either walk, is a dry and parched road to fame and wealth; long, tedious, and weary. These characteristics are greatly increased in the higher branch. The young barrister has no ready means of distinguishing himself. Comparatively few barristers live by their profession. To many it is a refuge from idleness, which they never expect to fertilize. To many others it is a snare, wherein their life is caught.

The technicalities of legal studies do not expand the mind. Philosophers, politicians, or literary men are generally unsuccessful lawyers. Bacon and Brougham stand out as exceptions to the rule. The late Judge Talfourd was another exception. Scott and Wilson were indifferent lawyers. Even Jeffrey, although an admirable judge, was only, in other respects, conspicuous as a critic. The host of lawyers connected with literature are not often associated with the courts. The late Lord Denman, who has occupied a high position in legal circles for nearly all the years of the current century, can scarcely be considered one of the exceptions to the common rule, that a great lawyer is rarely conversant with other sciences. He was born in 1779; and when he died, on the 22d September last, was in his seventy-sixth year.

THOMAS DENMAN was the only son of Dr. Thomas Denman, who attained a large medical practise in the west-end of London, and was one of the Court physicians in the reign of George III. Dr. Denman was also distinguished as a medical author; and having acquired a considerable fortune, he enabled his son to pursue his legal studies without any of those embarrassments that frequently beset the road to eminence. Dr. Denman had two daughters, who both married medical gentlemen. One, of whom, Dr. Baillie, was celebrated as an anatomist; and the

other, Sir Richard Crofts, was accoucheur to the Princess Charlotte, in 1817. The death of the Princess was charged by the public on her attendants. Many estimable qualities had endeared her character to those who had looked to her, as their future Queen, for redress from such evils as a Sovereign can reform. They blamed the medical gentlemen without, probably, any adequate cause; for they had every inducement to care and vigilance. It is certain that Sir Richard Crofts soon afterwards committed suicide.

Dr. Denman's father held a farm at Stoney-Middleton, in the vicinity of Bakewell. His son retained the farm, and improved the farm-house. Thomas Denman had a similar attachment to the paternal acres. He still further enlarged and improved the premises into a residence of great beauty. This farm has enjoyed extraordinary distinction, being the favorite retreat of the farmer's son—the Court physician of his time; and of his grandson—the Lord Chief Justice of England.

Thomas Denman studied at Eton, and subsequently at St. John's College, Cambridge. His younger years were not more distinguished by any other occurrence than his early marriage, in 1804, in his twenty-fifth year, to Miss Vevers, a lady who, as the daughter of a clergyman, probably possessed a small fortune and many virtues. Lady Denman died in 1852, when eleven of their children were still alive, and four were dead.

Mr. Denman was called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, in 1806: and became, at an early period of his career, connected with the Whig party; but he generally anticipated their political views by several stages. His professional assistance was frequently sought upon political trials, and in defending actions for libel. He was engaged for many years in all cases of importance affecting the freedom of the press, which he endeavored to shield. This description of practice was not, in itself, lucrative; while, in the state of political feeling then too prevalent, it was calculated to injure his professional prospects.

In 1817 he defended the Derbyshire "reb-

pls ;" a body of enthusiastic working-men, drawn into overt acts of treason, by the persuasion of others, who betrayed them. The complicity of Lord Sidmouth and the Government in these dark transactions was very generally believed, not only in 1817, but at a much more recent period. Oliver, who was charged with the concoction of the riots, was undoubtedly in correspondence with Lord Sidmouth. The publication of that statesman's life and correspondence by Dr. Pellew, Dean of Norwich, in 1847, fixed the one fact that Oliver was sent down to the midland counties, during the political excitement of 1817, to collect information respecting the designs of the Radicals. This correspondence also shows that Lord Sidmouth instructed Oliver, if possible, to prevent conspiracies and secret meetings. The policy did not suit the temperament and views of the detective, who desired the acquisition of importance with his influential employers. Mr. Bamford's "Life of a Radical" rather establishes the opinion that Lord Sidmouth was cheated by his emissary, and his instructions overdone. Bamford published his book when he had nothing to fear from relating the truth; and his statements acquire more weight on that account than any publication of the period. Mr. Denman's defence of the rioters was remarkable for eloquence, although they were found guilty. Against some of them the evidence was fatally distinct. Brandreth, their captain, in the advance of one hundred upon Nottingham, was apparently insane. He certainly shot one farm-servant, because arms were refused to him, at a farm-house inhabited by a widow and her family. Brandreth was a stocking frame-worker. He had been often "pinched by poverty," and members of his family had received parochial relief. He was an enthusiast, maddened by want, and the secret counsels of a cool, intellectual man, like Oliver, must have wrought up the mind of a sufferer in the position of Brandreth to temporary insanity. Mr. Denman contrasted him with Byron's "Corsair," declaring that he had attained complete mastery over his followers by the influence of great courage, of uncommon decision, of unrelenting firmness; the influence of an eye like no eye he ever beheld before, of a countenance and figure formed for activity, enterprise, and command. "Nevertheless," Mr. Denman insisted that "he was most clearly an instrument wielded by other hands." No doubt can now be entertained of that historical fact. We would gladly believe that the hands of

British statesmen were unstained by the blood shed in these times; but undoubtedly both in England and Scotland their subordinates were guilty. And it may be recorded, as a curious fact, that men confessedly complicated as spies in 1817 and 1818, have since held responsible positions in the metropolitan press, until within a recent period.

The courage, determination, and eloquence of the young barrister could not avert the doom of the Derbyshire rioters. Three were executed, eleven transported for life, four for fourteen years, and five were imprisoned for different periods.

The country was alarmed with assertions respecting conspiracies. The Government employed "detectives" or "preventives" in their political business, who, transgressing their instructions, incited men to crimes which they were employed to crush. This is the mildest statement of the case for the Government, and it is aggravated by their resistance of all efforts to execute justice on their servants. The Cato-street conspiracy in 1820 was the most atrocious of these plots. It followed rapidly after the excitement consequent upon the "Manchester massacre" on the 9th August, 1819; but the events had not the slightest connection. Thistlewood was the chief organizer of the Cato-street conspiracy, but he was actively assisted by Edwards. They arranged the assassination of thirteen or fourteen Cabinet Ministers, who were to dine at Lord Harrowby's on Saturday, 19th February, 1820. Edwards who had helped to plan this horrible crime, warned Lord Harrowby. His guests were told to meet at Lord Liverpool's. The police attacked the loft in Cato-street, where the conspirators had assembled; one of the policemen was killed, and Thistlewood escaped, but he was apprehended in Moorfields next morning; and executed with four others, implicated in the proceeding, on the 1st of May. Five persons concerned in the business were banished for life. The Ministry resisted a motion, in the House of Commons, on the 9th May, by Alderman Wood, for the production of papers, in the case of Edwards; and his punishment. This man lived in affluence, although he was ultimately obliged to leave London. The protection afforded to him by the Ministerial party actually invested Thistlewood and his companions, in public estimation with the characteristics of martyred men; which they did not deserve. Thistlewood was the son of a Lincolnshire farmer. He was an educated man; and the lines addressed to his wife, from his prison,

on the day previous to his execution, evinced feeling and genius. He had squandered a considerable fortune before he became a conspirator. Remote journals published their letters, poetry and speeches of the plotters. The policy pursued by the Ministry was execrable. No man protested against it more courageously and firmly than Thomas Denman, although he thus became deeply marked; and he was sensible of all the scores against him in the opinion of the Cabinet.

Mr. Denman was returned to Parliament, for the borough of Wareham, in the year 1818, through the influence of Mr. Calcraft, a well-known Whig or Radical. His Parliamentary career was alike distinguished and judicious. He seldom addressed the Commons, except on legal questions, and he vigilantly watched all the measures calculated to abridge the liberty of the subject, introduced under Lord Liverpool's Government by Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth. He invariably opposed the coercion of opinion, and vindicated zealously the rights of conscience. Through all the debates and discussions that preceded the reforming era from 1829 to 1834, Mr. Denman bore a conspicuous part in advocating the extension of freedom, or resisting infringement on rights already secured; yet, generally, confining his arguments to the legal bearings of the point reviewed. A brilliant exception runs like a golden thread through silver work, in all his long life. He was the ceaseless opponent of slavery; the earnest advocate of negro freedom, not on legal grounds, for the question was out of their range; but on the broad principles of moral right. Like Lord Brougham he opposed the recent policy of the Whigs in equalizing the duties on slave and free-grown produce of the tropics. He supported the blockading system of Africa against all the opponents of that plan; and he had the proud satisfaction in finding a practical and successful exponent of his views, in his son, Captain Denman, who was long engaged in suppressing the slave-trade on the African coast.

The unhappy history of Queen Caroline is connected with the life of Mr. Denman; for when, in 1820, she claimed to be considered Queen of Great Britain, and the Ministry introduced a bill of divorce, Mr. Brougham accepted the position of Attorney-General to the Queen, and Mr. Denman became her Solicitor-General. The Queen had been long separated from her husband and her daughter. The death of the latter, the Princess Charlotte, had dissolved the last bond of

union between the husband and wife. George IV. charged his queen with infidelity during her residence in Italy. The King endeavored to bargain with his Ministry for a divorce bill. They at first refused the terms; but they consented to omit the Queen's name from the Liturgy, and enjoined that it should be excluded from public prayers. The clergy very generally, both in England and Scotland, obeyed their instructions; but exceptions were found in many places. An old Scotch minister was blamed by his brethren for including the Queen's name in his public prayers. He replied, that if she were guilty, his prayers were much needed, and if she were innocent, she could be made no worse for them. Mr. Denman, in one of his numerous speeches on this subject, said, that if the Queen had a place in the Prayer-book at all, it was in the prayer for "all that are desolate and afflicted." When this omission was promulgated, the Queen hastened from Italy to England, having first written to Lord Liverpool, with the request that her name should be inserted and her title recognized. She landed at Dover on the 6th June, 1820. Upon the same day the King, by a message to the House of Peers, recommended their lordships to inquire into the conduct of his wife. Her journey to London was a triumphal progress; and in London her public reception resembled that which might have been accorded to a great national benefactor. Two commissioners, Messrs. Brougham and Denman for the Queen—and the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh for the King, endeavored to arrange their differences. They failed, and on the 9th June the failure was announced. The three subsequent months were periods of great popular excitement. The people adopted the Queen's cause; and her overwrought advocates shared her popularity. The legal skill, the cool bearing, the eloquence, and the astute powers brought by Mr. Denman to the cross-examination of the witnesses arrayed against her, established his professional character upon a very wide basis; while it barred the way to any advancement that his opponents could withhold. Both Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman acted with courage and disinterestedness. They incurred the personal enmity of the reigning sovereign and his probable successors; for this was a family quarrel, in which the Dukes of York and Clarence joined. The arguments, examinations, pleadings, and replies did not close until the 2d of November. Upon the 6th, the second reading of the bill of pains and

penalties was carried by a majority of 28 in a house of 218 Peers. Upon the 10th, the third reading was carried by a majority of only 9. Lord Liverpool immediately stated that the Government could not proceed with the bill, "considering the state of public feeling, and the division of sentiment just evinced by their lordships."

The issue was received with general rejoicing in all parts of the country. Addresses were transmitted to the Queen from very many towns. Mr. Denman, on the 23d of November, began in the Commons to read a message from her Majesty. He was interrupted by the summons from the Peers to the Commons to hear another Royal message for the prorogation of Parliament. The Queen, by her solicitor, mentioned that offers of money had been made to her, upon condition of her selecting a foreign residence, which she rejected, and sought some provision from Parliament. The Commons subsequently voted an annuity of 50,000*l.*; but it was not long enjoyed. Death passed the bill which Parliament refused. Upon the 7th of August, 1821, the King was a widower, childless and friendless; and his subsequent life, like much of the past, was miserable. The Queen died in her fifty-third year. Two men were killed by shots in the riots that attended her funeral procession. The people decided that the procession should pass through the city. The soldiers were ordered to oppose this arrangement. Thus the shots were fired, but the people attained their object. The body was conveyed from Harwich by sea to Stade, and Queen Caroline was buried in her family's vault at Brunswick.

The enmity of the Court did not terminate with the existence of the Queen. The path of preferments was apparently closed against her solicitor, who, although gifted with solid talent, neither possessed the aptitude for agitation nor the versatility of his colleague Mr. Brougham. The corporation of London was one of the most popular bodies at that time, and, in 1822, they appointed him Common-Sergeant of the City. As political matters gradually matured towards a decisive change, Mr. Denman continued to give an efficient and warm support to the Liberal party; preceding its leaders on nearly all popular questions. At the Bar he enjoyed an extensive, and apparently a lucrative, practise; which, however, never reached those magnificent receipts attained by a few of his predecessors. Even among his contemporaries, "better practises," measured by fees,

existed than that attained by Mr. Denman. He was an able pleader and a sound lawyer, but he devoted more time to political consultations than appears from Hansard; he stood higher with the attorneys in political law than in branches of a more profitable character; and he had earned the repute of extreme conscientiousness—not always the most eligible recommendation for a lawyer.

In the events of the next eight years Mr. Denman interposed no farther than any independent member of Parliament, or political and public man. The lapse of Lord Liverpool's Government; the brilliant but short Ministry of Canning; his death; the career of Lord Goderich; the battle of Navarino; and the accession of the Wellington Administration, passed over without affecting his position. The repeal of "The Tests and Corporation Act," and "The Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill" received cordial support from him, in his position, although he opposed the general policy of their authors. Roman Catholic emancipation brought no repose to Ireland; and the events of 1830, in France, produced a deep sensation in all political circles. They followed rapidly after the death of George IV., who expired on June 26, 1830, in his sixty-eighth year; a prince unhappy and unloved, in the midst of brilliant triumphs; and who, even while on the throne, might have been truly termed an unfortunate man.

When a new Parliament was chosen and had assembled, under a new King, the Wellington Administration were defeated, partly in consequence of the stubborn opposition of their leader to all reform. Earl Grey formed a Cabinet, in which Mr. Brougham was Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Denman, Attorney-General. The events of 1820 were forgotten, in the interval of ten years, by William, or his resentment survived not the original causes. The new Monarch had also personal grievances against the late Premier, and probably did not regret the overthrow of his Government. As Mr. Brougham obtained a peerage, no reasonable objection could be made to conferring the usual knighthood on the Attorney-General, who was thenceforward Sir Thomas Denman. In his official capacity a large portion of the actual business of the Reform Bill devolved on the Attorney-General. Not only in those discussions patent to the world, but in consultations necessary in devising its clauses, he labored more incessantly than other statesmen whose names have been more frequently and fully associated with the bills. The

subsequent winter brought wild work to Sir Thomas Denman. Harassed by the legal business of the great Reform measure, he was compelled to recognize a lawless state of society both in the agricultural and the manufacturing districts. Fire-raising and machine-breaking were prevalent crimes, and when a homestead or its corn-ricks made the sky lurid in the dark nights of winter, it also added to the load of business in the Crown Office. The Ministry were surrounded by anxieties, and that new destroyer, the cholera, in the autumn of 1830, and the winter of 1831, was creeping to the north and west in slow but solemn and sure progress, to increase the disorder. The Reform Bill was introduced by Lord John Russell to the Commons on the 1st of March, 1831. The debate was the longest remembered in Parliament on any single measure, and the division on the second reading was the largest. The numbers respectively were 302 and 301. The Bill was read a second time by a majority of 1. Mr. Calcraft, who had been Sir Thomas Denman's first Parliamentary friend, managed to get into the lobby only in time to present an even vote. He had been in Parliament for thirty-five years. He remained thus to carry the Reform Bill, and he never voted again; having, like another friend of the Attorney-General, committed suicide.

The Easter recess was passed by many persons in the organization and strengthening of the political unions, which trode on the fringes and margin of the constitution. On the 18th of April the Commons met in Committee on the Bill, and the Ministry were defeated by a majority of 8 on General Gascoyne's amendment against the reduction of the number of members which constitute the House; and again by 22 on an amendment upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer's motion to go into a Committee of Supply. The real crisis of the Reform Bill had arrived. Its opponents in Parliament were confident and furious; its supporters were desponding and doubtful; not that they were afraid for the ultimate fate of their measure, but for the means by which it should be carried. The King was favorable, but would not contemplate the dissolution of a Parliament which had not completed its first year. The Peers denied the propriety of this exercise of the prerogative. The denial roused the energy of the King, and on the 22d of April he prorogued Parliament. These historical events are referred to here merely to indicate the hidden work of the Attorney-General; on whom the responsibility of keeping these

movements within the limit of the law officially devolved. He was again returned to his constituency, but was re-elected with very little personal exertion; and Parliament had again assembled, and the Bill was again introduced before two months had expired. Although the Grey Ministry had now a great majority, yet the opposition to the Bill was extremely severe; and the last debate in the Commons terminated on the 21st of September by a vote of 345 to 236, in favor of the measure, which now rested with the Peers; while the Birmingham and other political unions assumed an attitude of the most embarrassing character to the Attorney-General, the representative of a large and popular constituency, foreseeing the probable necessity for prosecutions, which essential as they might become in his official, would almost necessarily injure his Parliamentary position. The Peers threw out the Bill on the 7th October. Upon the 20th the King, firm still in his attachment to the Reform measure and Ministry, prorogued Parliament. The winter of 1831 and 1832 was even more gloomy and riotous than its immediate predecessor. Bands of ill-conditioned men, assuming the titles and the wrongs of Reformers, excited riots to profit by the temporary disruption of society. Incendiarism began at Derby and spread to Nottingham, the Attorney-General's constituency. The Duke of Newcastle's castle at Nottingham was burned down. The county paid 21,000*l.* for that fire; and the Attorney-General found scope for the exercises of his official functions in his own town. Near to the end of October Sir Charles Wetherell, the Recorder of Bristol, proceeds to open his Court in that city. A great riot ensued, for Sir Charles was a zealous Tory. His presence was a pretext for rogues and vagabonds to institute a carnival of disorder. Half of one square was burned down, and many lives were lost. The Mayor was a singularly quiet man, who shrunk from giving those implicit orders which the commanding officer, Colonel Brereton, required. The latter gentleman from kind-heartedness temporized with the mob, and endeavored to restore peace by persuasion, without bayonets. The magistrates and the officer were brought to trial. The proceedings against the former were extremely painful to the Attorney-General, and they were acquitted. The proceedings against Colonel Brereton were painful to all parties. He had endeavored to reconcile conscience and duty, and he was misdirected and misinformed. The fourth day of his trial closed.

He had two little daughters, and they had no mother. Always his last act at night had been to look into their bedroom and say good night to the sleeping children. Afterwards the servants observed that on this night he passed their door. He was heard walking in his room until they all slept. In the morning he was dead—shot by his own hand—a brave man and kind, but unwilling to fire even upon the worst of the people.

The fierce agitations of these troubled times, the close treading on the edges of constitutional law by all parties; the absolute infringement of its principles by the nominal supporters of his own party; the investigations into riots and the trials of the rioters, weighed heavily on the energies and the heart of the Attorney-General. The history of the Reform Bill belongs rather to the life of other statesmen than to that of Sir Thomas Denman. It became law; and other grand struggles opened on the Parliamentary and political fields. None was grander than the destruction of slavery, or nearly equal to it in moral sublimity. This discussion, and all its consequent labors, was a sunny spot in his overwhelming toil; and among many friends of the negroes, no man labored more assiduously to uproot this insulting crime to humanity, or rejoiced more sincerely at the advent of that august day when the British flag, wherever it was planted, shadowed only freemen.

He expressed a lively interest in all those social reforms that were either partially or wholly effected in the years immediately subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill. The Bank and East India Charters had to be remodelled, and the opinion of the Law officers of the Crown had to be obtained. These few words were often lightly spoken, but the opinion of the chief officer was never lightly formed. The retirement of Earl Grey from the Premiership virtually broke up the Reform Ministry; and a peerage was conferred on Sir Thomas Denman in that year, 1834, when he was named Chief Justice of England.

Thenceforward his years flowed more equally. The Chief Justice was remarkable for his calm and dignified bearing on the Bench; his cheerful devotion to its important duties; the attention and cares which he bestowed on cases, and the diligence with which he pursued his duties, and cleared away the arrears of his Court. No man since the days of Sir Mathew Hale discharged the functions of Chief Justice of England with more dignity than Lord Denman. Like his great predecessor he was an earnest stu-

dent. His decisions proceeded upon an arduous application to the arguments and evidence. The incorruptibility of our judges is now unquestioned, but their application to business is a different subject, and deficiency in that respect is one form of corruption, and judgments are given in some courts with a rapidity altogether inconsistent with justice. The counsel on both sides, in perhaps the greatest cases of the last thirty years, solicited the Bench for an early decision, which was promised to them in three days. These three days, lawyers relate, were passed by the presiding representative of justice in busy pic-nicing, at a rural retreat, from which he returned fresh for judgment. Lord Denman might have arrived at the same findings, but he would not have reached them through the medium of a cigar-case. As Chief Justice he adequately represented the feeling of the English people in his time. He united firmness with a mild demeanor towards all men, and patiently examined the statements adduced before him in his official capacity. The greater portion of his labors originated in cases with which, after the decision is given and the costs are paid, the principals alone are interested; but during his presidency two important political questions were discussed and settled in a manner not calculated to raise the character of the courts with the people.

The case *Stockdale v. Hansard* was the first. The House of Commons had ordered the publication of certain reports on prisons, in which a book published by Stockdale was described as obscene and disgusting in the extreme. He raised an action of libel against the publishers who pleaded the privileges of Parliament, in bar, for whom Messrs. Hansard acted. In November, 1836, Lord Denman declared that the authority of the House could not justify the publication of the libel. In May, 1837, the Committee of the House arrived at an opposite conclusion. Lord Denman argued that Parliament could not be permitted to libel individuals through the reports of their committees without a remedy. The Commons maintained that the publication of evidence supplied to their committees was essential to good legislation, and should be privileged. They, however, directed their publishers to plead, who were subjected to damages, and having defended the action they were bound to meet its consequences. The trial occupied some time, and, at its conclusion, Stockdale brought another action, for the Hansards continued to sell the reports. The damages were laid at

50,000*l.* Acting upon the instructions of the House, Messrs. Hansard declined to plead. A jury assessed the damages at 800*l.*; and the Court directed the sheriffs of London to recover the sum, from the property of the printers. They endeavored to obtain delay, but Stockdale had nothing to do either with their convenience or the constitutional question, and wanted his money. The sheriffs made a levy, and on the 16th December, 1839, to avoid the embarrassment of a public sale, the amount was paid. The sheriffs, Evans and Wheelton, were more annoyed regarding the allocation of these funds than other persons usually are even to obtain money. They were willing to pay them over to Stockdale, but the House of Commons threatened to commit them; or they were willing to retain them, but Lord Denman threatened them with imprisonment for contempt. They were deliberating on this choice of evils when the Commons seized them on the 20th January, 1840, for levying on their publishers goods. Lord Denman issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, by which he had the pleasure of an interview with the sheriffs, but they returned to confinement. Stockdale was next imprisoned by the House, and his attorney followed; but he progressed with his actions, and on the 17th February the fifth of the series was pending. Public opinion favored the judge more than the representatives; but on the 5th March Lord John Russell introduced a Bill, to confer on Parliamentary papers exemption from the libel law, and by retrospective clauses to release Messrs. Hansard from the cases current. Lord Denman and other peers endeavored to amend the Bill so as to prevent the publication of libels on private individuals, but the amendment would have vitiated the entire Act, and was therefore rejected while the measure was carried. The merits of the dispute were never fully discussed. "Much might be said on both sides." The Chief Justice occupied high grounds. He considered his Court the last refuge of popular liberty. The Commons, with equal firmness, alleged that the representatives of the people could more satisfactorily than any other power grant their freedom. One thing may be admitted, that in reports of Parliamentary evidence, as in the speeches of members, private individuals can be very grossly libelled, without any redress. Lord Denman sought to prevent this wrong without a remedy, but his object was impracticable, unless by infringing Parliamentary privileges, and it was defeated.

He presided at the last public trial of a Peer, when Lord Cardigan went through that mockery of justice for wounding Captain Harvey Tuckett in a duel. The presiding judge was grave and solemn, but the business otherwise was a satire on justice.

The celebrated review on appeals of O'Connell's trial brought out the only partisan opinion with which Lord Denman was chargeable, in any great political case, on the Bench. Mr. O'Connell and his friends were tried by a jury, consisting of gentlemen who made great exertions to escape the responsibility. After they were impanelled, the traversers and their counsel employed all artifices that ingenuity could suggest, to prolong the proceedings. Upon the twenty-fifth day a verdict of guilty was returned. But the indictment had been divided into eleven counts—each of which contained different charges; and the jury, upon oath, anxious to be precise, divided the various matters in each count, discharging the prisoners from some, and finding others proved. Mr. O'Connell and his friends were sentenced to a heavy fine, and a moderate imprisonment. The case was taken, by appeal, before the judges, and finally found its way to the peers, who reversed the judgment. The Law lords alone voted on the appeal, namely, Brougham against, Campbell, Cottenham, and Denman for; but Lord Denman, in delivering his judgment, lowered himself from the Bench to the Bar, and insisted that the proceedings, if maintained, would reduce trial by jury to "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." This end had been very nearly accomplished by proceedings anterior to, and pending, the trial. An honest verdict could only be returned at the risk of personal danger. An individual called on the wife of one jurymen on the day before the close of the trial, and offered a widow's cap for sale, saying, it will be wanted if O'Connell be found guilty. The business of the jurymen was greatly neglected during the proceedings. They became for many years proscribed men. They were insulted in the streets, and in danger of their lives, while their finding was an act of moral courage, of which the three peers who dissented from the opinions of the subordinate and younger judges were innocent; for Denman, even in the Queen's case, was supported by popular applause.

Trial by jury was, is, has been, and ever will be, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare" in Ireland, because unanimity is requisite to a verdict there as in England. Political trials

in periods of strong excitement seldom afford the materials for a verdict of this description. All juries should decide, as in Scotland, by a majority; or, if a casting majority be deemed insufficient, by one of two-thirds. A list of murderers who have escaped in Ireland by the operation of the present law would astonish the English people.

Lord Denman's strong statements were based, however, on the decision of the counts by the jurymen. According to his views, if one count includes a charge for murder, with the theft of a silver watch, and the former is clearly demonstrated, while the latter is not proved, the jury should return a verdict of acquittal on the whole rather than separate the major from the minor accusation. This practice would form "a mockery, delusion, and snare."

The reversal of the sentence disarmed O'Connell, and the judgment of the Peers may have been justifiable on political but not on legal grounds. After that came the famine. The autumn of 1844, when this proceeding occurred, was the last year of health and plenty for Ireland, until its great judgment, still lingering, was partially expended. Mr. O'Connell sunk under a complication of misfortunes. He became an exile seeking health, and died in a struggle to reach Rome. He left in Ireland a memorable, but scarcely a loved, or even a respected name. The career of few men in the last generation inspires the present with more regret. The Napoleon of politics, he effected little or nothing for the people, whom we are bound to believe that he loved.

An intrigue commenced in the same year, 1844, for the removal of Lord Denman from

his Court. Lord Campbell succeeded him; and he was active in proclaiming the weakness of his friend, to all who could spread the story. Campbell commiserated Denman's failing strength, and, although his senior in years, bade highly for the Chief Justiceship. The secret of this affair remains to be discovered. Undoubtedly Lord Denman used very strong language on the trial last named. The decision was agreeable to politicians at the time, but they were not bound, therefore, to admire the arguments used for its support. Certainly Lord Denman heard from many influential quarters that he was sick, very sick, weak, and required rest. He struggled against this persecuting sympathy for years, but in 1850 he retired from the Bench, respected and even venerated by the Bar. His latter years were passed in a genial retirement. He did not attend the Peers often, but he was always ready to support his African policy, for which the father contended in the senate, and the son on the sea. His career had neither been dazzling nor eccentric, but steady and useful; presenting a noble precedent to young men, who, in Lord Denman's history, find solid perseverance more than compensating the absence of that genius, which gleams like wildfire in the tale of more than one of his contemporaries. But was his mind deficient in the higher attributes of genius, or had he brought them into subordination under qualities which he deemed more valuable? The question can only be answered by a careful reading of his speeches, yet we hold by the latter alternative. He was struck with apoplexy, and died at Stoke Albany, Northamptonshire, on the 22d of September last.

CONSUMPTION OF LIFE DURING THE REIGN OF NICHOLAS.—The consumption of human life during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas has been enormous. He has carried on war with the Circassians uninterruptedly for 28 years, at an annual cost of 20,000 lives on the Russian side alone, making a grand total of nearly 600,000 Russians who have perished in attempting to subdue the independence of Circassia. In the two campaigns against Persia, as in the Hungarian campaign and the two Polish campaigns of 1831-32, there are not sufficient data to enable me to form a correct estimate of the Russian loss, which was, however, in the Persian and Polish wars enormous. In the two campaigns against

Turkey of 1828-29, 300,000 fell, of whom, however, 50,000 perished by the plague. The loss of the Russians, in various ways, since the entry of the Danubian Principalities, is understood at 30,000. In these calculations it should be borne in mind that no estimate is attempted to be made of the sacrifice of human life on the side of those who fought for their liberties against the aggressions of Russia. If this calculation were attempted, it is probable that the result would prove that neither Julius Cæsar, nor Alexander, nor even Tamerlane, has been a greater scourge to the human race than the present Emperor Nicholas.—*The Emperors Alexander and Nicholas, by Dr. Lee.*

From the Quarterly Review.

SAMUEL FOOTE, THE HUMORIST.*

Few things are in their nature so fleeting as a joker's reputation. Within a generation it lives and dies. The jest may survive, but the jester is forgotten, and it is wit that flies unclaimed of any man; or, more frequently, jest and jester both have passed away, and darkness has swallowed up the fireworks altogether. And this perhaps is better than to outlive liking, even in so trumpery a matter as a broad grin. Horace Walpole has told us how much Lord Leicester suffered who had such a run in George the First's reign, when, having retired for a few years, he returned to town with a new generation, recommenced his old routine, and was taken for a driveller; and one would not choose to have been that universally popular wit of the reign of Charles the First, who, according to Sir William Temple, was found to be an intolerable bore at the court of Charles the Second.

But it is not simply that this kind of reputation has small value or duration in itself, but that it lowers any higher claim in its possessor. Laughter runs a losing race against the decencies and decorums; and even Swift, when he would have taken his proper place on the topmost round of the ladder, was tripped up by the "Tale of a Tub." So much the weaker his chances, whose laughter has dealt with what partakes itself of the transitory; who has turned it against the accidents and follies of life; who has connected it with the obtrusive peculiarities of character, as much as with its substance and realities; and who must therefore look to be himself not always fairly associated with the trivialities he has singled out for scorn. In life, and in books, it is the same. It is wonderful how seldom men of great social repute have been permitted to enjoy any other; and there is written wisdom of old date to this day unappreciated, because of the laughing and light exterior it presents to us. In an age of little

wit and perpetual joking, this is a fault which has not much chance of remedy.

Of the three books whose title-pages are transcribed at the head of this article, the reader may candidly be told that it is not our intention to say anything. What we are going to write is suggested by what we have *not* found in them. In the first, an ingenious Frenchman, and noted Anglo-maniac, reveals the discoveries he has made of eccentric Englishmen, from Swift to Charles Lamb. In the second, a contemporary English humorist, himself of no small distinction, eloquently discourses of his illustrious predecessors from Addison to Goldsmith, and passes upon them some hasty and many subtle sentences. In the third, a young and deserving writer, whose cleverness would be not less relished if a little less familiar and self-satisfied in tone, takes in hand the whole subject of Satire and Satirists, dismisses Q. Horatius Flaccus with the same easy decision as Mr. Punch, and is as much at home with Juvenal and George Buchanan as with Thomas Moore and Theodore Hook. Yet in these three successive volumes-full of English heroes, of eccentricity, humor, and satire, there is One name altogether omitted which might have stood as the type of all; being that of an Englishman as eccentric, humorous, and satirical as any this nation has bred. To the absent figure in the procession, therefore, we are about to turn aside to offer tribute. We propose to speak of that forgotten name; and to show its claims to have been remembered, even though it now be little more than a name.

It was once both a terrible and a delightful reality. It expressed a bitterness of sarcasm and ridicule unexampled in England; and a vivacity, intelligence, and gaiety, a ready and unfailing humor, to which a parallel could scarcely be found among the choicest wits of France. It was the name of a man so popular and diffused, that it would be difficult to say to what class of his countrymen he gave the greatest amount of amusement; it was the name of a man also more dreaded, than any since his who laid the princes of Europe

* *Les Eccentriques et les Humoristes Anglais au Dix-huitième Siècle.* Par M. Philarette Charles. Paris. 1848.

The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. By W. M. Thackeray. London. 1853.

Satire and Satirists. By James Hannay. London. 1854.

under terror-stricken contribution, and to whom the Great Turk himself offered hush-money. "Mr Foote was a man of wonderful abilities," says Garrick, "and the most entertaining companion I have ever known." "There is hardly a public man in England," says Davies, "who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at." "Sure if ever one person," says Tate Wilkinson, "possessed the talents of pleasing more than another, Mr. Foote was the man." "Upon my word," writes Horace Walpole, "if Mr. Foote be not checked, we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket." Such and so various were the emotions once inspired by him who has now lost command alike over our fears and our enjoyments; and whose name is not thought even worthy of mention, by lecturers aiming to be popular, among the Humorists and Satirists of the eighteenth century.

We have hinted at one reason for such forgetfulness, but that is not all. He who merely shoots a folly as it flies, may have no right to outlive the folly he lays low; but Foote's aim was not so limited. He proposed to instruct, as well as to amuse, his countrymen; he wrote what he believed to be comedies, as well as what he knew to be farces; he laughed freely at what he thought ridiculous in others, but he aspired also to produce what should be admirable and enduring of his own. "My scenes," he said on one occasion, "have been collected from general nature, and are applicable to none but those who, through consciousness, are compelled to a self-application. To that mark, if Comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be amended." This plea has not been admitted, however. Whenever he is now named, it is as a satirist of peculiarities, not as an observer of character; it is as a writer whose reputation has perished, with the personalities that alone gave it zest; it is as a comedian who so exclusively addressed himself to the audience of his theatre, that posterity has been obliged to decline having any business or concern with him.

Smarting from some ridicule poured out at his dinner-table, Boswell complained to Johnson that the host had made fools of his guests, and was met by a sarcasm bitter as Foote's own. "Why, Sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint: you go to see a man who will be entertained at

your house, and then bring you on a public stage; who will entertain you at his house, for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already; he only brings them into action." The same opinion he expressed more gravely in another conversation, when, admitting Foote's humor, and his singular talent for exhibiting character, he qualified it not as a talent but as a vice, such as other men abstain from;* and described it to be not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, but farce, which exhibits individuals. Be this hasty or deliberate, false or true, the imputation conveyed by it follows Foote still, and gathers bulk as it rolls. When Sir Walter Scott speaks of him, it is as an unprincipled satirist, who, while he affected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous or vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. When Mr. Macaulay speaks of him it is as a man whose mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but all caricature; and who could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr, or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle. If we had absolute faith in any of these judgments, this article would not have been begun.

A careful examination of Foote's writings has satisfied us that they are not unworthy of a very high place in literature, though not perhaps in all respects the place he would have claimed; and it is worth remark that in defending them he has himself anticipated Mr. Macaulay's illustration. He declines to introduce upon the scene a lady from the north, with the true Newcastle burr in her throat; he recognizes no subject for ridicule in the accidental unhappiness of a national brogue, for which a man is no more to be held accountable than for the color of his hair: but he sees the true object and occasion for satire where all true satirists have found it, namely, in all kinds of affectation or pretence; in whatever assumes to be what it

* Yet even Johnson could admit that there were cases where he would have relaxed his own rule, and rejoice to see administered, even upon individuals, the lash which Foote wielded with such effect. "Sir, I wish he had him," he said to Boswell, who had named a miserly acquaintance of theirs as a capital subject for Foote. "I, who have eaten his bread, will not give him to him, but I should be glad he came honestly by him."

is not, or strives to be what it cannot. That he did not uniformly remember this, is with regret to be admitted, seeing the effect it has had upon his reputation; but it is not in his writings that his most marked deviations from it are discoverable. For it is not because real characters are there occasionally introduced, that the verdict is at once to pass against him. Vanbrugh's Miss Jenny, was a certain Derbyshire Miss Lowe; Cibber's Lady Grace, was Lady Betty Cecil; Farquhar's Justice Balance, was a well-known Mr. Beverley; and Molière, who struck the fashions and humors of his age into forms that are immortal, has perpetuated with them the vices and foibles of many a living contemporary. In all these cases, the question still remains whether the individual folly or vice, obtruding itself on the public, may not so far represent a general defect, as to justify public satire for the sake of the warning it more widely conveys. It will not do to confine ridicule exclusively to folly and vice, and to refrain, in case of need, from laying the lash on the knave and the fool. But such reasonable opportunities are extremely rare; and it even more rarely happens that what is thus strictly personal in satire, does not also involve individual injustice and wrong. It is, beyond doubt, no small ground for distrust of its virtues, that the public should be always so eager to welcome it. No one has expressed this more happily than Foote himself, when levelling his blow at Churchill, he makes his publisher, Mr. Puff, object to a poem full of praise:

Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire, now, well-powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party, that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level—*there, there*, we are pleased; *there* we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crown on the counter.

Unhappily this was his own case not less; for he, too, had to provide pleasure for those who went to chuckle and grin, and toss their half-crowns at the pay-place of the Haymarket. And it was in serving up the dish for this purpose, rather than in first preparing it; it was in the powdering and peppering for the table, rather than in the composition and cooking; in a word, it was less by the deliberate intention of the writer than by the ready mimicry and humorous impromptu of the actor, that Foote gave mortal offence to so many of his countrymen, did irreparable wrong very often to the least offending, began

himself to pay the penalty in suffering before he died, and is paying the penalty still in character and fame.

It is this which explains any difference to be noted between the claims put forth by himself, and the verdict recorded by his contemporaries. The writings we shall shortly introduce to the reader would little avail, in themselves, to account for the mixed emotions they inspired. That which gave them terror, has of course long departed from them; but by reviving so much of it as description may tamely exhibit, and by connecting with Foote's personal career some idea of the overflowing abundance and extravagance of his humor, it is possible that their laughter and wit may win back some part of the appreciation they have lost, and a fair explanation be supplied not only of the genius of this remarkable man, and of the peculiar influence he exerted while he lived, but of the causes which have intercepted his due possession and ungrudged enjoyment of the

Estate that wits inherit after death.

The strength and predominance of Foote's humor lay in its readiness. Whatever the call that might be made upon it, there it was. Other men were humorous as the occasion rose to them, but to him the occasion was never wanting. Others might be foiled or disabled by the lucky stroke of an adversary, but he took only the quicker rebound from what would have laid them prostrate. To put him out was not possible. He was talking away one evening, at the dinner-table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, Sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do:" and finished his joke. At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin when a buz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laughter off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question, in his most severe and pompous manner. "Well, Sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say, now?" "No, Sir," at once replied Foote, "*pray do you?*" One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for

his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humoredly putting it aside; "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off." "Gadsol!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see:" upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually "abate and dissolve" any ignorant affectation or pretension. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depeditation*: "did I ever say any thing about your head?" Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass. A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. "And among the rest," he said, "I called upon my good friend, the Earl of Chol-mon-dely, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," said Foote, "what! nor none of his pe-o-ple." Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," Foote quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself." The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* Duke as he was called) came one night into the green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready as usual, to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again." "Why are you for ever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote: "you are for ever murdering it." One of Mrs. Montague's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman-square with her views of "Locke on the Understanding," which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) "*i-de-a*;" but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation." "You are perfectly right Madam," said Foote, "it comes

from the word *ideaowski*." "And pray, Sir, what does that mean?" "The feminine of idiot, Madam." Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do: "Take my advice," Doctor, says Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are." Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and who mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, "*Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!*" pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten; go on!"

The only men of his day, putting aside Johnson's later fame, who had the least pretensions to compare with him in social repute, were Quin for wit, and Garrick for powers of conversation. But Quin was restricted to particular walks of humor; and his jokes, though among the most masterly in the language, had undoubtedly a certain strong, morose, surly vein, like the characters he was so great in. Foote's range, on the other hand, was as universal as society and scholarship could make it; and Davies, who was no great friend of his, says it would have been much more unfashionable not to have laughed at Foote's jokes, than even at Quin's. Garrick again, though nothing could be more delightful than the gaiety of his talk, had yet to struggle always with a certain restless misgiving, which made him the sport of men who were much his inferiors. Johnson puts the matter kindly.

Garrick, Sir, has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him: but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew; when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape.

Could familiar language describe Falstaff better than this, which hits off the character of Foote's humor exactly? It was incompressible. No matter what the truth of any subject might be, or however strong the position of any adversary, he managed to get the laugh on his own side. It was not merely a quickness of fancy, a brilliance of witty resource, a ready and expert audacity of invention; but that there was a fulness and invincibility of *courage* in the man, call

it moral or immoral, which unfainfully rewarded of humiliation. In another form the same remark was made on another occasion by Johnson, when some one in his company insisted that Foote was a mere buffoon and merry-andrew, and the conscientious Samuel interposed of his less conscientious namesake:—

But he has wit too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, Sir, when you think you have got him—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse.

A position of greater temptation is hardly conceivable than that of a man gifted with such powers, and from such restraints; and the outline we now propose to give of his career will best show to what extent he was able to resist the temptation, to what extent he fell. Johnson admits, while certainly he underrates, his scholarship; and detects, though he exaggerates, his chief moral defect; but he also asserts, what the contradictory testimony of too many witnesses forbids us to believe, that he was not a good mimic. He seems on the contrary to have carried mimicry much higher than its ordinary strain, by combining with it a comic genius and invention peculiar to himself. It is seldom a mere mimic is so extraordinarily endowed. This gave him the range of character as well as of manners, in the perception and appropriation of what was ludicrous; and put a surprising vitality into his satire.

It was at the same time that dangerous facility and force of imitation, which in connection with the exuberance of his humor, most limited his power of resisting its indulgence. None better than himself knew the advantage at which it often placed him, compared with duller men, and there is affecting significance in his remark to young O'Keefe, "Take care of your wit," he said; "bottle up your wit." In the sketch we are about to attempt, not a few indications will appear that Foote, often as he subjected himself to the charge of cruelty and inhumanity, had certainly not a malignant disposition. But in his case we shall do well to remember what Halifax said of Bishop Burnet, that our nature scarcely allows us to be well supplied with anything, without our having too much of it; and that it is hard for a vessel that is

brimful, when in motion not to run over. The habit of jesting and contempt, and of looking always at the ludicrous and sarcastic side, got the mastery over Foote; it became a tyranny from which there was no escape; and its practice was far more frequent, and its application more wide, than even such potency of humor as his could justify, or render other than hurtful and degrading to his own nature.

Perhaps the most startling introduction upon record to a club of wits, is that for which Foote, when a youth of one-and-twenty, had to thank the Mr. Cooke who translated Hesiod. "This," said Mr. Cooke, presenting his protégé, "is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother." Startling as the statement was, however, it was quite true; and it is probable that Mr. Cooke, who had an ingenious turn for living in idleness by his wits, and was reported to have subsisted for twenty years on a translation of Plautus for which he was always taking subscriptions, thought of nothing in making it but his young friend's luck and advantage, in having come to a considerable fortune by such windfalls as a murder and an execution. Such was actually the case; and the eccentric translator was now helping him to spend his fortune, making him known at his favorite club.

Samuel Foote, born at Truro in 1720, came of what in courtesy must be called a good family, notwithstanding the alarming fact just mentioned. His father had some time sat in parliament as member for Tiverton; and in 1720 was an active Cornish magistrate and influential country gentleman, receiver of fines for the duchy, and a joint commissioner of the Prize Office. His mother* was the daughter of a baronet, Sir Edward Goodere, who represented the

* She survived till she was 84. She lived to see the triumphs of her son, and was spared the knowledge of his suffering. She died shortly before the affair of the Duchess of Kingston, when Foote defended her memory with affection and spirit. "Her fortune was large," he said in his famous letter, "and her morals irreproachable, till your Grace condescended to strain them. She was upwards of fourscore years old when she died; and what will surprise your Grace, was never married but once in her life." When she was 79 years old, Cooke dined with her in company with her granddaughter, at a barrister's in Gray's Inn, and, though she had sixty steps to ascend to the drawing-room, she did it without the help of a cane, and with the activity of a woman of forty. Her talk, too surprised every one. It was witty, humorous, and convivial, and made her the heroine of the party. She had the figure and face of her son, with the same continual mirth and humor in the eye.

county of Hereford for many years; and who, by marriage with the granddaughter of the Earl of Rutland, had connected with his own family the not less ancient stock of the Dineleys, of Charlton in Worcestershire. This connection placed young Sam in the collegiate school at Worcester, from which, as founder's kin, he was in his seventeenth year elected scholar of Worcester College in Oxford. Being a quick, clever lad, he was a favorite with the master, Dr. Miles; but what already drew most attention to him was his mimicry of grown-up people, his talent for making fun of his elders and superiors. Arthur Murphy, on whom Johnson so repeatedly urged the duty of writing some account of him that he began to collect materials for it, found upon inquiry a tradition remaining in the school that the boys often suffered on a Monday for preferring Sam's laughter to their lessons, for, whenever he had dined on the Sunday with any of his relatives, his jokes and imitations next day at the expense of the family entertaining him had all the fascination of a stage play. Murphy adds his belief that he acted Punch in disguise during his student career at Oxford.

He certainly acted without disguise, many kinds of extravagance there, of which the principal drift was to turn the laugh, when he could, against the provost of his college, with of course the unavoidable result of penalties and impositions, which became themselves however but the occasion for a new and broader laugh. Provost Gower was a pedant of the most uncompromising school, and Foote would present himself to receive his reprimand with great apparent gravity and submission, but with a large dictionary under his arm; when, on the Doctor beginning in his usual pompous manner with a surprisingly long word, he would immediately interrupt him, and, after begging pardon with great formality, would produce his dictionary, and pretending to find the meaning of the word would say "Very well, sir; now please to go on." It is clear, however, that under no extent of laxity of discipline could this be expected to go on; and accordingly we find him, in the third year of his undergraduateship, after an interval of quiet at Bath, flaming suddenly through Oxford in society not very worshipful, attended by two footmen, and with a ridiculous quantity of lace about his clothes; taken to task more gravely than usual for so marked an indecorum; and quitting the college in consequence, in 1740, "but without any public censure."

That he quitted it, in spite of all these follies, with a very respectable amount of scholarship, there can be no question; and this he now carried up to London, entering himself of the Temple. It had been settled that the law was to be the making of his fortune, ever since a scene of mimicry at his father's dinner-table some four years before this date, long remembered and related by his mother, when he had taken measure of the judicial wit of no less than three justices of quorum in an imaginary affiliation case. Nevertheless it did not prefigure the wool-sack, all that ensued to him from a nearer acquaintance with the law being greater facilities for laughing at it. But it is difficult to say what effect the tragedy of his uncle's may have had on the outset of his studies. Hardly had he begun residence in the Temple, when this frightful catastrophe became the talk of the town.

A family quarrel of long standing existed between these two brothers of Mrs. Foote (Sir John Dineley Goodere, and Capt. Samuel Goodere, R.N.), and had very recently assumed a character of such bitterness, that the baronet, who was unmarried and somewhat eccentric in his ways, had cut off the entail of the family estate in favor of his sister's issue, to the exclusion of the captain, who nevertheless had seized the occasion of an unexpected visit of his brother to Bristol, in the winter of 1741, somewhat ostentatiously to seek a reconciliation with him; having previously arranged that on the very night of their friendly meeting a pressgang, partly selected from his own ship, the Ruby man-of-war, and partly from the Vernon privateer, both lying at the time in the King's-road, should seize and hurry Sir John into a boat on the river, and thence secrete him in the purser's cabin of the Ruby. The whole thing was wonderfully devised to assume the character of one of the outrages far from uncommon in seaports in those days; but as usual the artifice was overdone. The Captain's publicly-acted reconciliation directed suspicion against him; even among the savage instruments of his dreadful deed, some sparks of feeling and conscience were struck out; and one man who saw through a crevice in the woodwork of the cabin two of the worst ruffians in the ship strangle the poor struggling victim, swore also, in confirmation of the evidence of others who had witnessed their commander's watch outside the door at the supposed time of the murder and his subsequent sudden disappearance inside, that in about a minute after the deed was done he saw an arm stretched out,

and a *white hand* on the throat of the deceased.

Captain Goodere would have defended himself by the plea that he had no part in the murder, and that his share in the seizure of his brother was only to withdraw him from improper influences until a settlement of the question whether his eccentricities should not render him incapable of disposing of his property; the friends of the murderer on the other hand would have defended *him* on the plea, that the act, if he had indeed committed it, was not that of a person in his senses. But as occasional eccentricities are no definition of perfect madness, so neither can any murderer be considered so perfectly sane as to be entitled to escape responsibility on proof that he may sometimes have lost self-command;* and Captain Goodere, therefore, was duly and deservedly hanged; and a portion of the family inheritance came to young Sam Foote; and Mr. Hesiod Cooke took him to his club, as already we have faithfully recorded.

Those were great days for clubs and taverns. The Grecian, in Devereux-court, still retained some portion of that fame for Temple wit which made Steele propose to date from it his learned papers in the "Tadler," and here was Foote's morning lounge; while in the evening he sought the Bedford in Covent-garden, which had succeeded lately to the theatrical glories of Tom's and Will's, and where, to be one of the knot of well-dressed people that met there and modestly called themselves the world, was of course a natural object of youthful aspiration. For the vicinity of the theatre was still the headquarters of wit; and still the ingenious apothegm of Steele's passed current, that what the bank was to the credit of the nation the playhouse was to its politeness and good manners. Here accordingly breaks upon us the first clear glimpse of our hero. A well-known physician and theatrical critic of the day, Dr. Barrowby, sketches him for us. One evening, he says, he saw a young man extravagantly dressed out in a frock suit of green and silver lace, bag-wig, sword, bouquet, and point-ruffles, enter the room, and immediately join the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody recognized him; but

such was the ease of his bearing, and the point and humor of remark with which he at once took part in the conversation, that his presence seemed to disconcert no one; and a sort of pleased buzz of "*Who is he?*" was still going round the room unanswered, when a handsome carriage stopped at the door, he rose and quitted the room, and the servants announced that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, a student of the Inner Temple, and that the carriage had called for him on its way to the assembly of a lady of fashion.

Any more definite notion of his pursuits within the next two years we fail to get, but he underwent some startling vicissitudes. For some months of the time he appears to have rented Charlton-house, once the family seat in Worcestershire; and here there is a pleasant story told of his having his former schoolmaster Doctor Miles to dine with him amidst his magnificence, when the unworldly old pedagogue, amazed at the splendor, innocently asked his quondam pupil how much it might cost, and got for answer that he did not then know how much it might cost, but certainly soon *should* know how much it would bring. And doubtless this anticipation came very suddenly true; for an old schoolfellow told Murphy that he remembered dining with him in the Fleet within the same year, in company with a man named Waite, confined there for a fraudulent debt to the bank; when, Waite having supplied the turbot, venison, and claret for the feast, and young Foote the wit, humor, and jollity, never did he pass so cheerful a day. Murphy adds the surprising fact that his first essay as an author was written at about this time, and that it was "a pamphlet giving an account of one of his uncles who was executed for murdering his other uncle."

We have made unavailing search for this pamphlet, any account of which at second hand it is manifestly dangerous to take. But by those who profess to have seen it, it is represented to have been a quasi-defence of the justly-hanged captain; a sort of "putting the best face" on the family discredit; though in what way this too-partial nephew could possibly prove that the one uncle did not deserve strangling publicly, without at the same time making it clear that the other uncle *did* deserve strangling privately, we are quite at a loss to comprehend. That he wrote some such pamphlet, however, seems certain, urged to it by hunger and the ten pounds of an Old Bailey bookseller; the subject continuing to occupy all the gossips

* This detestable doctrine, which will always have its advocates, nor ever want the sapient sanction of British jurymen, was most offensive to the manly and robust sense of Doctor Johnson. "He was," says Sir John Hawkins, "a great enemy to the present fashionable way of supposing worthless and infamous persons mad."

and horror-mongers about town, the nephew being supposed to know more of "the rights of it" than anybody else, and the condition of the publication being the suppression of his name as its writer. Such certainly was the extremity of his need at the moment, that on the day he took his manuscript to its very proper destination at the Old Bailey, "he was," says Cooke, "actually obliged to wear his boots without stockings, and on his receiving his ten pounds he stopped at a hosier's in Fleet street to remedy that defect;" but hardly had he issued from the shop when two old Oxford associates, arrived in London on a frolic, recognized him and bore him off to dinner at the Bedford; where, as the glass began to circulate, the state of his wardrobe came within view, and he was asked what the deuce had become of his stockings? "Why," said Foote, unembarrassed, "I never wear any at this time of the year, till I am going to dress for the evening; and you see," pulling his purchase out of his pocket, and silencing the laugh and the suspicion of his friends, "I am always provided with a pair for the occasion."

This anecdote rests on the authority of Mr. William Cooke, commonly called Conversation Cooke, who put together half a century since, for Sir Richard Phillips's book-mart, a memoir of Foote not without many points of merit, though discrimination is not one of them; and who, with Murphy, fixes the date of the pamphlet at the period when its author "immersed in all the expensive follies of the times, had just outrun his first fortune." His second fortune is supposed to have fallen to him on his father's death; but the dates and circumstances are not at all clear, and Mr. Cooke further confuses them by the statement that the worthy old magistrate, shortly before he died, had sanctioned his son's marriage with a young Worcestershire lady, and received them in Cornwall for the honeymoon; when, on their arrival one dreary January night, a serenade was heard which no one next morning could account for, and, the moment being carefully noted by Foote, it turned out afterwards to be exactly that of the consummation of the frightful tragedy at Bristol. "Foote always asserted the fact of this occurrence," says Cooke, "with a most striking gravity of belief, though he could by no means account for it." It may have been so, but the alleged marriage is equally difficult to account for, and would seem indeed to rest on no sufficient authority. No traces of any such settled connection are discoverable in Foote's

career. The two sons that were born to him, were not born in wedlock; and when the maturer part of his life arrived, and the titled and wealthy crowded to his table, his home had never any recognized mistress. Indeed he used wittily to give as his laughing excuse for bachelorhood, that you must count a lady's age as you do a hand at piquet, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, *sixty*; and he had no ambition to awake one morning and find himself matched so unequally for the whole length of a life.

But confused as are some of the dates and details at the outset of his career, the main particulars may be given with reasonable confidence; and the second fortune which undoubtedly he inherited, he had as certainly spent before he was twenty-four years old. The thing was then easily to be done by a hand or two at hazard. In 1742 and '43 he topped the part of a fine gentleman upon town; dressing it to such perfection, in morning and evening equipment, and giving such a grace to his bag-wig and solitaire, his sword, muff, and rings, that he received the frequent compliment of being taken for a foreigner. At the opening of 1744, however, the scene had again changed with him, and he was once more to be found among the wits and critics at the Bedford, with as much sore necessity to live by his wits as they. In this second clearly discernible appearance of him, Doctor Barrowby reappears also; and Foote for once has the laugh somewhat against him. A remnant of his newly-wasted fortune is clinging to him still in the shape of a gold repeater, in those times something of a rarity, which he ostentatiously parades with the surprised remark, "Why, my watch does not go!" "It soon *will* go," quietly says Doctor Barrowby.

Since we last looked in at the Bedford, the theatres have taken new importance, and the critics found fresh employment, in a stage-success without parallel within living recollection. When Foote went first to that coffee-house, one of its habitués was a lively little man who supplied it with "red port;" with whom he formed an acquaintance; whom he then described living in Durham-yard with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant; and whom he afterwards knew living in the same locality, when Durham-yard had become the Adelphi, and the little wine merchant one of the first men in England for princely wealth and popularity. The close of 1741 saw Garrick's triumph at Goodman's-fields; and the

two short years since, which had squandered Foote's fortunes, had firmly established Garrick's as the chief English actor and ornament of Drury-lane. But what the public so freely admitted, there were still critics and actors to dispute. There is no end, as Voltaire says, to the secret capacity for factions; and apart altogether from professional jealousy, when the town has nothing better to quarrel about, a success on the stage will set everybody by the ears. Very loud and violent just now, therefore, were the factions at the Bedford; and prominent was the part taken in them by Foote, and by an Irish actor whom some strength of intellect as well as many eccentricities distinguished from his fellows, already by his half-century of years (he was born before the battle of the Boyne) entitled to be called a veteran, and destined to live for more than half a century longer, but never at any time so generally successful as his particular successes might have seemed to warrant, and now not unnaturally impatient of such complete and universal favor as little Garrick had suddenly leaped into. For the truth was, that Garrick's re-introduction of the natural school had already been attempted by this Irish actor, Charles Macklin; who, undaunted by Mr. Rich's dismissal of him from the Lincoln's Inn Theatre twenty years back as far too familiar, and wanting the grand *hoity-toity* vein, had nevertheless since steadily persisted, and at last, eight months before Garrick appeared, got the town with him in Shylock; but there, unhappily, had been stopped by his hard voice and his harsh face, the tones in the one like the strokes of a hammer, the lines in the other like cordage. But for the time at least, heartily as he afterwards laughed at him, Foote's sympathy went without stint to the disappointed veteran; and together they formed a strong third party among the critics, standing between the foes and friends of Garrick; maintaining that his familiarity was right, but was not familiar enough, and that he wanted the due amount of spirit and courage to take tragedy completely off the stilts. Of this view Foote became a startling and powerful exponent, and his criticism, which took more of the wide range of the world than of the limited one of books, showed one thing undoubtedly, that, reckless as this young spendthrift's career had been, his quick natural talents had protected him against its most degrading influences; his practice of vice had not obscured his discernment of it, nor his experience of folly made his sense of it less keen; and thus early

he was a man of influence in the society of the day, before he had written his first farce, or even set foot upon the stage.

Meanwhile graver matters became important with him, from which the only immediate relief seemed to lie in the direction at present most familiar to him. He had to replace the means his extravagance had wasted, and the tendency of his habits and tastes pointed to the stage. From telling shrewdly what should be done, to showing as naturally how to do it, the transition seems easy when the necessity is great; and Foote resolved to make the trial. He consulted with his friends, prominent among whom at this time were the celebrated Delavals—Francis, afterwards the baronet, and his brother, Lord Delaval—they were great lovers of the stage, and the help and co-operation of both confirmed his resolution. The time also peculiarly favored it: for now occurred the dispute between the leading Drury-lane actors and Fleetwood, which ended in the violent rupture of Garrick and Macklin; when, on the former unexpectedly returning to his allegiance, the latter drew off with the best company he could get together at the moment, went to the little "wooden theatre" in the Haymarket, and threw defiance at the patentees. The licensing-act prevented his taking money at the doors, but the public were "admitted by tickets delivered by Mr. Macklin;" and by advertising and beginning with a concert, he evaded its other provisions. Foote joined the secession, and selected Othello for his opening part.

It was the part that Farquhar tried, and failed in; it was his friend Arthur Murphy's part, when he failed; it was his friend Delaval's, on the occasion of a grand private play at Lord Mexborough's, his brother-in-law; it was his imitator Tate Wilkinson's part, it was Barry's, it was Mossop's; and whether man was to fail or succeed, to plant himself on the heights of tragedy, to occupy the lesser ground of comedy, or to fall through altogether, Othello seemed still the first object of approach; though less perhaps as a main outwork of the citadel, than as offering, in the colored face, a means of personal disguise often welcome to a debutant;—yet with all this it appears surprising that Foote, with his keen common sense and strong feeling for the ridiculous, should have chosen it. But some degree of gravity and enthusiasm is inseparable from youth, and as the part, moreover, was one that Garrick was held to have failed in, it was a bow remaining still to

bend. "Here is Pompey," cried a wit from among the audience, when the little face-blacked man entered, in a regimental suit of King George the Second's body-guard, with a flowing Ramilies wig, "but where is the tea-tray?" Foote shares with old Quin in the fame of this celebrated joke, which was probably not without its effect in checking Garrick's reappearance in a part, the mere color and costume of which must have made such an object of him. And indeed this last was a point whereon Macklin and Foote had taken especial counsel. Ever since Mr. Pope had nodded approval of his Shylock's red hat, and said "it was very laudable," Macklin had been a great stickler for costume; and the Haymarket bill, announcing for the 6th February, 1744, "a concert, after which *Othello*, Othello by a gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage," was not less careful to announce that "the character of Othello will be new dressed after the custom of his country."

But the flowing eastern robe could not hide the actor's defects. Foote failed in *Othello*, there can be no doubt. "Not but one could discover the scholar about the young fellow," said Macklin, "and that he perfectly knew what the author meant; but" — Nevertheless, on a reference to the bills, we find he repeated it three times; on the 13th, 20th, and 23d of the same month; and that on the 10th of the following month he again acted it for a benefit at Drury Lane, being there announced as "the gentleman who lately performed it in the Haymarket." He took the same course exactly with the next part he played, that of Lord Foppington; in which he is said to have been more successful, having had hints from Cibber himself on which he whimsically improved. Nor can it be doubted that in comedy he so far at once made his ground safe, that the public had always a certain welcome for him in parts, which, though leading ones, he seems to have chosen as not absolutely possessed by more successful competitors; and to which therefore, with occasional sallies into such extraneous matter, as Shylock, he will be found upon the whole shrewdly to restrict himself. In the winter of 1744-45 he went over to Dublin, and played with some success at the Smock-alley theatre, then just opened by Thomas Sheridan, the son of Swift's friend; and in the winter of 1745-46 he was installed as one of the regular company at Drury Lane. His venture so far had succeeded, and the course of his future life was marked out.

No account has been kept of his performances in Dublin; for though he is said to have drawn crowded houses, his wit was more remembered than his acting, and one of the jokes he made may therefore here be recorded instead of the parts he played. Being asked what impression was conveyed to him by the condition of the Irish peasantry, he declared that it had settled a question which before had been a constant plague to him, and he now knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes. The comedies he appeared in at Drury Lane, the winter after his return are in some degree evidence not only of the character of his acceptance with the public, but of what he felt, himself in regard to his powers. He played, four times, Sir Harry Wildair in Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, with Peg Woffington, herself the once famous Sir Harry, for his Lady Lurewell. He repeated Lord Foppington, in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, several times; with Mrs. Woffington as Berinthia, and Mrs. Clive as Miss Hoyden. He revived Addison's comedy of the *Drummer*, which had not been presented for some years, that he might perform Tinsel. He played Sir Novelty Fashion in Cibber's *Love's Last Shift*. He played Sir Courtly Nice in Crowne's comedy of that name. He played the Younger Loveless in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, on the occasion of Mrs. Woffington selecting it for her benefit. He repeated five or six times the part of Dick in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy*. And finally he appeared in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, and gave, to the general surprise and delight of many audiences, and the particular consternation of some individuals among them, his version of the celebrated Bayes.

In this selected list one cannot but recognize something of the personal wit and humorous peculiarity of the man. As the town would not have him in characters that would have carried him out of himself, he darted at once into the other extreme of playing characters closely resembling himself, and took his audiences into confidence with his personal weaknesses and failings. What he now played, he was or had been. He was the graceless son, the adventurer with the handsome leg; he was the flimsy fop and dandy, who had made a god of his tailor and scorned essential for non-essential things; he was the very embodiment of the heedless light-hearted coxcomb, the type of youthful spirits and recklessness let loose upon the world. But what a man is, he does not always look; and in such plays as these,

it was Foote's disadvantage that his appearance told against him. In person he was short, with a tendency to stoutness; his face even in youth was round fleshy, and flat, and his nose had breadth without strength or delicacy; though he had a pleasing expression of mouth, more refined than in a man of his temperament might perhaps have been looked for; and he had an eye in whose sparkling depths lay a spring of humor, unfailing and perpetual, which would have raised from repulsiveness features fifty times as coarse or inelegant. In that dramatic gallery of the Garrick Club which may hereafter, to Horace Walpole's traveller from New York, or Mr. Macaulay's from New Zealand, be as the the Nineveh of a delightful art even now lost and past away, there hangs a copy of the portrait by Reynolds in possession of the Duke of Newcastle, in which all this is visible yet; for though years of indulgence have done their work and you look on the hardened clumsy features, the settled look, the painful stoop and infirmity of his later life, you see through them still what as a young man Foote must have been—a shrewd, keen, observant, mirthful, thoroughly intellectual man, but not exactly Sir Harry Wildair, Dick Amlet, or my Lord Foppington. And so the matter seems to have struck himself, notwithstanding the amount of favor he received in such parts; for the expression is attributed to him, "If they won't have me in tragedy, and I am not fit for comedy, what the deuce am I fit for?" A question which it was possible to answer more satisfactorily when he had once played the character of Bayes. It is not unlikely that this performance shaped entirely his subsequent career.

Garrick introduced imitations into Bayes. The tradition of the part had connected it with Dryden even to the great old poet's full suit of black velvet; but Garrick took off the black velvet, put on a shabby old-fashioned black coat, and presented a mere quizzable, conceited, solemn ass of a poet, going about reciting his own verses. Cibber condemned innovation; and Lord Chesterfield said that Bayes had lost dignity by it, and no longer the burlesque of a great poet was become no better than a garretter; but besides that the character is really no higher than this, the hearty enjoyment of his audiences justified Garrick; and when, in the delivery of the verses, he gave a succession of comical pictures of the actors most familiar to them, they laughed and cheered him to the echo. Garrick's idea Foote now seized, and worked out after his own fashion. What was mirth-

ful exaggeration in Garrick, in him became bitter sarcasm; the licence Garrick had confined to the theatre, Foote carried with keener aim beyond it; the bad actors on the mimic stage he kept in countenance by worse actors on the real one; he laughed alike at the grave public transactions, and the flying absurdities, of the day; at the debates in parliament, the failures of the rebels, the follies of the quidnuncs; of politicians, play-writers, players; and as, flash upon flash, the merriment arose, Foote must at last have felt where in all respects his real strength lay, and that there was a vacant place in theatres he might of right take possession of, a ground to be occupied without rival or competitor. Davies says, no doubt truly, that what he improvised and added to Bayes was as good as the original, indeed, not distinguishable from it but by greater novelty of allusion. Why not strike out, then, another Bayes more strictly suited to himself, equip himself with character and wit provided solely from his own brain, and, with the high claim and double strength of author as well as actor, carry the town by storm?

The last night of his performance at Drury-lane was at the close of April, 1746; the interval he employed in drawing out his scheme, and getting together a small band of actors devoted to him who would help in its accomplishment; and in the *General Advertiser* of the 22d of April, 1747, appeared the following advertisement:

At the Theatre in the Haymarket, this day, will be performed a Concert of Music, with which will be given *gratis* a new entertainment called the *Diversions of the Morning*, to which will be added a farce taken from the *Old Batchelor* called the *Credulous Husband*. Fondlewife by Mr. Foote; with an Epilogue to be spoken by the B—d—d Coffee House. To begin at 7.

The little theatre was crowded; but the *Diversions*, as then given, were never printed, and its character can only be inferred from such casual recollections as have survived, and from the general effect produced. It was such an entertainment as till then had not been attempted. Perhaps the closest resemblance to it was Sir William Davenant's, of nearly a century earlier, when he evaded the general closure of the theatres, and baffled the stern watch of the puritans, by his entertainment at Rutland House "after the manner of the ancients." After the manner of the ancients, too, were Foote's diversions, yet such as no Englishman had attempted before him. In introducing *himself* upon

parts, Castallo, whom he thought comparable to Nokes for a quiet humor and strict propriety; and a youth, afterwards known as Ned Shuter, whom he picked up marking at a billiard-table, and made one of the first low comedians of the day. With these his Diversions began, and were repeated no less than forty times. Now, as his pupils, he taught them how to act; now, as old actors, he rehearsed the finest scenes of the stage with them; now as critics, wits, authors, or politicians, he improvised with them dialogues of passing allusion to the time; not an object passed at the moment on which his eye could rest, that he did not turn, like Biron, to a mirth-moving jest, nor were his hearers less ravished at the "voluble discourse" than those of the noble of Navarre. The actors sounded a retreat; and further opposition was not offered to even the more direct competition with the theatres implied in Foote's change of his entertainment from morning to evening. It was accordingly announced, in June, that

At the request of several persons who are desirous of spending an hour with Mr. Foote, but find the time inconvenient, instead of chocolate in the morning Mr. Foote's friends are desired to drink a dish of tea with him at half an hour past six in the evening.

And from this time *Mr. Foote's Tea* became an admitted theatrical attraction.

It brought him an offer from Covent-garden in the winter of this year, where he not only gave it several times, but repeated *Bayes and Fondlewife*; put new strength into it, in the following January, by a new prologue; for his benefit, in February, ushered it in by his performance of Cibber's favorite *Sir Novelty Fashion*; and, in the following month opened with it again at the Haymarket, where he soon after varied it with what he called an *Auction of Pictures*, the advertisements announcing that "This evening At his Auction Room, late the little theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Foote will exhibit a choice Collection of Pictures, &c.," which proved, indeed, a collection so choice, that, before the summer season closed, it was repeated nearly fifty times, and in the winter was again resumed. Ready wit and shrewd observation were as usual manifest in this seizure of the great weakness of the day as a new vehicle of entertainment and satire. Auctions were at this time, and much later, the favorite morning occupation of the fashionable and idle, and agencies for all kinds of deception; they encouraged the cheat and impostor, degraded

public taste, and, with a knock down of the hammer, brought the worst and the best things to the same level. For, to your truly great auctioneer, every thing was alike, as he was himself, with that inimitably fine manner of his, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a Ribbon as upon a Raffaele.

Nor was it only this legitimate game for satire that Foote ran down in his *Auction*, but in the lots exposed for sale, his wit again took the range of town, and made its quarry of whatever invited attack most prominently, whether in law or in medicine, in parliament or on the stage. He who would now derive any adequate notion of this from his writings, will nevertheless search them in vain. Neither the *Diversions* nor the *Auction* was printed; and though portions of both reappeared in the little comedy called *Taste*, it is manifest that in this, as in every similar piece of direct satire (the *Orators* for example,) what we now read as Foote's is but the faint reflection of what he actually uttered. The allusions in the correspondence of the time, the singular personal hostility he had already provoked, the mixed deference, fear, and popularity which thus early attended him, are not to be explained simply by the accident of a coarse personality here and there in his imitations, but by the fact that he undisguisedly appeared before the public as a satirist, that the entire groundwork of his entertainment was satire, and that his confessed aim from the first was the ridicule of what was ridiculous, in whatever walk of society he might find it. No doubt a distinction existed between his regular published pieces, and these earlier ones which he never sent to the press; for though living characters were hit off in both, the context which has preserved the one was such as to render the other perishable. When you can only read through the help of allusions which have all passed away, the attempt to read would be useless labor. In this *Auction of Pictures*, he laughed at the Westminster justice, Sir Thomas de Veil, who had made himself the too ready instrument of the actors in opposing his first entertainment; he ridiculed Mr. Cock, the fashionable auctioneer, and he satirized the extravagances of Orator Henley; but all this was as temporary in itself as the witty and versatile comment that set it forth, and both have descended to oblivion. When, however, in his more regular productions, he took higher aim; when he ridiculed the cant of methodism, denounced the mischiefs of quackery, or exposed the impostures of law; when, himself the companion of men of rank and large pos-

sessions, he attacked the vulgarity of rank-and-money-worship, and did not spare the knavery or false pretensions of either birth or wealth,—his satire, even when applied to persons, had the claim to become impersonal through time; and to remain as a warning to vice and folly, long after the vicious and the fool should be forgotten.

Yet in this we would not assume any decision of a question beset with delicate and difficult considerations. In the most apparently justifiable instances of individual satire, there is at best a violation involved which perhaps no individual amendment, or even general benefit, may compensate; and the question must always remain whether he who assumes, is entitled to exert a censorship over morals and manners. But in Foote's case, as in every other, it is right to state the matter fairly; and however mistaken the belief may have been in him (as he had afterwards bitter reason to feel,) he seems clearly to have believed himself within the just limits of Comedy, even in "taking off" mere folly and absurdities without vice, as long as his imitations of them should be faithful, as long as the singularities themselves should be sufficiently prominent and known, and, where caused by natural infirmities, should have been thrust forward with an indecent obtrusiveness which the very sense of infirmity ought to have restrained. To this, we shall perhaps do no injustice to him if we add, what once fell from the lips of even so great a genius as Molière. "I am manager of a theatre as well as author. I must make some money, as well as correct and instruct; and I am necessarily sometimes induced to consult the profit and interest of my company, at the expense of my own fame as an author."

As an author, however, Foote's first published piece now awaits us. It was played with the title of *The Knights*, when the run of the *Auction* had somewhat abated; and lives still among his writings, as it deserves to do. It is the first sprightly running of a wit, which to the last retained its sparkle and clearness. Its flow of dialogue is exquisitely neat, natural, and easy; its expression terse and characteristic always, and in tone exactly suited to its purpose. With neither the flippancy and pertness of mere farce, nor yet the elaboration and refinement of comedy, it hits with happy effect the medium between the two. It is just the writing that develops character, and is there content to stop. There is a story, but extremely slight, and only cared for till the characters are completely shown. For these exclusively, you perceive at once

the piece has been written; and nothing is added that can possibly be spared. One Knight, a country quidnunc, has the most insatiable thirst for news, and not the remotest comprehension of politics; and the other, a wealthy miser, has a taste as insatiable for stale stories, and no other entertainment for his friends. And though confined within the compass of two acts, of which the scene is laid in a little inn in Herefordshire, with such elaborate skill in the dialogue is the full-length of each presented, and with an effect so thoroughly real, that it is as easy to believe both characters to have had living prototype's in Foote's day, as it would be difficult to believe that either has quite ceased to have his living representative in our own. The peculiarities are so true to the respective foibles and vices exhibited, the coloring so rich, the humorous extravagance of detail so racy and effective. He tells us, himself, that he had copied them from life, having met with them in a summer's expedition; and in that sense he challenges for them the merit, as one by no means common in his day, of being neither vamped from antiquated plays nor pilfered from French farces. The part of the miser, we should add, was played by Foote himself, who dressed it after a certain gentleman in the West of England, whose manners, Mr. Cook tells us, he took off with uncommon humor and perspicuity.

But while thus engaged, a somewhat startling announcement in the *General Advertiser* greeted him. It came from the comedian Woodward, now one of the company at Drury-lane under Garrick's new lease; and its purport was, that on a certain evening, by particular desire, Mr. Woodward would present his very good friend the Auctioneer with *Tit for Tat*, or one dish of his own Chocolate. He was to imitate him in Bayes and Othello, laugh at him as a tragic actor, and dress at him in a character of Otway's. Now Foote was no exception to the rule which makes the mimic intensely sensitive to mimicry, and he wrote at once to warn the Drury-lane manager that as it seems they are to be in a state of nature, he may as well mention that he has a plan for a short farce which will be wormwood to some, entertaining to many, and very beneficial to Samuel Foote. "If your boxkeeper," he added, "for the future returns my name, he will cheat you of a sum not very contemptible to you, namely five shillings." Garrick had a pen, however, only less neat than his antagonist's; and though he retorted about the five shillings almost as poorly as Foote had introduced it,

there was wit and point in what he added as to Woodward. "Should he dress at you in the play, how can you be alarmed at it, or take it ill? The character, exclusive of some little immoralities which can never be applied to you, is that of a very smart, pleasant conceited fellow, and a good mimic." It was the character of Malagene in Otway's *Friendship in Fashion*; but as the play, and Woodward too, excellent comedian as he was, were hissed off the stage together for the mixed dullness and indecency of the entertainment they presented, nothing more on the subject need here be said. Its only interest for us is, that it shows us something thus early of that fitful intercourse of Garrick and Foote, which, while they lived, interfered not a little with the comfort of both, and cannot be omitted from any view of the character of either.

From the first they were marked out for rivalry. Distinguished by their superior intellectual qualities from all competitors in the profession to which they belonged, they had only each other to carry on a competition with; and if, as Pope says, war is necessary to the life of a wit upon earth, what are we to expect when the wit has another in the same line to make war upon, who is not only jester and player like himself, but rival manager too? The virtue must be more than human that refrains; and the "state of nature" at which Foote hints in his letter, was accordingly very often renewed. No doubt also, Foote was almost always the aggressor. His wit was ever at its best with a victim wincing under it, and Garrick's too obvious weaknesses were a temptation difficult to be resisted. Gravely to dispute the genius of such a man would have been in Foote himself a weakness less pardonable, but in Garrick's own restless distrust of it, in his perpetual fidget of *self-doubt* and suspicion, in his abundance of small defects, the occasion for laughter was incessant. Foote came into the Bedford one night and kept him on the rack for an hour with the account of a most wonderful actor whom he had that instant seen. He had been so moved by spoken words, he declared, as he could not till then have thought possible. Nothing like it had occurred in his experience. It was an effect to make itself felt far and wide. The manifest suffering of his listener at last became so pitiful that Foote good-naturedly brought it to a close by asking him what he thought of the histrionic talents of Mr. Pitt? when Garrick's glad surprise broke out into unaffected enthusiasm, and he declared, as he seems truly to have felt, that if Pitt had cho-

sen the stage he might have been immeasurably the first actor upon it.

There was also in Garrick another kind of weakness or suffering which Foote's jokes never spared, and of which we have heard many whimsical examples from the poet and wit who is happily still the living link between that age and our own. "Garrick lately invited Hurd," said Foote to a friend of Mr. Roger's, "to dine with him in the Adelphi; and after dinner, the evening being very warm, they walked up and down in front of the house. As they passed and repassed the dining-room windows, Garrick was in a perfect agony; for he saw that there was a thief in one of the candles which were burning on the table, and yet Hurd was a person of such consequence that he could not turn away from him to prevent the waste of his tallow." Another, Mr. Rogers was fond of relating, and told with infinite humor. At the Chapter coffee-house, Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor fellow, a decayed player, who was nick-named the Captain of the Four Winds because his hat was worn into four spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat as it was held out to him. "If Garrick hears of this," exclaimed Foote, "he will certainly send us his hat."

That Garrick was not absolutely a mean or illiberal man, there is nevertheless abundant proof; but he began the world, as Johnson expresses it, with a great hunger for money, and what at the outset of life was a commendable feeling in him, became in later life a habit of which he could not always divest himself, and which exposed very often to undeserved derision a really kind and open nature. In the main, however, the impression derived from the great run of Foote's jokes on this subject is rather friendly and even cordial than otherwise. "There is a witty satirical story of Foote," says Johnson. "He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. 'You may be surprised,' said he, 'that I allow him to be so near my gold;—but you will observe he has no hands!'" The joke is a good one, but a man would hardly so place an object displeasing to him that his eye would have to rest upon it daily and hourly, for the sake of making fifty jokes infinitely better; and the sarcasm is less worth remembering than the friendly good-will lurking under it. Another story is told of a somewhat pompous announcement, at one of Foote's dinner-parties, when the Drury-lane manager was among the guests, of the arrival of "*Mr. Garrick's servants*;" "Oh, let them

wait," cried the wit, adding, in an affected under-tone to his own servant, but sufficiently loud to be generally heard; "but, James, be sure you lock up the pantry." A third, which continues to exhibit them in cordial intercourse, is of their leaving the Bedford together one night when Foote had been the entertainer, and on his pulling out his purse to pay the bill, a guinea dropped. Impatient at not immediately finding it, "Where on earth can it be gone to?" he said. "Gone to the devil, I think," rejoined Garrick, who had sought for it every where. "Well said, David," cried Foote, "let you alone for making a guinea go farther than any body else."

The friendly feeling may often be imperilled by a laugh, but the laugh is never without a friendly feeling. It is the same when he insinuates a skilful compliment to Garrick into his comedy of the *Devil on Two Sticks*, and is careful to qualify it with the hint that the devil himself could not match him at a bargain; or when, in the great scene of the Society of Antiquaries in the *Nabob*, he couples his veneration for Shakespeare with a "Queen Anne's farthing." The bane and the antidote are still found together. Nor could Garrick himself help laughing at his friend's dry mention of his Hampton temple to Shakespeare, when, replying to one of the attacks upon his theatre in which all the authorities of the Fathers had been quoted to show the heathen tendency of such entertainments, Foote took occasion to say: "I never heard that Mr. Garrick sacrificed to Pan, or Mr. Rich danced a jig in honor of Cybele. The former gentleman has, indeed, it is said, dedicated a temple to a certain divinity called *Σχαιεσσεαπε*, before whose shrine frequent libations are made, and on whose altar the fat of venison (a viand grateful to the deity) is seen often to smoke; but these profanations never entered the theatre, nor do I believe that any of the players ever assisted at the sacrifices; so this must be considered as a mere piece of personal superstition for which the man, and not the profession is accountable." Garrick could no more have resented gravely this comical hit at his imperfect hospitalities, than Shakespeare the pleasant allusion to his deer-stealing propensities. In a word, we think it clear that Garrick came within the limitation of a celebrated principle first laid down by Foote, that you ought not to run the chance of losing your friend for your joke unless your joke happens to be better than your friend. It was never worth while in this case quite to put the friendship in peril.

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The always ready scholarship of Foote, let us add, appears to have given him an advantage over Garrick even where otherwise Garrick might have held himself supreme, namely, in ordinary conversation. Cooke says that it yielded him an astonishing command of topics; that while Garrick's manner was more pleasing, he had nothing of the give and take of the other, or his exhaustless variety of resource; and that in reality it was out of the abundance of his knowledge Foote dared to give his wit the reckless privilege it took, and to display always so little fear of the consequences. Nor was it only in scholarship, or the widest ordinary range of a man of wit, that he made so ready and great a figure. Charles James Fox told Mr. Rogers that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's street, and that they were rather angry at Lord William for having done so, expecting that Foote would prove only a bore, and a check on their conversation. "But," said Fox, "we soon found that we were mistaken. Whatever we talked about—whether fox-hunting, the turf, or any other subject—Foote instantly took the lead, and delighted us all."

The scholarship, as we have seen, is frankly admitted by Johnson himself, no partial witness, who also gives Foote the superiority over every one he had heard in what he calls humorous narrative. Such was the happiness of his manner in that kind of relation, he says, that he never saw the stupidity it could not rouse or the arrogance it could not subdue. Pointing out on another occasion the superior gaiety, delicacy, and elegance of Garrick's conversation, he added that Foote nevertheless provoked much more laughter; and though he might have the air of a buffoon paid for entertaining the company, it was that of one who well deserved his hire. Thus encouraged, Boswell ventured one day to remark how superior a tragic actor must always be to those who only make us laugh. "If Batterton and Foote were to walk into this room, you would respect Batterton much more than Foote." "Sir," said Johnson, "if Batterton were to walk into this room with Foote, Foote would soon drive him out of it. Foote, Sir, *quatinus* Foote, has powers superior to them all."

We shall perhaps amuse the reader by putting this remark to proof. Garrick and Foote were among the company one day at the dinner-table of Lord Mansfield. Many grave people were there, and the manager

of Drury-lane was on his best good-company behavior. Every one listened deferentially to him as he enlarged on the necessity of prudence in all the relations of life, and drew his illustration from Churchill's death, which was then the talk of the town. No one would have supposed it possible to dislodge him from such vantage-ground as this, surrounded by all the decorums of life, and with a Lord Chief Justice at the head of the table. But Foote suddenly struck in. He said that every question had two sides, and he had long made up his mind on the advantages implied in the fact of *not* paying one's debts. In the first place it is presupposed some time or other the possession of fortune to be able to *get* credit. Then, living on credit was the art of living without the most troublesome thing in the whole world, which was money. It saved the expense and annoyance of keeping accounts, and made over all the responsibility to other people. It was the panacea for the cares and embarrassments of wealth. It checked and discountenanced avarice; while, people being always more liberal of others' goods than their own, it extended every sort of encouragement to generosity. And would any one venture to say that paying one's debts could possibly draw to us such anxious attention from our own part of the world while we live, or such sincere regrets when we die, as *not* paying them? All which, Foote put with such whimsical gravity, and supported with such a surprising abundance of sarcastic illustration, that in the general laughter against Garrick no laugh was heartier than Lord Mansfield's.

That Foote was able to pay his own debts at the time, and so far was independent of his argument, may perhaps be inferred from his resort to it in this dignified company; and as we have anticipated thus far, his introduction to Johnson, which dated many years before the Chief Justice's dinner, and indeed followed soon after Garrick's production of *Irene* at Drury-lane, may here most fitly be added. It took place at the house of Fitzherbert, one of Johnson's earliest London friends, and whose steady friendship for Foote (which descended to his family, for his eldest son, the brother of Lord St. Helens, was Foote's executor) is no mean evidence to character. "Having no good opinion of the fellow," he said, describing the incident long afterwards to Boswell, "I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty

sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irresistible." After this we find more frequent traces of intercourse between them than might be inferred from that tone of Johnson's later life; but he never completely forgave even the threat to bring him on the stage in connection with the Cock-lane ghost, though this was only a retort for a contemptuous allusion of his own, and was at once abandoned if ever seriously entertained, as Murphy expressly tells us with "no ill-will on either side."^{*} At unexpected times and in unlooked-for places we meet them together. It was at Foote's dinner-table Johnson made the memorable disclosure of having written, in a garret in Exeter-street, one of the most admired of the speeches of Mr. Pitt; it is Foote who tells the story of Johnson's Jacobite sympathies breaking out so strangely, on their visiting Bedlam together, when he again and again returned to the cell of the poor furious madman, who, while beating his straw, supposed he was beating the Duke of Cumberland; it is from Foote he quotes the rebuke to Lord Loughborough for his ill-judged ambition to associate with the wits, "What can he mean by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others;" and they were still on familiar terms when Johnson visited Paris more than twenty years later, and even Boswell could not but indulge a laugh at the wit's description of the travelling philosopher. But our subject calls us back to the time at which the retrospect of Foote's career may be resumed, nor could anything restore us to it more appropriately than one of Johnson's most amusing reminiscences.

After running through one of his fortunes Foote was in difficult straits for money, and was induced to listen to the overtures of a small-beer brewer, who, in consideration of his large social acquaintance and unbounded popularity, offered him a sleeping-partner's share in the profits of the concern if he would but recommend the beer among his friends. Fitzherbert was one of the friends

^{*} Something of the earlier feeling seems to have returned when he heard of Foote's death. "Did you think he would so soon be gone?" he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, his thoughts instinctively turning to Falstaff. "Life," says Falstaff, "is a shuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way, and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. I would have his life written with diligence."

who took it in consequence; but it became so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it, though they found themselves at some loss in what way to notify their resolution. Knowing Foote's connection with the beer, they were afraid of offending their master, by whom they also knew Foote to be much cherished as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. As fortune would have it, however, on that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; when he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer."

The fortune he had just spent, we grieve to say, was the third. It fell to him from the death of a relation of his mother's, immediately after the success of the *Knights*: and on the strength of it, if Mr. Cooke is to be believed, he set up a dashing carriage with *iterum, iterum, iterumque* painted on the panel; contributed largely for some time, in companionship with his friends the Delavals, to the splendors and extravagance of London dissipation; and then "moved off to the Continent to add one more dupe to the intrigues and fripperies of the French nation." It is certain that he was absent from London between 1749 and 1752, in which latter year he presented to Garrick the little comedy of *Taste*, for which the manager of Drury-lane, again on the best possible terms with him, both wrote and spoke the prologue. This piece was little more than a selection from the characters in his *Auction* and *Diversions*, with a thread of story sufficient to connect them for dramatic purposes; but it shows of what genuine stuff those early entertainments must have been composed, and it fairly justifies the claim he makes in its dedication to his friend Delaval, that the critics are not to call him presumptuous for dignifying so short a performance with the name of a comedy until they can prove that its scenes and persons are burlesqued or untrue to nature. He also reminds his friend how often their conversations had turned to the distinctions between comedy and farce, "for in whatever dissipation the world may suppose our days to have

been consumed, many, many hours have been consecrated to other subjects than generally employ the giddy and gay." Nor is this the only intimation which now went out to the public that Foote was returning to their service from far different associations and employments. The little comedy was not acted for his own emolument, but was a gift to an ingenious and humorous man, James Worsdale (the Jemmy Worsdale who carried Pope's letters to Curll), an English painter whose misfortunes had driven him to the stage, whose treatment by Sir Godfrey Kneller induced Walpole and others to befriend him, and whose personal history made the offering to him not inappropriate of a little comedy whose design was to satirize the ignorant affection with which the fashion of the day gave eager welcome to anything with the appearance of age upon it, and turning away scornfully from modern art however meritorious. The stage cannot boast of more exquisite satire than Mr. Puff and Mr. Carmine, nor of any more legitimate comedy.

As an actor Foote himself did not re-enter it until the close of the following year, when compelled to it doubtless by demands he could not longer supply in any other way, he played at Drury-lane the character of Sir Charles Buck in his *Englishman in Paris*, a little comedy written for Macklin and his daughter six months before, and in which they had singular success at Covent-garden. But before this re-appearance he had occupied more than usual of town-talk and gossip, of which Garrick makes jesting mention in a prologue on his return to Drury-lane. This prologue, it would seem, was encoored every night; and the comedy itself had a success which, notwithstanding many clever and telling scenes, appears somewhat disproportioned to its merit, and to the more moderate success achieved by the better comedy of *Taste*. But he did not confine himself to his own pieces on this resumption of his place as an actor. Though the *Englishman in Paris* was played a surprising number of times, his *Tea* had often been repeated, and the *Knights* was successfully revived with a new prologue by himself,—he also appeared many times in *Fondlewife*, and *Sir Courtly Nice*, and added to his list of parts, Ben in Congreve's *Love for Love*, and Captain Brazen in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, both which he gave repeatedly. In the following year he went to the Haymarket, and in a summer entertainment laughed at Macklin's lecturing extravagances, and at some amusing quarrels of the ladies of the

theatre, green-room squabbles of Mrs. Belamy and Mrs. Woffington wherein certain public men were involved, that had been much the talk of the town. Then, early in the succeeding year (1756) he took an engagement at Covent-garden, where he produced, with a success far exceeding even the *Englishman in Paris*, a sequel to it with the title of the *Englishman Returned from Paris*, the object of which, as that of its predecessor had been to exhibit a sturdy young Briton in his first contact with effeminate French fripperies and fashion, was to show him now completely subdued by the same, and an object of scorn and pity to English beholders. Referring to the bills of the theatre we find that this Covent-garden engagement occupied him from February to May, and that in the course of it he repeated many times *Fondlewife*, *Captain Brazen*, and *Sir Penurious Trifle*; that he added to his new parts the *Lady Pentweazel* of his own little comedy, and the *Sir Paul Plyant* of Congreve's *Double Dealer* (a character in which Wilkes, who liked his acting, thought him particularly admirable;) and that he advertised himself for *Polonius* in *Hamlet*, but before the night of performance came, lost courage and withdrew. It is manifest, however, that the grand attraction of the year was his performance of *Sir Charles Buck* in the two pieces satirizing French morals and manners.

Meanwhile he had not been neglecting British fashions and foibles, pretenders, politicians, or players. He has taken his former place at the Bedford, and in his critical and satirical corner is again supreme. All who know him come early in the hope of being admitted of his party at supper, the less fortunate engage boxes near him, and wherever the sound of his voice is heard the table is in a roar. Since last we saw the place, some new faces are there, but some familiar ones are gone. Old Macklin, weary of his doubtful successes on the stage, has actually set up a tavern of his own near the Bedford, on the present site of the Tavistock, where, by the alternation of a three-shilling ordinary with a shilling lecture, at both of which he is presiding deity, he supplies at once the bodily wants and what he conceives to be the mental deficiencies of the day. He is to make everybody orators, by teaching them *how* to speak; by way of teaching them also *what* to speak, he presents himself every other night with a discourse on some subject wherein he thinks the popular mind insufficiently informed; and whatever his subject, the harvest of ridicule for Foote

is unfailing. The result was that people went to hear *him* rather than the lecturer, for, it being part of the plan to invite the audience to offer hints on the subject-matter and so exhibit their progress in oratory, the witty sallies and questionings of Foote became at last the leading attraction.

His topic one evening was the employment of memory in connection with the oratorical art, in the course of which, as he enlarged on the importance of exercising memory as a habit, he took occasion to say that to such perfection he had brought his own he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote waited till the conclusion of the lecture, and then, handing up the subjoined sentences, desired that Mr. Macklin would be good enough to read and afterwards repeat them from memory. More amazing nonsense never was written. "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picinnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots." It is needless to say that the laugh turned against old Macklin, as it has turned against many younger and livelier people since who have read these droll sentences in *Harry and Lucy*, and who, like Miss Edgeworth's little hero and heroine, after mastering the great she-bear and the no-soap, for want of knowing *who* died have never arrived at the marriage with the barber, or perhaps, even after proceeding so far, have been tripped up by the Grand Panjandrum with the little round button at top.

Such at last became the vogue of Foote's fun at these lectures that it ended, as we have said, in his establishing a summer lecture of his own for a few weeks at the Haymarket; where, through many a summer evening, Macklin's absurdities supplied him theme for laughter. The Haymarket was crowded nightly; the Piazza coffee-house was shut up; poor Macklin, as "vintner, coffee-man, and chapman," made his next appearance in the *London Gazette*; and there in a letter of Murphy's to his brother dated April, 1755, in which he says that Foote had made 500*l.* in five nights by his counter-oratory to Macklin.

Arthur Murphy was among those new

faces at the Bedford who had sought and obtained Foote's notice, and their acquaintance was now of some standing. No figure appears in Murphy's early letters to his friends with such sprightly and enlivening effect as that of the famous wit Mr. Foote. For example, Arthur is at Bristol in the lowest possible spirits, when there drives up to the hotel a splendid equipage, out of it springs Foote very handsomely dressed, and "while I am writing this, he is grinning at me from a corner of the room, we have had Mr. Punch already, and his company has lifted my spirits, and that is what makes me go on at this rate." Or they are holiday-making together in a country-house, and Murphy is sadly preparing himself for London to get ready a number of the *Gray's Inn Journal* for press, when Foote says he need not go on that account, and, producing a French magazine, tells him he will find in it one of the prettiest oriental tales imaginable which he has but to translate and send to the printer, and Murphy takes his advice, and so gets promoted to the notice and friendship of Johnson, whose tale it turns out to be that the French magazine had itself translated from a number of the *Rambler*. Or it may be, that, tired of Macklin's talk about oratory they have betaken themselves to enjoyment of the real thing, and are together in the gallery of the House of Commons when Pitt is putting forth all his powers in an attack upon Murray. "Shall we go home now?" says Murphy, as he afterwards told the story to Mr. Rogers. "No," replies Foote; "let us wait till he has made the little man" (Murray) "vanish entirely."

Thus cordially an acquaintance began which seems to have continued with but slight intermissions; one of which, however, dates at the production of the *Englishman Returned from Paris*, when Murphy unreasonably complained of Foote's having founded it upon a suggestion of his, as though the original suggestion of the *Englishman in Paris* did not entitle its author to the unquestioned right of himself working out and completing any hint proceeding from it. Nevertheless, Murphy persisted in putting forward a Sir Charles Buck of his own; and, when the public would have nothing to say to him, revenged himself by enlivening his future comedies, whenever he could, by pilfering as many as possible of those witticisms of which the public thus showed their preference. Indeed he put Foote himself, and not a few of his good things, bodily into a play not many months after he died, and

even then had not forgotten his contemptible supposed grievance. "He has wit to ridicule you," says Bygrove to Dashwold in *Know Your Own Mind*, "invention to frame a story of you, humor to help it about; and when he has set the town a laughing, he puts on a familiar air, and shakes you by the hand." After his own death, too, his executor found among his papers this outline of an imaginary scene in which he proposed to have introduced the failings of his old friend. "Foote gives a dinner—large company—characters come one by one:—sketches then as they come:—each enters—he glad to see each. At dinner, his wit, affection, pride; his expense, his plate, his jokes, his stories;—all laugh;—all go, one by one—all abused, one by one;—his toadaters stay;—he praises himself—in a passion against all the world." We have here perhaps the very worst to set against the best, that was to be said against Foote by those who most intimately knew him.

It may remind us that what has been held to be one of his most grave offences dates at this time. He began an engagement with Garrick at Drury-lane in September, 1756, and, after playing several of his own characters and of Congreve's, produced on the 5th February, 1757, his little comedy of the *Author*. It was admirably written, contained the outline of a story which would have tasked only a little more patience than Foote's to give a masterly completeness to (the father's return in disguise to test the honor of his son was a hint for Sheridan), and was rich in character. Very creditable also was the spirit in which it dealt with the claims of Authorship to higher esteem, and a better kind of patronage, than it was the fashion of those days to award to it; and perhaps many an author whom its title attracted to Drury-lane crept back to his garret not ungrateful to the laughing comedian.

And here, before describing the offence just hinted at, we may interpose the remark that this feeling in Foote was an honest one, and that in his writings there is never any disguise of the man, where such disclosures may probably be made. Indeed of all their characteristics there is none so marked as the absence of any sort of pretence either in language or sentiment. When serious you perceive that he means to be so, just as when he laughs he leaves you in no doubt as to that. There is no mere face-making in either case. He is an avowed satirist, and this must always detract from the pleasure he might otherwise give; more especially as the

subjects of his satire for the most part necessitate the treatment implied in the remark of the French wit, that to give a Muscovite a sensation you must flay him alive. But we repeat our conviction that in the main it is honest satire, and that its force with his contemporaries lay precisely in that truth and reality of it. In this direction he is always strong. His scenes and subjects are often trivial in the extreme, but are yet held together by the vividness and bustle of something actual going on in them. No one who now carefully reads them can have any surprise at their success, or any feeling but regret that they dealt so much with what is transitory. As mere examples of comic dialogue they are perfect. Within a more limited range they have not much less than the wit and they have more than the character of Congreve. His people are not to be mistaken when you have once made their acquaintance; for they retain always so perfectly the trick of talk by which you knew them first, that perhaps no dramatic writings might be read aloud so easily without repetition of the speakers' names. Their great fault is the haste and impatience which has left them often a mere succession of witty scenes, when with a little more labor and no more invention a developed plot would have given more consistency and completeness even to the characters. But when he had once had his laugh, he was too easily satisfied; and, partly because of the restriction of his theatre to a summer fare lighter than that of the winter houses, partly because of his own careless temperament, he was too ready to throw away upon a farcical sketch what would have supplied, to his friend Murphy for example, matter for elaborate comedies. The comparison of him with Aristophanes is absurd, because he had nothing of the imagination or wealth of poetry of the Greek; but he was like him in wit, whim, ready humor, practical jokes, keen sarcasm, vivid personation, and above all in the unflinching audacity with which he employed all these in scorn and ridicule of living vices and hypocrisies. As it was said of the Greek satirist that he exercised a censorship more formidable than the archon's, hardly less is to be said of the English wit who took a range of jurisdiction wider than Sir John Fielding's or Sir Thomas de Veil's; and for all the vast difference that remains, it is little less or more perhaps than between Athens in the age of Pericles and London in the time of Bubb Dodginton. To find ourselves again in the thick of a not very dignified age,

we have but to read Foote's comedies and farces; and though it was a grander thing no doubt to have such subjects for satire as a cowardly Bacchus or a gormandizing Hercules, veritable Gods to pull to pieces, yet among the sham divinities who received the Londoner's worship, or had the disposition of his fortunes, there was food enough for laughter and exposure. "Virgil had his Pollio," says Foote's poor author, "Horace his Mæcenas, Martial his Pliny; but my protector is Mr. Vamp."

But notwithstanding his work for old Vamp, Foote's author is a gentleman. He refuses to defend a colonial government which had proved highly profitable to its governor in everything but good name, and yet to his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him, says an honest fellow in the play. Consider to what temptations he is exposed. Lack-a-day, learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, Sir, but money, or some certain fashionable qualities that a good man would not wish to possess. Patron! The word has lost its use; a guinea subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, is all that may now and then be picked up. Protectors! why, one dares believe there's more money laid out upon the Islington turnpike-road in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years. Where now are the Oxfords and Halifaxes?

And then Foote introduced Mr. Cadwallader, the part which he played himself. Here was something in default of an Oxford or Halifax. Next to a peer Mr. Cadwallader honors a poet, though Mr. Cape was the first he ever had in his house except the bellman for a Christmas-box. His ruling passion is to know any notable body, but otherwise he is made up of contradictions. Pride and meanness contend for him one minute, folly and archness the next. In one breath he tells you that he'd have made an immense figure in the learned world but for his cursed fool of a guardian's neglect of his education, and in the next that the only use of a school is, hey! egad! for children to make acquaintance that may hereafter be useful to them, "for between you and me what they learn there does not signify twopence." When, on the first night of the comedy, Foote entered in this character, a great shout of surprise broke forth at the completeness with which he had dropped his own identity. He had dressed himself out very large, and he came on with a broad un-

meaning stare and an awkward step, looking less encumbered with even corpulence than conceit, talking boisterously yet indistinctly, his voice loud but incoherent, his head always in a restless fidget to his left shoulder, his mouth constantly open as if to recall some shrewdness or some folly he had not meant to say, and with a trick every now and then of sucking his wrist with a sort of *supping* noise. But the laughing cry of doubt whether it could be Foote took a more extravagant turn as the audience became unexpectedly conscious of a figure looking on from the boxes at what seemed a double of itself, and shaking with hearty fun at Mr. Cadwallader's introduction of his wife. The living original of the character, Mr. Ap-Rice, a Welshman of large fortune with whom Foote had been on terms of intimacy, had actually and in sober truth gone to see himself produced upon the stage by his quondam guest; and, says Davies, "while loud bursts of laughter from the boxes repeatedly acknowledged the writer's and the actor's skill, the best of it was that the gentleman himself made one of the audience, enjoyed the jest very heartily, and applauded Mr. Foote for drawing his portrait so admirably well."

This Socratic state of mind, however, did not to the last remain Mr. Ap-Rice's friend. The *Author* ran through the rest of Garrick's season, and became greatly popular. Kitty Clive's *Becky* was a companion picture to Foote's *Cadwallader* which in its kind, Horace Walpole says, the stage had never equalled; and both took the piece for their benefit at the end of the season. Foote reviving on the same night Dryden's *Spanish Fryar* and playing the part of Gomez. Thus far Mr. Ap-Rice's philosophy had not worn out. But when he found that the closing of the theatre did not close the laugh against him, but that, while Foote had carried his other self to Dublin, he could never show his proper self in any public place, park, assembly, or coffeehouse, without loud whispers of "*Cadwallader*" and secret laughter and pointing, he laid aside the philosopher, took counsel with his friends, and, on the wit's return and resumption of the part at Drury-lane, after consulting Garrick whether or not he should fight him,* finally resolved to move the powers of the Lord Chamberlain against

him. He was a man whose influence corresponded to his wealth, and he succeeded. It is curious enough that the prohibition of any future performance of the comedy, by the Duke of Devonshire, reached Drury-lane on the morning of the night appointed for Foote's benefit, when he and Kitty Clive were to have appeared in *Cadwallader* and *Becky*, after acting *Shylock* and *Portia*; and though, in accounting for the enforced change, he addressed the audience with great spirit against the edict of the Chamberlain, of course it prevailed, and the *Author* was suppressed.

The suppression was made the most of by Foote's enemies, but that even those who enforced the law took no very grave view of the offence appeared in the same Lord Chamberlain's concession to him soon after of a licence for the Haymarket, and in the marked acknowledgment he made for that service in the dedication of his comedy of the *Minor*. Here he describes the many gloomy apprehensions inspired by the Stage-licensing Act; hints at the wrongs the poor players expected from it; says that when "its direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own;" and then thanks the Duke of Devonshire for having thrown open, on the borders of Parnassus, a cottage for those who had no ambition to enter its palaces. The first use he made of this cottage was to furnish it which the *Minor*, the original draft of which had already been played in Dublin with a reception so doubtful, that all his friends warned him against persisting in a satire that trenched on such delicate ground. But he was not the man to run away in fright at a hiss which on that occasion told him nothing more than that his blow was hitting hard and its aim was true; and making use of the failure, therefore, but as a means to greater success, he strengthened the plot, introduced new characters, and, on his return to London to open his newly-licensed Haymarket, produced fearlessly this masterpiece of wit.

But before describing it, some account of that visit to Dublin should have mention, because Tate Wilkinson first publicly appeared there with Foote. The son of a preacher who had made himself very popular at the chapel of the Savoy, and who, pre-

* Garrick's advice gives us at once a laughable idea of Mr. Ap Rice's size and eccentricity, and of Foote's quickness. Lord Holland told Mr. Moore that when the propriety of challenging Foote was

submitted to Garrick, all he said was, "My dear Sir, don't think of doing any such thing; why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist."

suming on the supposed privilege of the place, granted licences in defiance of the Marriage-act, was transported for the offence, and had to leave his wife and son to what charity they could find,—the lad had long been oscillating between the play-house and the meeting-house, before Shuter picked him up one day at Whitfield's tabernacle, and took him to Garrick. At the interview he imitated Foote so cleverly that the result was an engagement of thirty shillings a week for small business at Drury-lane; but, by the same introduction, on a day not long after, he imitated Garrick to Foote with so much greater effect, that it produced an offer to accompany the latter to Dublin and take part in his own engagement. And when, long years afterward, the old man wrote his memoirs, he remembered with what eager joy, when the time to go to Dublin came, he waited on Mr. Foote at the Bedford; and how, in one hour after, they set off in a post-chaise, with Mr. Foote's servant on horse-back; and how they only travelled that night to his little cottage at Elstree in Hertfordshire, though they afterwards travelled together post to Holyhead; and how, when Mr. Foote met upon the road great people that he knew, and who would have had him join them, he always declined, and managed instead to be half a day before or behind ("for," says he, "with all their politeness, they expect the best accommodation, or, if they offer you preference, you cannot in policy or good manners accept it"); and how, finally, when they had embarked at Holyhead, there was a great storm, and the cabin was crowded, and poor young Tate was very ill, yet "Mr. Foote was well, and walking most of the night from place to place."

Truth to say, indeed, that little glimpse back into the Dublin journey is one of the few passages in Tate Wilkinson's *Memoirs* or *Wandering Patentee*, full as they are of allusion to the great wit and mimic, where we find anything characteristic or real. In the rest of the nine volumes little more is discoverable than the egregious self-flattery of a vain old actor, who, even while his every page bears unconscious admission that but for Foote his name could not have been heard of, is yet so bewildered with conceit and uncontrolled managerial ways, that in the man who had thus made him wholly what he was, and on whose brains he lived all his life, he would but querulously show you the mimic who could not endure himself to be mimicked, and the author who never felt grateful enough to the actor who helped

him by his personations. It would be almost incredible that these books should exhibit so few entertaining traces of long years of intimate connection with such a humorist as Foote, but that it is with men of intellect as with the world itself—they contain what you can find in them, neither less nor more; and a man who carries nothing of the gentleman or wit in himself, will quite vainly attempt to hit off a wit's or a gentleman's likeness. Wilkinson never saw anything in Foote but the sharp high voice, the quick look and laugh, the comical strut and scrape, the whimsical twitch of the chin, which he found it so advantageous to imitate; and Churchill, impatient always of his brother satirist, struck at him behind his shadow.

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic power endued,
This man a mere mere mimic's mimic stood.

But to see a mimic mimicked proved a great attraction in Dublin; for though Foote played Bayes, Sir Penurious, Fondlewife, Buck, and Cadwallader, he was in nothing more successful than in his *Tea* with Wilkinson for his pupil; and when the latter unexpectedly threw in his imitation of the imitator, the audience insisted on its repetition, and more than once, notwithstanding Foote's well-understood dislike, compelled *Tea* to be substituted for the entertainment offered in the bills. The same popularity attended it at Drury-lane in the brief season which closed with the prohibition of Mr. Cadwallader; and when, after a successful trip to Edinburgh, Foote returned with Wilkinson to the Irish capital in the winter of 1759-60, he played the round of all his parts with the addition of Shylock and Don Lewis (in *Love makes a Man*), and still found the *Tea* and the *Diversions* most followed. But by this time his pupil's head had been a little turned, and Mr. Wilkinson no longer conceals his surprise that Mr. Foote should pass his time so exclusively with great people while he is himself in a garret. The reception Foote enjoyed both at the Castle and at the first private tables is enlarged upon by Cooke also; but besides his wit he had other claims, for the Duke of Bedford was now Lord-Lieutenant, and the Duke's jovial Mr. Rigby was Foote's old friend, and to him were rehearsed the chief scenes of the *Minor* before the attempt at its representation was made. It failed, as we have said, and Foote came over to London in some ill-humor;

and at the Bedford soon after, Murphy saw him, "dashing away at everybody and everything," and so describes him to Garrick in a letter which hits off perhaps even something of the manner of his conversational ridicule. "Have you had good success in Dublin, Mr. Foote?" "Pooh! There was not a shilling in the country, except what the Duke of Bedford, and I, and Mr. Rigby, have brought away. Woodward is caterwauling there, and Barry like a wounded snake, and Mossop sprawling about his broken arms with the rising of the lights, &c."

But his spirits returned with the triumphant reception given at the Haymarket to his re-written comedy. Terrible and unsparing was the satire embodied in Mrs. Cole, and not content with giving the character all the force it could derive from his own acting, though with it he doubled Mr. Smirk, he also spoke an Epilogue in the character of Whitfield, whom he dressed at and imitated to the life. The instant success was unexampled. After the first night further opposition was quelled, and it ran that season continuously through more than forty performances. "I went two or three nights," says Tate Wilkinson, "but with great difficulty got admittance, the crowds to see it were so numerous." The season having closed, it was carried to Drury-lane, though not without a determined effort there to intercept it by authority. "Did I tell you," writes Walpole to Montague, "that the Archbishop" (Thomas Secker was then the primate) "tried to hinder the *Minor* from being played at Drury-lane? For once the Duke of Devonshire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the Duke has restored some. Foote says he will take out a licence to preach *Tam Cant* against *Tom Cant*." An existing letter of the Lord Chamberlain's confirms this, but shows that the Archbishop declined to correct or alter any specific passages. "His Grace," writes the Duke from Chatsworth to Garrick, "would have authorized me to use his name to stop the *Minor*, but I got off from it." Then, after stating that he had sent to Foote, through Mr. Pelham, a recommendation to alter some passages liable to objection, he adds, "His Grace would not point them out, so I think very little alteration may do. This to yourself: let me hear what has passed." The real truth was, not only that the satire was generally felt to be of a kind that under decorous protest might be expected to do far more good than harm, but that the most dignified and decorous of

the protesters were afraid of meddling with the satirist. When the good-natured Secker was afterwards asked why he had not taken the Lord Chamberlain's suggestion of altering any passages he disapproved, he quietly replied that he had no wish to see an edition of the *Minor* announced by the author as "corrected and prepared for the press by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Certain it is that such friends of Whitefield's as had the courage to risk encounter with Foote came off worsted from the conflict. His *Letter to the Reverend Author of Remarks Critical and Christian on the Minor* is a masterpiece of controversial writing, which, if all his other works had perished, would conclusively have established his wit, scholarship, and sense, as of the rarest order. Every line tells. Actors will find nowhere in the language a happier defense of the stage, and all scholars may admire the learning and modesty with which, rejecting for himself any comparison with Aristophanes, he rebukes the insolent ignorance which can find only malice and barbarity in such a writer and such an age. "That was the time when the Attic genius triumphed; when its liberty was pure and virtuous; when a citizen would have gone from a conference with Socrates to an oration by Demosthenes, and have closed his evening with the *Electra* of Sophocles, the *Phædra* of Euripides, the moral scenes of Menander, or the sprightly comic muse of Aristophanes." And whatever our modes of life or measure of learning, we should read still, with an interest practically appealing to us all, the argument of this admirable pamphlet in favor of public amusements and against the zeal that would abolish them on the ground of occasional excess. "What institution, human or divine," asks Foote, "has not been perverted by bad men to bad purposes? I wish we had not a notorious instance before us. Men have been drunk with wine: must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud: must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out, as occupation for the idle, and relaxation for the active. All that sound policy can do is, to take care that such only shall be established, as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequence." He then retorts upon his assailant for calling the *Minor* a farce, and vindicates it from the contemptuous designation. Comedy he defines to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners

of that people among whom it happens to be performed; and he declares its province to be to punish folly as the state punishes crime, by making its faithful ridicule of particular offenders an example to the entire community. This, he continues, he had aimed at in the *Minor*; and believing its characters to be not strained above the modesty of nature, nor the treatment of them unsuitable or inconsistent, "it is not," he adds, "the extent, but the objects of a piece, that must establish its title: a poem of one act may prove an excellent comedy, and a play of five a most execrable farce."

Foote was thoroughly justified in thus manfully speaking of his work. Its three acts are worth almost any five we know. Overflowing with wit and good writing, there is also a serious and pathetic interest in them, as Holcroft found when they supplied him with his plot for the *Deserted Daughter*; and there is character in such wonderful variety, that Sheridan was able to carry quietly off from it (a liberty he often took with Foote) what was never missed in its abundance. For who, notwithstanding differences of appearance and race, can fail to see hints of Little Moses and his friend Premium in little Transfer the broker, whom you may know in a minute by his shambling, his withered face, his bit of purple nose, his cautionary stammer, and sleek, silver head? He will dine and sup to any extent with you, and after all not lend you a stiver. But he has a friend that can lend, "a hard man, Master Loader," an unconscionable dog, wanting so much for interest, and so much for premium, and so much for insuring your life, and so much for risk; and when all's done you must take part of the money in money's worth. And besides little Transfer, there is the brisk Mr. Smirk, successor to that truly great man Mr. Prig, introduced into *Taste* ("I remember they took him off at the play-house some time ago; pleasant but wrong.* Public characters should not be sported with—they are sacred.") whom the Duchess of Dupe and all the great people so condescendingly encouraged on his praiseworthy attempt to fill the place of his jewel of a predecessor. "Her Grace indeed gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to Lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk

does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me." Excellently worthy of mention, too, is Mr. Shift the mimic, who was indebted for his rise in life to a greater mimic, a whimsical man who took him into his service, and with whom he remained till, thinking himself nearly equal to his master, he made him one of his own bows and set up for himself. Foote designed this for a laugh at Tate Wilkinson, who just before had set up for himself at Covent Garden on an engagement expressly to imitate him; and in Shift's querulous complaining of the insufficiency of his rewards, Foote's keen knowledge of character already anticipated by some half-century or so the old man's revelations of himself. "And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy? And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an exciseman, I suppose, and so, with an ink-horn at my button hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do." Alas that precisely what never would have done for Mr. Shift, had to do, something less than thirty years later, for the greatest poet of that century!

To depict the present life of the time, to catch the living manners as they rose, was the uniform aim in all these various characters, for in what thus might be called local or temporary we have seen that Foote held the entertainment and uses of Comedy to consist; and though he did not always see quite clearly enough the distinction between a portrait of which you must know the features before you are interested in the likeness, and one of which the features at once reveal their affinity to what constitutes our interest in the whole family of man, it is yet surprising with what skill he can sketch general characteristics in particular forms, and show you the passing society and manners of a period in seeming simply to fix upon his canvas one or two of its isolated figures. Nothing in this respect can be more admirable or true than the family of the Wealthys in this little comedy. You look at them as you would at a picture by Hogarth.

It was natural that after the *Minor* Foote should take higher rank as a writer, as well as a position of greater influence with the public, and by this Murphy did his best to profit in the following year by inducing him to become joint-manager with himself for a summer season at Drury-lane, where the principal incidents were his production of the *Ziars*, and, by way of a civil service to some

* Foote, as we have said, played Smirk as well as Mrs. Cole, and Lord Holland used to say that, according to the report of those who heard it, nothing could equal the whimsical humor with which he gave these words. It was as if he were pointing the comment on his own life.

of his fashionable friends, his consenting to play for a fine and very fastidious gentleman, son of the great Bentley, a comedy called the *Wishes*, only noticeable now for the vast fuss that was made about it. There was a sort of private rehearsal of it at Bubb Dodington's grand villa on the Thames, which Foote superintended, and where the Parnassus was composed of Bubb himself, the two Chief Justices, the author, his nephew Richard Cumberland, and Lord Bute; on which occasion, apparently not a little to Foote's amazement, the author produced a most prodigious prologue, wherein the flattery of the young king and his favorite so egregiously transcended all safe bounds, that not even the favorite's presence prevented Foote's quiet remark, This is too strong. Horace Walpole, a great friend of Bentley's, describes the scene. "The prologue concludes with Young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friends. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. Indeed, said Augustus's friend, *I think it is.*"

Another description of what passed we have from Richard Cumberland, who, after a laughable detail of Bubb's lace, fatness, grandeur, and absurdity, says he saw Foote's wicked wit indulging itself at the expense of his entertainers all the evening, as he afterwards indulged the public in the *Patron*. In this excellent comedy he had indeed turned to admirable use the experience thus acquired of what he called the ignorance of pretenders to learning and the parade and vanity of their affected protectors. He thought it the best he had written up to the time of its production, and undoubtedly it belongs, with the *Minor*, to the higher order of his pieces. Its leading notion, that to patronize bad poets is to the full as pernicious as to neglect good ones, is happily expressed in its hero, Sir Thomas Lofty, who, also the hero of fifty dedications, is yet a tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb, and, without genius, judgment, or generosity, has been set up for his wealth alone, by underling bards that he feeds and broken booksellers that he bribes, as a sharp-judging Adriel, the muse's friend, himself a muse. The plot chiefly turns on Sir Thomas's having secretly written a play, the entire credit of the authorship whereof, with all its chances of success or damnation, he presents to an enthusiastic young friend. As the young gentleman's the play is accordingly produced, and damned; whereupon Sir Thomas, with more than the unruffled temper and equability of a Sir Fretful, encourages his friend under the disaster which

he effects to consider wholly his. The public are blockheads; a tasteless, stupid, ignorant tribe; a man of genius deserves to be damned who writes any thing for them; but courage, dear Dick, the principals will give you what the people refuse; the closet, the critics, the real judges, will do you that justice the stage has denied. Print your play—"My play! Zounds, Sir, 'tis your own!" "Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!"

All the details of this comedy are equally rich and effective. In the entire acting drama we do not know a succession of more telling points for a true actor than the three scenes that deal with the failure of the play: the first, in which Sir Thomas receives, act by act, the account of its cold reception and gradual damnation, from his footman, his coachman, and his tailor, whom he had stationed in the theatre to witness it; the second, in which a chorus of egregious flatterers who had most fulsomely praised his trashy epigrams as extravagantly to his face abuse his luckless comedy in the same hope of currying favor with him; and the third, in which his agony of fear under the threat of exposure compels him at last to purchase silence from Dick by the bribe of his niece's hand. Compared with these, even Sheridan's Sir Fretful is weak; and Foote himself not only acted the part every night, but also a characteristic little sketch of an irascible West Indian, Sir Peter Pepperpot, which he had brought in for the mere sake of an individual portraiture it enabled him to give.

We cannot stop to do justice to the bitter sarcasm with which the underling bards and broken booksellers spawned from such patronage as Lofty's are also handled, but the extraordinary frequency with which Foote introduces matter of this kind into his comedies leaves us at least not doubtful of the view he took in regard to the relations of literature and publishing in his day; and, we may add, the distinction he is careful to mark between the hack and the gentleman in authorship, he more rarely recognizes in the bookselling branch of the trade. Only a couple of summers before the *Patron* was acted he had introduced into his *Orators*, from which the threat of an oak-stick was alone thought to have saved Johnson, a publisher and printer of much consideration and dignity; an alderman in Ireland, and though with but one leg a pompous person everywhere; who had corresponded with Swift, who still corresponded with Chesterfield, who was understood to have advised privately sundry Lords Lieutenant, and who had a

Journal of his own through which he continued to give advice publicly to Lords and Commons in both kingdoms; whose numerous foibles had mightily amused Foote in all his visits to Dublin, and who on a recent visit to London had shown them off in such flourishing exuberance, that the temptation to put him in a farce was no longer resistible. Yet opinions differ still as to George Faulkner, and one cannot quite make out whether or not his self-satisfied and sleek exterior covered anything that fairly provoked and justified satire. Cooke says that his peculiarities were but trifling, and his manners unoffending; on the other hand, Cumberland says that so extravagant were they, and such his solemn intrepidity of egotism and daring contempt of absurdity, that they fairly out-faced even Foote's imitation, and set caricature at defiance. This also is borne out by what Isaac Reed remarks of his ludicrous affectation of wit and fine society, and his perpetual boastings, in the teeth of every disadvantage of age, person, address, and his deficient leg, of lavish favors from the fair sex; nor can there be a doubt, we think, especially since Lord Mahon's publication of suppressed passages in the letters, that what in Lord Chesterfield had been taken for an honest admiration of his sense, was after all but a humorous liking for his absurdity. He makes him his pleasant butt, and is always laughing in his face, for the enjoyment of his grave reception of it.

But granting so much, the mere corporal infirmity should have restrained the mimicry of Foote, who now bodily transferred to the Haymarket, wooden leg and all, Alderman George Faulkner by the title of Mr. Peter Paragraph. That he had thus selected for derision a man with such defect, the satirist too soon had cause to lament; but for the rest we fear we must even say with Mr. Smirk that it is pleasant if wrong, and certainly we cannot wonder that Foote's Peter, a caricature of a caricature, should largely have attracted crowds to laugh at him. Hardly had the *Orators* exhibited Mr. Paragraph, however, when Lord Chesterfield hastened to tell George Faulkner that Mr. Foote, who he believed had been one of George's symposion in London, was "taking him off" in his new farce, and hadn't he better bring an action against him? for, says his Lordship, with the humor he always passed off upon Faulkner for gravity, though *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard in the case of Algernon Sydney, yet my Lord Coke in his incomparable Notes upon Littleton,

my Lord Chief Justice Hales in his Pleas of the Crown, my Lord Vaughan, Salkeld, and in short all the greatest men of the law, do, with their usual perspicuity and precision, lay it down for law that *agere est agere*; and this being exactly Mr. Foote's case, he shall hold himself in readiness to receive any orders in the affair, for retaining counsel, filing a bill of Faulkner *versus* Foote, or bringing a common action upon the case. Nothing can be greater fun than the letter, all through; and the mischievous old wit must have been amazed indeed when his advice was taken seriously, when the case of Faulkner v. Foote did actually appear in the Dublin law-courts, and Faulkner absolutely triumphed in a verdict, though he obtained but nominal damages. However, he got himself compared to the Greek philosopher whom the Greek wit ridiculed, which was a feather in his cap; and he made a great deal of money, first to last, by printing and selling large numbers not only of the original libel, but of the counsel's speeches at the trial, and he received congratulations from Lord Chesterfield for a victory which the divine Socrates had not influence enough to obtain at Athens over Aristophanes, nor the Great Pompey at Rome over the actor who had the insolence to abuse him: though, to be sure, the post of the very next day took a letter, only recently published, from the old peer to the Bishop of Waterford, rejoicing at George having made his enemy his footstool, but professing amazement that their philosophical friend should not have practised a noble contempt, instead of being so irascible as to go to law!

"Fear of Foote" had suppressed this passage when the letters to the Bishop were published, and it was a feeling, prevalent through society, not even temporarily abated by Faulkner's unexpected legal success. Opportunity and leisure for reflection, doubtless for unavoidable reproach, were soon perforce to visit him; but his position was never so strong, his influence never so much dreaded, as after the verdict of the Dublin jury against him. A couple of months later, he put jury, counsel, judge, and all into a comic scene, and played it at the Haymarket; and in the same summer he gibbeted the Duke of Newcastle, ex-premier of England, by the side of Justice Lamb, fish-salesman and ex-militiamajor of Acton, in Matthew Mug and Major Sturgeon of the glorious *Mayor of Garrett*. Who has not enjoyed this farce more than half the comedies he has seen?

Its writer now stood at the highest point of his worldly fortune. It seemed impossible

that in the career he had chosen there could open to him anything beyond it. Never had such splendid seasons rewarded him at the Haymarket as those in which the *Patron* and the *Mayor of Garrett* were produced, and never did his personal position appear more enviable. In Paris the preceding year he had been not the least prominent figure in the group of celebrated Englishmen who thronged there at the declaration of peace; on his return his popularity with various classes of his countrymen could hardly be exceeded; and in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, says the elder Colman, he preserved always an easy and noble independence. He had now enlarged both his town and his country house, he drove as good horses as any in the Mall, his dinners and wines were famous, and he had lately spent fifteen hundred pounds on a service of plate, which he justified by remarking truly enough that the money was more likely to continue with him in that form than in one he could more conveniently melt down. Perhaps no man's celebrity took so familiar as well as wide a range. The very boys at Eton had him down to show him about the college, and their Captain asked him by way of reward to repeat to them the best of his sayings.* It is to his credit to add that he always remembered literature as his calling, and that its place should be first in his regard. One night of the run of the *Minor*, when peers had been sent away from the overcrowded theatre, he put himself to grave inconvenience that he might get Gray and Mason into a side-box; when a flippant fine lady of his theatre complained of the humdrum man Doctor Goldsmith was in the green-room compared with the figure he made in his poetry, he explained to her with delicate wit that the reason of it was that the Muses were better companions than the Players; yet at the same time, at his dinners, Cooke tells us, where his guests of rank and fashion were sure always to find themselves among writers and actors, he never busied

himself less for the comfort of a poor player than for the entertainment of a royal highness. Gilly Williams describes at this very time the return of the King's brother from the continent. "The Duke of York on his arrival went first to his mother, then to his Majesty, and directly from them to Mr. Foote."

Better for Mr. Foote that he had not gone to him, for together they afterwards went on a visit to Lord Mexborough's, and here, in hunting, he rode a too spirited horse, was thrown, and received so severe a hurt that his left leg had to be amputated. The story went that he had his jest nevertheless, even under the knife of the surgeon; but his letters to Garrick tell a different tale. He feels in all its bitterness the calamity that has fallen upon him, the blow which has struck him in that height of his prosperity. It is several weeks after the accident, yet he is still at Cannon-park, and, notwithstanding some flattery of appearances, looking upon his hold in life to depend on a very slender tenure. Yet he can rejoice to hear of his friends success in the *Clandestine Marriage*, which Lady Stanhope had told him of the night before, and one can see that his heart is touched with a gratitude to Garrick which he finds it difficult to give adequate expression to. He falls to praising his wife, and says from what he has seen, and all he has heard, Garrick will have more to regret when either of them dies than any man in the kingdom. And then poor fellow, he fears he has explained himself imperfectly. "I do not know whether the expression be clear in the last period but one, but I mean your separation, whichever occasions it—but in truth," he adds, "I am very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! it is incredible all that I have suffered." Yet he hopes he may still be spared to express in person some part of his thankfulness to dear Mr. Garrick for all his attention and goodness.

While these letters thus display the real kindness of heart that existed between these celebrated men, old Lord Chesterfield was telling Faulkner with eager satisfaction that Heaven had avenged his cause by punishing his adversary in the part offending. The same thought had of course occurred to the satirist himself. "Now I shall take off old Faulkner indeed to the life!" was the first remark he made when what he had to suffer was announced to him.

Such compensation for the suffering as the Duke of York's influence with his brother

* Mr. Selwyn mentioned that Foote, having received much attention from the Eton boys, in showing him about the College, collected them round him in the quadrangle, and said, "Now, young gentlemen, what can I do for you to show you how much I am obliged to you?" "Tell us, Mr. Foote," said the leader, "the best thing you ever said." "Why," says Foote, "I once saw a little black-guard imp of a chimney-sweeper mounted on a noble steed, prancing and curveting in all the pride and magnificence of nature.—There, said I, goes Warburton on Shakespeare."—*Diary of a Lover of Literature*, by Thomas Green.

could obtain awaited him when he left his sick-room. The King had granted exclusively to him for life, at the Duke's instance, a royal patent for performances at the Haymarket from the 14th of May to the 14th of September in every year. It enabled him to do what he had long desired. He almost entirely rebuilt the theatre, erected a handsome new front to it, and opened it, a year and a half after his accident, in May, 1767, with a *Prelude* of infinite humor and wit, and with cheerfulness to all seeming undiminished. He played during the season, too, several of his favorite parts, as well as that capital tragedy for warm weather which reached him anonymously from Dodsley's shop with the title of *The Tailors*. Yet it took no very piercing glance to discover the change the man had undergone. With all his high comic humor, says an actor who watched him nightly, one could not help pitying him as he stood upon his one leg, leaning against the wall, while his servant was putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump:—*he looked very sorrowful*:—but, instantly resuming all his fun and mirth, he hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected, their plenty of laugh and delight.

And without intermission he supplied this, replenished yearly from his own stores of invention, until 1776. There are few such examples on record. Nine original dramas, of which eight were three-act comedies, formed the produce of his literary labor in the same number of years, interrupted as these were by visits to Dublin and Edinburgh, and occupied as they always were with the anxieties of management, with the toil of acting almost every other night, and with many intervals of sickness and pain, of which they bear no trace. In character they are to the full as admirable as any we have described, in wit as lively, as hasty in the management of plot, but as prompt and pointed in their keen and rapid satire, and with all the perfection of unsuperfluous dialogue, the natural minuet of expression, the quick clear talk of real life, in which we hold Foote's writings to be incomparable. Among them were the *Devil on Two Sticks*, the *Lame Lover*, the *Maid of Bath*, the *Nabob*, the *Bankrupt*, the *Cozeners*, and the *Capuchin*.

Not the least successful was that with which he resumed his pen, the *Devil on Two Sticks*, in which, too, the satire was unusually genial. It was fair game to laugh as he did, and as Molière had already done, at the disputes and malpractices of doctors; to make

fun of even the good Doctor Brocklesby's eagerness for high-seasoned political news; and to hit at Mrs. Macaulay through her disciple Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, who threatens to niche her brother into the great republican history of the day, wherein she promises him, though perhaps too late for the historical text, that he shall be soundly swung in the marginal notes. His last comedy before his illness was the *Commisary*, also partly borrowed from Molière, but in which he had indulged a bitterness of personal ridicule against Doctor Arne which makes the contrast of this more striking. One hears with no surprise that every one took it good-humoredly; that Mrs. Macaulay sat side by side with Horace Walpole when, after unsuccessful attempts to get places for himself, he was fain to be content with admittance to his niece Cholmondeley's box; and that from another full-length figure in the piece, Sir William Browne of the College of Physicians, Foote received pleasant intimation that his portrait was inexact in only one particular, and as he had omitted the President's muff he begged to forward his own. Zoffany, who had already painted a fine Major Sturgeon, produced one of his masterpieces in a scene of this play. Foote bequeathed it to Mr. Fitzherbert, and it is now in the collection of Lord Carlisle.

The *Lame Lover* followed, and was not inferior in wit, in success, or in the propriety of its satire. In *Sir Lake Limp* he laughed at Prince Boothby, so called for his love of rank, whose mother, believed him to have been Fielding's Sophia Western, was one of his own greatest admirers; and it was here he put what cheerful face he could on his misfortune, represented his own stump as he had represented Faulkner's, and played off a grand battery against the law.* Less allowable was the satire of the *Maid of Bath* in

* Foote's jokes against attorneys would fill a volume, but space may be spared for the grave communication he made to a simple country farmer who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, and who was complaining to him of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hatbands, scarves, &c. "Why, do you bury attorneys here?" asked Foote. "Yes, to be sure we do: how else?" "Oh! we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised; "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other, in amazement, "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell; all we know is, there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

ridicule of the miser Long (Miss Tylney's Mr. Long), and his alleged conduct to Miss Linley. For though Mr. Moore's account of the affair is upon the face of it ridiculous, and it is understood that the reparation made was greatly induced by Foote's exposure, which Garrick would surely not have countenanced by a prologue if he had not known it in no small degree provoked,* the subject was of too private a nature for this kind of public handling, and the piece illustrates nothing now so forcibly as the grave mistake its writer too often made in giving such direction to his wit.

Next came the *Nabob*, and who needs to describe him after Mr. Macaulay's sketch, dissolute, ungenerous, tyrannical, ashamed of the humble friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy yet childishly eager to be numbered amongst them, squandering his wealth on panders and flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most costly hot-house flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs, and jaghires? Most deservedly did this comedy attract crowds to the Haymarket, and among them Nabobs themselves not a few. Indeed a pleasant story is told of two East Indians of high rank and influence calling in Suffolk street to chastise the author of the satire and staying there to dine and make merry with him. Each cries "that's not levell'd at me!" It is certain that two persons were supposed to be chiefly aimed at, Sir Matthew White and General Smith, the latter being, like Foote's Sir Matthew Mite, the son of a cheesemonger, and the Suffolk-street story appears to be confirmed by a curious passage in a letter of George Garrick's to his brother written after the comedy was played, in which he mentions it as an extraordinary fact that Foote was going to dine with General Smith at Sir Matthew White's, and likewise lie all night there, and this by strong invitation. "Foote is afraid" he adds, "that they will put him in the coalhole."

The assault upon sentimental comedy in his celebrated *Puppet-show* succeeded the *Nabob*; but the piece written for the pup-

pets, *Piety in Pattens*, of which you were to learn by the moral how maidens of low degree might become rich from the mere effects of morality and virtue, and by the literature how thoughts the most common-place might be concealed under cover of words the most highflown, was never printed. All that remains of it is a lively exordium spoken by Foote himself, lavish of learning and pleasantry, and in which, among other things, there is a laugh at Garrick for his Stratford Jubilee. For this affair unhappily had brought a coolness again between the friends. Garrick's stewards, and wands, and mulberry medallions, and white-topped gloves, and fire-works that would not go off, and rain and dirt dragged masquerading, and above all William Whiteheads silly lines to him—

A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too—

so utterly overthrew the wit's patience that he proposed to have a pasteboard imitation,* and to cap the couplet with "Cock-a-doodle-do!" But the Marquis of Stafford interposed, and unexpectedly at his door the two managers met. It was the genial dinner-hour, and as they alighted from their chariots significant looks were exchanged. Garrick broke the silence. "What is it, war or peace?" "Oh, peace by all means!" said Foote, with frank good will. And he kept his word.

The laugh in the Puppet-show exordium was good-natured, the interchange of hospitalities between Hampton and North-End was resumed, and each became again the other's affectionate servant. A dinner is proposed by Foote, at which the guests are to be common friends, and to the invitation Garrick pleasantly responds that, whether himself inclined to North-End or not, a small attention to his honor would have to take him, as Mrs. Garrick was resolved, in case of any prudery on his part, to go alone. Nor does Foote's gallantry fail him in return. We have before us an unpublished letter † in which he de-

* "Pray, Sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?" asked a lady of fashion. "Oh dear, Madam, no," replied Foote; "not much above the size of Garrick." Horace Walpole describes to one of his correspondents the interference of Lord Stafford mentioned in the text, "Garrick," he says, "by the negotiation of a Secretary of State, has made peace with Foote, and by the secret article of the treaty is to be left out of the puppet-show!"

† Another of this date, which has not yet seen the light, is sufficiently brief and characteristic to be appended here:—"You and I are a couple of buckets; whilst you are raising the reputation of Shake-

* Richard Cumberland and Garrick visited him together on the eve of the production of this comedy, walked with him in his garden, heard him read some of its roughly-sketched scenes, enjoyed a good dinner with him, to which he had pressed them to stay, and had superlative wine. Foote lived at this time at Parson's Green, where Theodore Hook afterwards lived; but the country house he was most partial to, and occupied the greater part of his life, was at North End.

scribes a compliment he had ventured to pay Mrs. Garrick in a new piece, and, as the compliment is not now to be found in his published writings, the reader may not object to see it here. The superiority of female government is asserted from the flourishing state of Spain, France, and England, governed at the same period by the Princess des Ursins, Madame de Maintenon, and the Duchesse of Marlborough, when, an objection being made from the success of Drury-lane theatre under the acknowledged direction of a man, to weaken the plea he too is said to have the good fortune to be assisted in his councils by a Madame de Maintenon. Whereupon Garrick's delight revealed itself in a message of cordial congratulation on the success of the *Bankrupt*, which he has heard from a gentleman who loves and understands alike the stage and the law, is Foote's best performance. Among the best it certainly is, for its high and legitimate aim. There was no mere personal bitterness in it. Indeed he struck out of it many allusions that might have given pain to Sir George Fordyce, whose failure from unwise speculation in that year, though it spread wonder and dismay over London, left his character unimpeached; and he levelled it exclusively at knavish manufacturers of bankruptcies on 'Change, and not less wicked inventors of calumnies in the low and prurient press.

It was after the production of this comedy Foote went to Ireland for the last time. In the preceding year he had bid Scotland farewell. Such journeys involved fatigue and endurance in those days, and, though he is now little more than fifty years old, we may see that age is stealing on him. In that journey to Edinburgh,* he wrote to Tate

peare, I am endeavoring to sink it, and for this purpose I shall give next Monday the tragedy of *Hamlet*, the Prince by &c., but even in this situation we shall want your assistance to pull our poet above ground—the Ghost's armor, which if you will give your housekeeper orders to deliver, you will be extremely kind to your affectionate servant, S. FOOTE."

* It was said of him on the occasion of this visit that he gave entertainments unusually extravagant as a rebuke to Scotch parsimony, and used to send his cook to market in a sedan-chair. An anecdote of the visit, which we have from Boswell, ought not to be omitted. Foote was at a large dinner-party, where Boswell also was present, and the conversation turned upon Johnson. The wit instantly made merry at Johnson's expense. And it was very coarse jocularity, says Boswell, and made the company laugh so much that he felt it was not civil to himself. So, as a Roland for Foote's Oliver, he tells them that he at least had lately heard a capital thing from Johnson, whatever other people's experience of him had been. "Ah! my old friend

Wilkinson, he had encountered more perils than in a voyage to the Indies; for, not to mention mountains, precipices, savage cataraacts, and more savage men, he had been locked up for near a week in a village, dirty, dismal, and desolate, by a fall of snow. But he turned with pleasanter thoughts to Ireland. Friends were there who had always welcome for him; the place was associated with his earliest success; and never had warmer greeting been given to him than on his visit after his accident, the first after Faulkner's verdict. Lord Townshend was then Lord Lieutenant, and the Bedford and Rigby hospitalities were redoubled. His plays were commanded more than once, and the result of the engagement was to reimburse a great loss he had undergone at play in passing through Bath to Holyhead, and to restore him to the Haymarket a richer man than he left it. Lord Harcourt was now Lord Lieutenant, and he knew the same kindness awaited him.

Yet there was a touch of sadness in the occasional prologue he had written for his opening night, when he appeared in the *Nabob*. He reminds the Irish that they first had acknowledged his humor as an actor ("you gave, at least discovered first, the vein"), and, contrasting his youthful outset five-and-twenty years back with what he was then to present to them, can find but this subject for self-congratulation in it, that—

If age contracts my muscles, shrills my tone,
No man will claim *those* foibles as his own.

But with his brother actors, before and behind the scene, all was with him as of old. O'Keefe was a hanger about the Dublin theatre in those days, and more than half a century afterwards recalled with a kindly and vivid impression the celebrated wit, with his humorous twinkle of the eye, his smile so irresistible with one corner of his mouth,

Sam," says Foote, "no man says better things; do let us have it." "Why, he said," rejoins Boswell, "when I asked him if you were not an infidel, that if you were, you were an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, you had never thought upon the subject." There was a loud laugh at this coarseness, which of course Foote did not relish; and Boswell declares, with much self-admiration for the disagreeable thing he had been delivered of, he never saw Foote so disconcerted, grave, and angry. "What, Sir!" said he, "talk thus of a man of liberal education—a man who for years was at the University of Oxford—a man who has added sixteen new characters to the drama of his country." And he proceeded earnestly to resent the gross imputation.

and his voice rather harsh except when imitating others. People wondered at him in Dublin, according to O'Keefe, for the dinners and wine he gave, and for what seemed something of a parade of affluence; but this made part of the man. He never saw him, he adds, that he was not surrounded by laughers, for none that came near him could help it; and nothing struck him so much as the effect produced upon him one night, when, sitting in the green-room as usual amid a crowded circle of the performers, all in full laugh at and with him, he was suddenly disconcerted by observing one young actor, who had fixed himself right before the centre of attraction, maintain steadily a calm, grave, quiet face, unmoved by the roar around. It was an actor whom O'Keefe had that very morning seen drilled by Foote in one of his comedies, when he mispronounced a word. "Ha, ha!" cried Foote: "What's that, sarcophagus? the word is sarcophagus; it's derived from the Greek, you know; I wonder that did not strike you!" But the youth had some wit, it would seem, if he had little Greek, and punished Foote in the manner just related.

It was not, however, simply as a jester he had such vogue with his brother performers. They are a kindly, genial race, and Foote was always generous to them. In this respect, certainly, he took the lead of the Drury-lane manager. He seems to have had less of the common vice of the profession than almost any actor on record, for it was assuredly not jealousy of Garrick that made him laugh at the attempt to set Powell above him, and, this case excepted, he was remarkable for his encouragement of debutants. Shuter, Weston, Tate Wilkinson, Castallo, Baddely, Edwin, all these men he brought forward himself, made known, assisted in every way; and it was not alone actors of merit, but the *hoi polloi* of the scene, who experienced his goodwill. Old actors were now with him at the Haymarket, who had been with him since he first went there, whom he had kept till they had long outlived their work, and whose presence on the salary-list he still justified to his economical friend Jewel, by the remark that "he kept them on purpose to show the superior gentlemanly manners of the old school." During this very winter in Dublin he was taken so ill one day at rehearsal that he was obliged to announce upon the stage his inability to play. "Ah, Sir," said a poor actor who overheard him, "if you will not play, we shall have no Christmas dinner." "Ha!" said he at once,

"if my playing gives you a Christmas dinner, play I will!" and, O'Keefe adds, ill as he was he kept his word.

Not many days later his life was endangered by an accident which has not till now been publicly described. He relates it himself in a letter to Garrick, dated on the last day of December, 1773, which has not before been printed, and which leaves as vivid and characteristic an impression of Foote as perhaps any single letter has ever been able to convey of any writer. It requires little explanation. Jewel is his treasurer and secretary, and always faithful friend. The allusion to Macklin is to his recent authorship of plays.* Little Jephson, whom he here so happily mimics on the page, is the same who Afterwards wrote plays that Horace Walpole protested were superior to Beaumont and Fletcher, and would live for all ages. Faulkner needs no description from us, but the reader will compare what he is made to say so sleekly with what we have formerly said of him. Little Dot is the elder Colman. Nor is the allusion to the Literary Club the least curious point of this various and interesting letter. The Club had been in existence ten years, yet Foote, a man to whom the best society of his time was accessible, has only now heard of it!

MY DEAR SIR,—Had it not been for the coolness and resolution of my old friend, and your great admirer, Jewel, your humble servant would last night have been reduced to ashes by reading in bed, that cursed custom! The candles set fire to the curtains, and the bed was instantly set in a blaze. He rushed in, hauled me out of the room, tore down and trampled the paper and curtains, and so extinguished the flames. The bed was burnt, and poor Jewel's hands most miserably scorched. So you see, my dear Sir, no man can foresee the great ends for which he was born. Macklin, though a blockhead in his manhood and youth, turns out a wit and a writer on the brink of the grave; and Foote, never very remarkable for his personal graces, in the decline of his life was very near becoming a toast.

I never saw the *Monitor* you allude to. It is a paper stigmatized here for its virulence. However, it has had no apparent effect upon the public, as it would have been impossible for them to have paid more attention to the nights I have played.

Little Jephson, who owes his establishment on this side the water to me, is (by being smuggled into Parliament) become in his own idea a man of importance. He has been delivered, in a senate frequent and full, of a false conception or two; and is unanimously declared by his colleagues incapable of either facundity or fecundity.

The first time I met with my gentleman was about a month after my landing, at the Parlia-

ment-house. He had fixed himself on the lowest bench next the floor, his arms folded and legs across, the right eye covered by his hat, and the left occasionally thrown on me with an unmarking transitory glance. However, the very polite attention paid to me by the Speaker, the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Conolly, and, indeed, all the men of consequence there, roused the Captain's recollection. He approached me with a cold compliment, and dropped a scarce audible apology for not having called at my door; but public a-a-affairs had-a-so entirely engrossed him, that he had really no leisure to-a-a-a. I own I was ready to laugh in his face; but recollecting a gravity equal to his own, I applauded his zeal for the commonwealth. Begged that no consideration of me should for the future divert his thoughts one moment from the cause of his country. Was afraid I had already taken up too much of his time. Made him a most profound bow. And the Copper Captain in politics with great gravity retired to his seat. I find he has been left by Lord Townshend as a kind of incumbrance upon his successors; but I have some reason to believe that they would be glad to get rid of the mortgage. He has since the interview been very frequent and free with my knocker, but the servants had received proper instructions.

I have often met here a Mr. Vesey, who tells me that he belongs to a Club with you and some other gentlemen of eminent talents. I could not conceive upon what motive he had procured admittance; but I find he is the Accomptant-General here, so I suppose you have him to cast up the reckoning.

I have not seen Alderman Fawcener. I thought myself obliged to take some little notice of him in an occasional prologue. The following is an original letter of his:

"To — Tickle, Esq.

"My most dear and esteemed Friend,—Your concurring in opinion with me the last day we spent so agreeably together, that it would be prudent in me forthwith to call in my *débts*, hath induced me to advertize you that I have commissioned our common friend, Mr. Thomas Croaker, attorney-at-law, to sue you to an outlawry for one hundred pounds, as per bond, with all possible speed. The steady and firm friendship we have ever maintained, and the great esteem and respect I entertain for the valuable memory of your very worthy deceased and ingenious father, Mr. Secretary Tickle, compels me to send you this notice, being, my dearest friend,

"Your most faithful, affectionate, and obedient

"Humble servant till death,

"GEORGE FAWCENER."

I sincerely rejoice in your success, and feel no compassion for Macklin, Kenrick, Covent-garden, nor that little *Dot*, its dirty director. At this season the winds are so variable, that I may possibly see you before you can acquaint me with this reaching your hands. You may assure Mrs. Garrick that flattering is not one of my failings, and that she has the merit of making me constant and

uniform in perhaps the only part of my life—my esteem and veneration for her. Adieu, my dear Sir. A good-night, and God bless you. Take care of the candle.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

He soon followed his letter, and not long after his re-appearance in London produced his *Cozeners*. Here again was legitimate satire. It exposed traffickers in vice, laughed at a money-borrowing adventure of Charles Fox's, and held up to reprobation macaroni preachers, and traders in simony. Here Mrs. Rudd rehearsed what she soon after acted with the Perreaus, and a gibbet was set up for Doctor Dodd three years before Lord Chesterfield hanged him. A clown was also introduced to be perpetually reminded of the Graces, in ridicule of the Chesterfield Letters then just given to the world. Foote had so strong an aversion to these Letters, indeed, that he contemplated also a more elaborate burlesque of them. Lord Eliot told the Boswell party that he intended to bring on the stage a father who had so tutored his son, and to show the son an honest man to every one else, but practising upon his father his father's maxims, and always cheating him. Johnson was greatly pleased with the design, but wished the son to be an out-and-out rogue, providing only that, for poetical justice, the father should be the sole sufferer. Perhaps Johnson's view was the more true, and Foote's the more dramatic.

But an illness intercepted this purpose, which was not renewed, and it was at this time Boswell heard of Foote's having said that he was not afraid to die. Of course it was repeated to Johnson, and it was met by the remark that it was not true. Yet the good old man more truly felt, in another conversation, that it might have been true; that the act of dying is not really of importance, that it matters far less how a man dies than how he lives, and that it will at any rate do him no good to whine. But though Foote was not of the whining sort, he could now hardly fail to mix up, with wearying and depressing thoughts of sickness and approaching age, some sense of life misspent, of opportunities lost, of resources not husbanded, of powers imperfectly used if not misapplied; and accordingly, when he had mastered this illness, at the close of 1774 he wrote to Garrick in contemplation of passing some time on the Continent, and ridding himself of managerial cares. He would go there, he says, not for pleasure but prudence, for he is tired with racking his brain, tired of toiling like a horse, and crossing seas and mountains

in the dreariest seasons, merely to pay servants' wages and tradesmen's bills. He has therefore resolved to let his theatre if he can meet with a proper tenant, and he asks Garrick to help him to one, and kisses Mrs. Garrick's hands.

Such thoughts and purposes, however, were still in abeyance when the idea of a new comedy occurred to him, and brought on suddenly the last and most terrible trial of his life. He was now to have a bitter test unexpectedly applied to the principle on which throughout all his life he had based his habit of personal caricature, and to find it woefully fail him. There was at this time prominent before the world a woman of such notorious vice and such conspicuous station, that it might have been thought, if ever its application should be warrantable, it would be here; yet when he struck at her, she struck again, and her blow proved heavier than his. He had hereafter to reflect that whatever might be the supposed advantages of personal satire it had this enormous disadvantage, that it is the very vice which most invites its exercise that is most able to bear up against and defy its consequence. The sensitive will sink under injustice which the coarse need only laugh at.

The Duchess of Kingston obtained information that he had satirized her in a piece, the *Trip to Calais*, then in the licenser's hands. Through the Chamberlain's office the secret had oozed. She instantly brought all her influence to bear on Lord Hertford. Foote heard of her intention, and wrote a masterly letter to him. An interview with the duchess herself in the presence of witnesses followed, but equally against offers of money and threatenings of law Foote stood firm.* It

* He took it lightly enough at this time. "The Duchess offered to buy it off," says Walpole, "but Foote would not take her money, and swears he will act her in *Lady Brompton*" (a character in Steele's *Funeral*), "which to be sure is very applicable." He would not even hold the Duchess as of any account in the business. "Why has Lord Hertford refused to license my piece?" he repeated, to one who asked that question of him. "Oh, that's intelligible enough. He asked me to make his youngest son a boxkeeper, and because I would not he stopped my play." To those who heard it this had a double meaning. Garrick also thus wrote to Colman (June 25, 1775): "We wanted you much at the election to-day. Foote was in great spirits, but bitter against the Lord Chamberlain. He will bully them into a license. The Duchess has had him in her closet and offered to bribe him; but Cato himself, though he had one more leg than our friend, was not more stoically virtuous than he has been. You shall know all when I see you." A letter of Horace Walpole's is

is clear that he believed himself right, felt his case to be so strong that he *must* triumph, and perceived that if conquered in this instance his vocation as a satirist was gone.

He told Lord Hertford, therefore, that if he saw good to enforce the law against him, it would decide his fate for the future. After such a defeat, it would be impossible for him to muster up courage enough to face folly again. Yet even with this grave forecast of a life made profitless, he would not shrink from claiming the addition of a *Plaudite* to the *Valeat res ludicra!* During his continuance in the service of the public, he had never sought to profit by flattering their passions or falling in with their humors. On all occasions he had exerted his little powers, as indeed he thought it his duty, in exposing foibles, however much the favorites of the day, and condemning prejudices however protected or popular. Sometimes he believed he had done this with success. At any rate, he had never lost his credit with the public, because they knew, whatever errors of judgment he might have committed, he proceeded on principle. They knew that he had disdained being the echo or the instrument of any man, however exalted his station, and that he had never consented to receive reward or protection from any other hands than their own.

Lord Hertford felt the difficulty, and seems to have done his best to act fairly in the circumstances. He saw Foote and suggested a compromise. Foote at once conceded that he would remove any particular passages pointed out as overstepping the fair limits of public satire, but to this the Duchess flatly refused consent. Nothing would satisfy her but entire suppression. For this she would even remunerate him, but no other condition would she tolerate. In a second interview at Kingston-house, in the presence of Lord Mountstuart, he rejected "splendid offers" to this effect then made to him. He still held himself safe. He could not believe, as he wrote to Lord Hertford, that because a capricious woman conceived that he had pinned her ruffle awry, he should be punished by a poignard struck deep in his heart.

But he did not know the antagonist with

worth adding:—"The dame," he writes to Mason (August 5, 1775), "as if he had been a member of parliament, offered to buy him off. Aristophanes's Grecian virtue was not to be corrupted; but he offered to read the piece, and blot out whatever passages she would mark that she thought applicable to her case. She was too cunning to bite at this; and they parted."

whom he had to deal, or that the wound was indeed to be mortal. She had now to call to her aid a man as devoid of principles as herself, and with even more abundant means of giving effect to his reckless audacity of wickedness. This fellow, one Jackson, an Irish parson who afterwards became involved in treasonable practices before the outbreak of the Irish rebellion, and poisoned himself in prison on the eve of the day appointed for his execution, at once opened all the batteries of most unscrupulous libel against Foote. The effect may be imagined of the use of money without stint, in the execution without remorse of such a scheme. It is appalling even yet to turn to the newspapers and pamphlets of that day, and see the cold and cruel persistence in the attacks against the great humorist, into whose vortex even journals calling themselves respectable were drawn.

Foote at last showed a certain sign of quailing under it. A cry of pain was wrung from him. He offered to suppress the scenes which had given offence, if the Duchess would give directions that the newspaper attacks should not continue. This, it is true, was after the visit of one of her friends, a member of the Privy Council, who had eagerly interceded for her: but in whatever way elicited, it presented itself as a triumph, and so she treated it. She rejected his offer with contempt, and called him not only a base coward and a slanderous buffoon, a merryandrew and a theatrical assassin, but struck at him with even fouler and more terrible imputations. Walpole has described her letter and its sequel. "Drunk with triumph she would give the mortal blow with her own hand, but, as the instrument she chose was a goose-quill, the stroke recoiled on herself. She wrote a letter in the *Evening Post* which not the lowest of her class, who tramp in pattens, would have set her mark to. Billingsgate from a Ducal coronet was inviting; however, Foote, with all the delicacy she ought to have used, replied only with wit, irony, and confounding satire. The Pope will not be able to wash out the spots with all the holy water in the Tiber. I imagine she will escape a trial, but Foote has given her the *coup de grace*." Soon after he wrote to Mason, "What a chef-d'œuvre is Foote's answer!" to which Mason responds, "I agree with you in thinking Foote's answer one of the very best things in the English language, and prefer it in its kind: Mr. Pope's letter to Lord Hervey is nothing to it." "The Duchess is a clever sort of woman," said a country

squire who had received some services from her, "but she was never so much out in her life as when she ventured to write a letter to Mr. Foote."

Masterly and complete as the answer was, however, it was written with an aching heart. Openly Foote would not now shrink, but her stab was rankling in him. She did not escape her trial. She was arraigned for bigamy before her peers, was convicted, stripped of her title of Duchess, and, as Dunning threatened her, might have been burnt in the hand, but that meanwhile the death of her first husband's brother, Lord Bristol, had given her still the right to that privilege of peerage she claimed, and which, enabling her to leave the court punished only by a lower step in the rank of nobility, left the record of those portentous proceedings, partly a State Trial and partly a History of Moll Flanders, to carry its traits of dignified morality and justice down to succeeding generations. But though her trial was thus over, Foote's was but to begin. He resolved to drag forth the secret libeller and fight the matter out with him. He recast the *Trip to Calais*; struck out Lady Kitty Crocodile; put in, under the guise of a low Irish pimp and pander whom he called Dr. Viper, his hidden slanderer Dr. Jackson; and announced the first night of the *Capuchin*.

The comedy was played at the Haymarket a few months after the Kingston trial, when Foote played Dr. Viper and threw into it his bitterest pungency of manner as well as words. It was successful, yet with a difference from old successes. The house was packed with enemies, and, though the friends were strong enough to carry it against opposition, the opposition was strong also enough still to make itself heard. Jackson's libels had not been without their effect, even within the walls of the Haymarket. "There was great applause, but rather more disapprobation," says Miss Wilkes, when she saw it, some nights after the first. Nevertheless, it was acted until the theatre closed. Jackson had meanwhile resolved that if possible the theatre never should reopen, and he took his measures accordingly.

Such was the character of the libels against Foote, and their inveterate frequency between the closing of that season and the opening of the next, that it soon became obvious the matter could not rest where it was. The impression became general that, without first applying authorized means to arrest the calumny, the Haymarket must remain shut. Notices to this effect appeared in the respect-

able journals. But, whatever Foote may have felt, his attitude betrayed no discomposure. He took no public notice of the rumors. His advertisements appeared as usual, only a little later; and at the close of May he opened his season of 1776 with the *Bankrupt*. The house was crammed, men of rank and men of letters were in all parts of the theatre, and something too evidently was expected. It broke out as soon as Foote appeared, when such was the reception given him by a small knot of people stationed in the gallery that all the ladies present in the boxes immediately withdrew. But even then he showed no lack of courage, and the spirit and feeling with which he at once stepped forward and addressed the audience produced a sudden revulsion in his favor among those who before had shown indifference. He appealed to their humanity and justice. He had summoned his libeller into the Court of King's Bench, and that very day the rule had been made absolute. Were they not too noble and too just to discard an old servant without giving him time to prove that he had never been unworthy of their favor, and would never disgrace their protection? The comedy was permitted to proceed, and a riot was not again attempted.

But Jackson had not yet thrown his last stake. He had hardly been convicted as a libeller in the highest common-law court, and publicly dismissed from the paper which had to make a formal apology for his libel, when there appeared suddenly at Bow-street a discarded coachman of Foote's, a fellow of the worst character, whom the subsequent proceedings branded with unspeakable infamy, who preferred a charge against his late master giving open, confessed, and distinct form to all the unspeakable rumors for which Jackson had been convicted. We spare the reader the miserable detail. For months Foote was kept with an accusation hanging over him, of such a kind as to embitter the most unsullied life against which it might be breathed. Every artifice was used to prolong the time of trial. But meanwhile he proved his friends. There was not a step in the preparation of his defence which was not solicitously watched by Garrick. "I have been most cruelly used," Foote at last writes to him, "but I have, thank God, got to the bottom of this infernal contrivance. God for ever bless you." "My dear, kind friend," he writes the following day, "ten thousand thanks for your note. I shall make the proper use of it directly. I am to swear to an information this evening. My spirits are

much better, but I am fatigued to death with such a crowd of comforters; I have this instant got rid of a room-full. May nothing but halcyon days and nights crown the rest of your life! is the sincere prayer of SAMUEL FOOTE.

With such crowds of comforters flocking round him, he was able to play his various comedies as usual, and is said never to have played better. So far from being abandoned, so far from any one doubting or turning from him, Cooke says that "his theatre, from the first moment of the charge to the close of the trial, exhibited a continual assemblage of rank, learning, fashion, and friendship. Among the two former classes particularly are to be numbered two royal Dukes, the late Duke of Roxburgh, the Marquis of Townshend, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Fitzherbert, many foreign noblemen, and a group of others of the first respectability."* Mr. Dunning was his counsel, and, the case having been moved into the King's Bench, Lord Mansfield was his judge. The charge had scarcely been stated before it was demolished, and the special jury, even refusing to turn round in the box, at once cried out together, Not guilty. But hardly could it have been guessed, until this issue was known, what a deep and sensitive suffering Foote's manliness and spirit had concealed. Murphy hastened from the court to Suffolk-street to be the messenger of the glad tidings, when his old friend, instead of manifesting joy, fell to the ground in strong hysterics.

His theatre was soon let to Colman, and under the new management he played but thrice. A few months before that final appearance we get our last near glimpse of him, and see one of the last flashes of his humor. It is at the Queen's drawing-room in January, 1777. Greeted heartily by all around him, made to feel that his infamous persecutors had not been able to sully his name, singled out for recognition by his sovereign, the old spirit for a while reasserts its

* Cooke does not mention, but it is well worth recording here, that the King also took occasion during the interval to command the Haymarket performances, when perhaps the solitary instance occurred of a play damned in the presence of royalty. It was the *Contract*, taken by Dr. Thomas Franklin from the *Triple Marriage* of Destouches, and was played after one of Foote's comedies. When Foote lighted the King to his chair, his Majesty asked who the pieces were written by! "By one of your Majesty's chaplains," said Foote, unable even then to suppress his wit; "and dull enough to have been written by a bishop."

away. "Sir George Warren," say Cumberland, who also was present, "had his Order snatched off his ribbon, encircled with diamonds to the value of 700*l*. Foote was there and lays it upon the parsons, having secured, as he says, his gold snuff box in his waistcoat pocket upon seeing so many black gowns in the room."

In May, 1777, he played at the Haymarket for the last time, in the *Devil on Two Sticks*. Cooke saw him, and says his cheeks were lank and withered, his eyes had lost their fire, and his person was sunk and emaciated. A few days later he left town for Dover, not without the presentiment that he would never return. He had a choice collection of pictures in Suffolk-street, among them a fine portrait of the incomparable comedian, Weston, who had died the preceding year; and on the day before his journey, after examining them all in a way wholly unusual with him, he suddenly stopped as he was leaving the room, went up again to Weston's picture, and, after a steady and silent gaze at it for some minutes, exclaimed with tears in his voice, "Poor Weston!" and then turning to Jewel, with what sounded as a tone of sad reproach for his own fancied security, "it will very soon be *poor Foote*, or

the intelligence of my spirits deceives me."

He reached Dover on his way to France on the 20th October, 1777, attended by one servant. He had suffered much fatigue on the journey, and next morning at breakfast was seized with a shivering fit, under which he sank in three hours. Jewel had at once been sent for, and arrived only to take charge of the body for removal to London. But before he left Dover he wished to leave some memorial there of the death of a man so celebrated, and this faithful servant and treasurer, who had been for years in attendance on him, who knew all his weakness, all his foibles, all that most intimately reveals a man's nature in the hard money business of the world, could think of nothing more appropriate for his epitaph in the church of St. Mary than to express how liberal he was in spending what too many men use all their care to keep, and he therefore ordered to be cut upon the marble nothing about his humor or his genius, about his writing or his acting, but that he had a "hand open as day to melting charity." And so we may leave him. He lies in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, without any memorial either in stone or marble.

COSTUME IN FRANCE.—It is curious to observe the remarkable change in fashions and taste that has taken place since the Empire. Nearly all the exquisite simplicity which was the characteristic of female dress in France has disappeared. Gorgeous ornaments and vivid colors are the order of the day. I saw, on one occasion, a lady, noted for the elegance of her costume, appear at a *soirée* in a toilet very much resembling that of a savage queen. Her gown was of light red, her bracelets and necklace of coral-beads, larger than hazel-nuts, and her head was decorated with pieces of coral and feathers. Had she been even beautiful, she would have appeared ridiculous. The ladies say they are compelled to this sacrifice of taste by the adoption of brilliant uniforms laden with gold and silver embroidery by the courtiers and all public functionaries. The change is curious, because Frenchmen have long struggled successfully

against the national taste, which is all for show and gorgeousness, as is evinced, says one of their writers, by the immense popularity of the dahlia flower. The Empire has not yet had much influence on male costume, except by the re-introduction of frock-coats with long skirts. But it was once seriously contemplated to make an entire revolution in this respect—to suppress moustaches, and enforce tight breeches and a sort of top-boots. The Emperor, however, did not think it would be expedient, on reconsideration, to make Paris picturesque in this fashion, and contents himself with setting a good example at Compeigne, where, with a true appreciation of elegance, he resorts sometimes to the costume of the last century, and shames his court into magnificence by wearing fine frills and pendent wristbands of Malines lace.—*Bayle St. John's, Purple Tints of Paris.*

From the Eclectic Review.

THE TARTAR CONQUERORS.*

THE close of the fifteenth century introduced a remarkable period in the history of man. The great unsettled confederacies, which, up to that date, had existed, began to form themselves into solid empires. They had long, indeed, acknowledged supreme heads, but the various states were virtually isolated and independent. No general compact, acknowledged by the superior potentates of Christendom maintained a recognized system, or held the balance of power. Each pursued its own course, regardless of external influences. In Spain, a crowd of little kingdoms divided the sovereignty of a rich soil and an active population. In France, the grand feudatories of the crown were vassals only in name, and by the extent of their dominions, the strength of their arms, and the fierceness of their character, were often more formidable to the central throne, than that throne was to them. In England no monarch had taught the barons how to submit, or how to become less haughty; but, as the sixteenth century drew near, new principles sprung out of extraordinary events, and a change came over the political aspects of Europe. A depressed and broken aristocracy in England, emaciated by civil wars, began to unite under the House of Tudor, not because their jealousies were at an end, but because their forces were exhausted. Had they, indeed, ceased from their rancorous emulation, each might have been content to hold his own; but the supremacy which neither would yield to the other, they all offered, in pure malice, to the king, who was courageous and adroit enough to profit by their dissensions. The French, after expelling their English invaders, joined their great fiefs, one by one, under a single sceptre. The Spaniards, by conquest and marriages, and the sense of a common danger, were gradually brought under one authority. Thus the fires that had desolated three of the finest countries in Europe, continued only to rage in the German and Italian

states. But the accidents which made Charles V. a distinguished monarch, aided in accelerating the main result. His vast acquisitions rendered him an object of terror to the other Christian sovereigns. They were jealous of his glory, and fearful of his ambition. Out of these feelings arose naturally that new policy known as *the balance of power*; for in order to keep one mighty rival within bounds, nations began to agree that none should enlarge its territories so as to become dangerous to the rest. Cupidity and blindness often broke this public European law; but an international system was at last acknowledged, and had the effect of giving permanence to states and kingdoms.

This historical process we have glanced at, because it supplies a parallel to something very similar which happened in Asia, though in different ways, and not to the same extent. Immense conquests had been made by those soldiers of genius known popularly as Jenghiz and Tamarlane, by which names—since they are familiar—we prefer to designate them. These acquisitions were moulded into empires of vast proportions, which afterwards when the minds that first surveyed and ruled them had departed, broke into smaller kingdoms which carried on struggles among themselves, until, after the balance of power had begun to be established in Christendom, permanent states first rose, amid the subsiding fermentations of politics in the East.

A brilliant, but terrible power had long been advancing from Asia, and threatening the civilization of Europe. The rapidity with which the Ottoman Sultans swept the world, from their original borders as far as Egypt, surprised and alarmed all the Christian potentates. But as their neighbors increased in power, the progress of their legions was checked, and Europe, perhaps, owed as much to the victories of other Tartar chiefs as to the achievements of the pious and gallant knights who fought with consecrated arms against the enemies of their religion, their manners, and their liberties.

In that great repository, in which are deposited the historical trophies and achievements of the human race, the Tartars occupy

* *A History of India under the first two Sovereigns of the House of Taimur, Baber and Humayun.* By William Erskine, Esq. Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

too retired a position. Their influence on the destinies of the world has been immense; they have nurtured the greatest conquerors; and though they have accomplished little for which future gratitude will attach to their name, the part they have played in the grand but sad arena of imperial conflicts, has been so illustrious that history must give them its volumes, and become splendid by narrating the acts and fortunes of their race. The southern countries of Asia and Europe have from the most distant ages been exposed to invasions from the north, which has poured out its migratory inhabitants, century after century, to exchange their native wilds for more genial and fruitful regions—entering some, and quitting them like a storm, but settling in others, and displacing the original tenants of the soil. In ancient times, these hosts, which issued from the great nursery of conquerors round the Arctic circle, were Scythians, Germans, or Gauls; but in later ages they have been, in Asia, the Tartar tribes alone.

The name Tartar has been rendered familiar only since the twelfth century. European writers have generally comprehended under it that family of the human species, which ranges over the immense territory extending from the Himalaya Mountains, from the river Oxus, from the Euxine, and the Caspian Sea, as far as the Northern Ocean. The tribes dwelling there may differ from each other in language, and even in origin; but the appellation, by Christian historians, is applied to them all, though it is unknown to themselves as a general term, and never properly belonged even to any considerable proportion of them. It seems originally to have belonged to that nation which we now, whether philosophically or not, distinguish as Mongols or Monguls, and by one of those expansions so common to foreigners, has been erroneously applied to nearly the whole of the inhabitants of northern Asia. It is hopeless at this day to rectify the error, as well as by no means desirable, since a general denomination is necessary, and if the familiar one were dropped, a new one quite as false would probably be invented.

There are historical traces of eruptions from the Tartar deserts towards the south in very remote ages; but they began to overflow in huge volumes, and to acquire a permanent ascendancy in modern times, immediately before and after the tenth century. Large bodies of them traversed the frontiers and settled in the dominions of the Saracen khalifs; two hundred years later they follow-

ed, in enormous legions, the standard of Jenghiz Khan, and more than a century after they broke out of their wilderness on every side, to triumph and plunder at the signal of Amir Taimur, so celebrated in the west as Tamarlane.

Adopting the appellation of Tartars, we find the tribes included under it consisting of three grand divisions or races, all differing from each other in language, institutions, and manners. The first are the Tunguses and Mantchus, in the east of Asia, north of China. The second are the Mongols, or, as they are called by the Persians and Indians, the Moghuls, who are settled chiefly in the central territories north of Tibet, and far westward in the deserts untraced by geography and untravelled by explorers. The third are the Turks, who have held, during many centuries, the large regions stretching still westward of the Mongols, from the wilderness of Koli, as far as the Wolga and the Don. On the south, they spread to the Caspian lake, on the north to Siberia. A few tribes, belonging to each division, are found out of these territorial limits; but the Turks occupy the largest country, are the most numerous, and fill, perhaps, the most conspicuous portion of Tartar history. That family of them which settled in European Turkey is only a limited branch, since, though Ottomans are all Turks, there are millions of Turks quite distinct from the Ottoman nation. In fact, each of the main divisions of the Tartar race is broken down into an infinite number of smaller tribes, generally independent of each other, managing separately their own concerns, and particularized by special names. Though, for the sake of convenience, the appellations Mantchu and Mongol are used, these names are unknown to the nations which bear them. The tribes, however, who speak the Turki tongue, appear to acknowledge themselves as Turks.

Divided as they are, the Tartar races are, nevertheless, united by customs and institutions prevailing among them all. They are invariably, in their own regions, pastoral; indeed, they could not be otherwise. Each nation has its own range of wanderings within which it moves from spot to spot; carrying its families, flocks, and habitations from colder to warmer regions, from scarce to abundant pastures, from dried up or bitter water-pools, to sweet and copious springs. This necessity, common to them all, has produced uniform customs. All their dwellings consist of tents or moveable huts; flocks of cattle, sheep, and horses, constitute their

wealth; milk is their principal food, to which is occasionally added a little flesh; and they despise the cultivation of the ground as well as those people who live on corn, or, as they contemptuously express it, on the top of a weed. These barbarians are right, unless our modern philosophers are wrong, who tell us that everything should be eaten in its natural state—grapes unfermented, and, therefore, if they are consistent, corn should be eaten in its natural state, which is a poor and worthless weed.

The women attend to all domestic cares, watch the children, prepare food and clothing, and assist in tending the flocks. The men, when they reach a country containing game, delight in the chase, and live like centaurs, perpetually mounted. Such an existence nurtures them in habits of fatigue, renders them careless of privation, accustoms them to the quick movements of soldiers, and has frequently, when Russian conquest found its way into their homes, driven back the enemy with shame and loss. The Czars have recognized these qualities, and their Cossack troops are imitations of the Tartar hordes; but the desert-bred horseman dwindles under the whip of the drum-major, and is no longer able to stand the shock of his old brothers by blood, the Ottomans, who sprang originally from the same soil, and enjoyed the same independence as his forefathers.

This independence is a characteristic of the Tartar nations, and they lose it when they are transplanted. Their form of government, though not uniform, is generally some modification of the patriarchal; the spirit of a clan unites each tribe; hereditary usages have the power of laws, and the elders, or "grey-beards," are consulted on occasions of importance or danger.

Of the three races thus distinguished, and thus inhabiting those deserts, the most eastern, or the Manchus, though their historical achievements have been considerable, merit the least attention. They are far from being so brilliant as the other nations of the same family. About two hundred years ago, they marched over high mountains, and conquered China, where they have since remained, savage and unteachable, and whence they will probably be expelled. During earlier inroads, many of their race had already been established within the Chinese frontier; but they continued unknown to the historians of Persia and of India, and never exercised any direct or perceptible influence on the fortunes of those countries. Once, indeed, in our own days, a Manchu army looked down on the

valley of the Ganges from the heights above Nepal, but they were driven into Tibet, and never appeared again.

But the Mongols or Moguls, who were seated between the Manchus and the Turks, played a most important part, though for a brief period, in the history of Asia. For several ages, the different Tartar races or tribes in the north had carried on war with each other, uninterrupted by the surrounding nations, when Jenghiz Khan, the chief of a small and obscure tribe called Mongols, having suffered many misfortunes, was at length restored to authority, and became conspicuous among the heroes who were celebrated in desert songs. The young damsels who chaunted in their tents every evening, promised victory to the young chief, who was followed with ardent love by every warrior in the camp. Gradually he subdued a number of the tribes around, and united them into one martial nation. At the head of this confederacy he suddenly appeared in China, cut to pieces the native armies, and set up his throne in Peking. Yet there he refused to stay, though with such a bright and rich empire at his feet. He returned into Tartary, and attacked the most powerful tribes, compelling them one by one to own his sovereignty, until he found himself in command of a host in which each legion was like a nation. Already he reigned as far as the Persian borders; but Europe was still ignorant of the terrible genius which had sprung up in a region beyond the scope of her curiosity. Swiftly, however, he followed the way which others of the same race had previously opened, crossed the Taxis, marched through the rich, populous, and refined countries of Central Asia, and whenever he came to a city, paused to sack and plunder it. His ravages swept over Khorasan and the encircling provinces, over Persia and Armenia, and, in another direction, as far as the Indies, where it is now included within our empire. Not yet content, he added to the increasing surface of his sway the wide plains of Khazars and Kumans, beyond the Caspian.

The march of his army was like a plague. The Tartars killed and mutilated as if their victims had not been human. A dreadful track of ruin marked the course by which they went and came. It was their policy to leave no enemy that could rise up in their rear, so that they slaughtered all, except such women and youths as were beautiful enough to be sold at great prices into servitude. Massacres became their daily de-

light, and such wide regions did they drench with blood, that the word *Mogul* is still used as a malediction in the East. The imaginary beings, known in our nurseries as *Ogres*, derived their ideas and their name from the *Oighurs*, a tribe which first resisted *Jenghiz Khan*, and then marched in the van of his armies, when they overran the east of Europe. So ferocious and cannibal were they, that at the sight of them women died, and children were smitten with insanity. The successors of *Jenghiz* made full use of the Tartar thirst for carnage. On one side, into Southern China, on the other, as far as Vienna, they carried the alarm of their victories; and had the inheritors of this enormous dominion possessed the genius of him who founded it, all the princes of Christendom might have been forced to league, that civilization itself might not be rooted up by Asiatic savages. Within one century, however, this empire, which had spread from the Korean Sea to the Adriatic, had dissolved, and was replaced by a number of separate kingdoms, which, in the year 1400, were annihilated by *Tamarlane*.

The *Mogul* supremacy, therefore, lasted about seventy years in a solid state, and about a hundred more as an imperfect confederacy. Yet, rapidly as it passed away, the renown of *Jenghiz Khan* was so brilliant, that every Mussulman sovereign in Asia is to this day flattered if genealogists can trace the sources of his lineage to the blood of the first *Mogul*. Nevertheless, the *Mogul* power has so utterly disappeared in the South, that one little tribe alone, between *Herat* and *Kabul*, exists to show that the mighty *Jenghiz* ever ruled across the *Taxartes* river.

Third in order, but greatest in fame, is the *Turki* nation. They possessed originally a vast region, occasionally encroached upon by the *Moguls*, but, on the other hand, much extended by conquest. They seized the surrounding territories nearly as far as *Moscow*, on one side, and *Moldavia* on the other; while, in a third direction, they migrated into the deserts which intersect *Khorassan* and *Persia*.

In their own territories, the *Turks* have always remained pastoral and simple. Beyond them, they have frequently made splendid displays of their national character. They have, in the most cultivated parts of the East, acquired and transmitted an influence superior to that of the original inhabitants. They served in the palaces and armies of the *Khalifs*, and many a slave of the *Turki* race rose in the course of years to wear the purple

and bear the regalia. Gradually the nation itself grew into ascendancy; they led their flocks into *Turkey* and *Persia*, degraded sovereigns into subjection, and founded many kingdoms, of which the traces still remain. While they proceeded in this triumphant career, the sun of *Jenghiz* suddenly blazed over Asia and eclipsed them for a time. Not one of their chiefs was yet equal to him. But his brief empire passed away, while theirs incessantly spread; the Ottoman dominion was planted, and a power was thus born which alone of the Tartar monarchies survived and became a part of the system of the modern political world.

At the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, *Amir Taimur*, or *Tamarlane*, arose. Under his command a Tartar deluge broke out of the North through all the countries to the south of the Caspian Sea, into *Syria* and *Asia Minor*, and, under the same invader, into *India* as far as *Delhi*. Contemporaneously, the *Mameluke* dynasty was established in *Egypt*, and thus the *Turki* family of *Tartars* for centuries ruled a great portion of the old world, and have left to the present day memorials of their government and their manners, from the Straits of *Gibraltar* to the desert on the *Yenesei*, and from the limits of *Hungary* and *Poland* to the farthest boundaries of *Hindustan*.

While the Tartar tribes were influencing that part of the world which was external to their native deserts, events happened which produced great changes within themselves. Among other occurrences, the *Uzbek* family became, first a tribe, then a nation, and then a confederacy, and then gave birth to one of the greatest conquerors described by history. While the neighboring populations, having overrun so large a portion of the earth, were dividing the spoil and settling within frontiers, the ancestors of *Baber Khan* were extending their reputation and their power. The rapid course of fortune which in the East has so often borne a slipper-bearer from his footstool to a throne, carried the descendants of *Jenghiz* swiftly on their career of success and command. The process by which they gradually combined a number of tribes into a martial union is a narrative full of heroic episodes, but too intricate and too closely studded with names that appear and vanish like shooting stars, to be analyzed or compressed. However, in the fourteenth century, *Taimur*, the founder of a new dynasty, which flatterers traced to a heavenly lineage, carved an empire out of the waste lands of

the world. At his death this vast dominion was divided, and Ferghana, in Central Asia, descended through various hands to Baber, who speedily emulated his great predecessor's renown. It was he who built up the Mogul throne in Hindostan, and this link, connecting his history with our own, drew Mr. Erskine into the study of those exciting events and those wonderful periods in the history of man on which he based the remarkable work suggestive of this article. Had he lived to complete it, there is little doubt that our literature would have been enriched by a book as rare in its character, and as interesting in its contents, as any we possess on the wild and brilliant story of Eastern conquest and rule. As it is, the volumes now published are masterpieces of learning, of criticism, and of narrative. They explore passages of Indian history which had been neglected; they lead us past the profound researches of the French (the English had made none) into the original archives of Asia, and the result is, as we have said, a work which, for integrity and value, has not often been exceeded.

Passing on from the introductory pictures, representing the Tartar races rising in their own deserts and overflowing their natural frontiers, to the lives of Baber and his son Humayun, we follow the course of Tartar conquest in India. Baber was by his flatterers traced to a collateral lineage with Jenghiz Khan, so that the dynasty he founded in Hindostan was called the Mogul.

The vicissitudes of this wonderful man's career may be rapidly recounted to show of what elements the history of such a conqueror consists. He first succeeded to the throne of the little kingdom of Ferghana, which, while still a youth, he had to defend against invaders on all sides. The neighboring territory of Samarcand, a rich and populous country, was then convulsed by domestic anarchy, and Baber interrupted its revolutions by suddenly taking possession of it. While thus engaged, his brother revolted at home, and, marching to quell him, a rebellion rose behind him, not only in his new dominions in Samarcand, but in Arbejan also, and he lost them both. The campaign restored him the latter, and the former he regained for a short time; but at that juncture a Tartar chief, named Sherbana, suddenly sprang to great power, and, for a while, the star of Baber was completely eclipsed. He had once to capitulate, and twice to escape from captivity. Nevertheless, his mighty spirit rose under these disasters; he had still the

charm of a famous name, and new armies came round his flag. While Sherbana ruled in his paternal kingdom, he marched away and conquered the important territory of Kabul, and then Candahar, returning occasionally to harass his enemy and rival. Gradually ascending eastward, he entered Sindh, and subdued it; then Moultan fell before his arms, and the splendid region of India lay before him. Thus brought within reach of what had been his nation's greatest ambition, he half forgot the throne he had lost, and four times successively, at the head of a powerful host, he attacked the kings of India. As many times they drove his forces back; but he invaded their frontiers once more, and at last victoriously. From Umballa he marched to Delhi; from Delhi to Agra, and through the provinces around, until the family of Lodi rulers passed away for ever. Not even the Rajpoots could resist his extending authority. Their cavalry was routed; their fortified cities were burned; Baber left them prostrate and crossed the Ganges, gradually increasing the circle of his sway, and at last restoring himself for awhile to the possession of his ancient inheritance in Central Asia. At his death, in 1530, he left the character of an illustrious monarch, enterprising, ardent, frank, gifted with fine talents himself, and peculiarly sensible of merit in others. He was born while every neighboring throne was occupied by his relatives. Scarcely was he grown to manhood when not one of these remained; he was the sole remnant of his house, and yet he planted a brilliant and powerful dynasty. Humayun, his successor, with inferior qualities, inherited the same difficulties and perils. His empire had been acquired by his father only five years before, and the labor of conquest was still going on. The people and the chiefs were not unanimous in his favor. The kingdom around Persia, Samarcand, Bokhara, Hissa, Balk, and Hindostan itself, contained many daring spirits aspiring to the throne. We therefore follow Humayun without astonishment, through infinite changes of fortune. We perceive him struggling with armed rivals on every side. After a long conflict, he broke the independence of Central India, and curbed the chiefs of Malwa and Guzerat, though these dominions were scarcely acquired before they were again wrested from him. He next conquered and lost Bengal, and at length fell from the throne of Hindostan, which saw itself once more under the Afghan race of kings. Humayun, at first, enjoyed a fluctuating author-

ity in Sindh, but was speedily a fugitive, and passed from the deserts into Persia, where he began to rise once more. He subdued several countries, while still an exile from his father's empire, and then determined again to seat himself in Agra, which purpose he accomplished only a short period before his death.

The history of Humayun is a wonderful and romantic story; but perhaps one of the most striking episodes in it relates to his brother, who, being faithless to his royal relative, was pursued, assailed, and defeated. Nothing remained but to dispose of him. Now Baber's last command to Humayun was, that however any of his brothers might offend, he should never put one of them to death. Mr. Erskine proceeds to describe the catastrophe. "Though strongly urged on every side, Humayun obstinately persisted in refusing to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood; but he resolved, by depriving him of his eyesight, to render him unfit for public life. For this purpose he ordered the mirza's servants to be removed from about his person, and supplied their place by some of his own. He instructed his ewer-bearer, Jouher, from whom we have the detailed particulars of this event, to watch the interior of the tent, and on no account to yield to sleep for a moment. Jouher went on duty about afternoon prayers, when the unhappy prince asked for a prayer carpet, and having received it, prostrated himself in prayer." (Vol. ii. p. 413.) He asks his guard what is to be done with him, and Jouher evaded a reply by saying, "His Majesty the emperor is most merciful." Thus the night passed away. Next morning, Humayun gave orders that his brother's eyes should be lanced, and set out on his march, giving orders that the victim should follow him when he had suffered his punishment. The servants, however, disputed about the task, each wishing to put it on another; at last, three of them galloped after the emperor to appeal

to him. "Nobody will do this deed," said Ali Dost, a chief officer. "Thou," exclaimed Humayun, "what has come over thee? Go thou and do it." Jouher, the ewer-bearer, tells the sad story:—"Having received this order, we returned, and Gholam Ali said to the mirza (the emperor's brother), 'O mirza, would that Almighty God tore my tongue from the roots rather than that the words I speak should come from my mouth. But for the commands of princes there is no remedy. The orders are to lance your eyes.' 'Kill me at once,' said the mirza. Gholam Ali replied, 'None dares so far surpass his orders as to kill you.' He then proceeded to execute the work. Having folded a handkerchief, which he had in his hand, into a ball, to serve for a gag, the ferash (an inferior servant) thrust it into mirza's mouth as he struggled. They then held his hands, dragged him out of the pavilion, laid him on the ground, and struck the lance into his eyes—such was the will of God—fifty times, more or less. Like a brave man, he did not utter a single groan; but when a man sat down on his knees he said to him, 'Why do you sit on my knees? Will you not leave off?' Except this expression, he breathed not a complaint, but maintained a perfect manly firmness, till they poured some lemon juice and salt into his eyes. Being then tortured beyond endurance, calling on the name of God, he exclaimed aloud, 'O Lord! for the offences which I have committed in this world, surely, I have suffered retribution, and may now entertain hopes of my future salvation.'"

When Humayun met his sightless brother, he could not refrain from sobbing aloud, and loaded him with affectionate expressions. Such are the miserable acts by which power seeks to preserve itself against that envy which an unnatural elevation excites. Mr. Erskine's history abounds in such illustrations. It is a work, indeed, not often exceeded in interest, and it decides the reputation of its author.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

TERESA BANDETTINI, THE IMPROVISATRICE.

AMONGST the many curious means to which Lucca had, occasionally, recourse in order to maintain an independence, disproportioned, it must be confessed, as the world goes, to her size or physical force, not the least curious, perhaps, were the talents of an Improvisatrice, which were crowned with the most complete success. Judging by my own experience, I am under the impression that the profession, if I may so call it, of an improvisatore or improvisatrice is very imperfectly understood, and greatly underrated by the generality of untravelling English, I think it may not therefore be misplaced to say a few words upon the earlier life and studies of one of the most celebrated of her class.

Teresa Bandettini was born at Lucca somewhere about the year 1765, in the humblest ranks of life, and was another instance of the struggles against annihilation, which the unfostered spark of genius is generally compelled to make, before it finds or recognizes its proper sphere. For beneath the reach of moral cultivation, that spark which, however, brooks not repose, first manifested itself in her by a sort of grace in her movements, so far different from those of her companions, that at an early age she was admitted as a dancer at a minor theatre; and for some years her parents were not only content but proud to receive a miserable pittance for such an exercise of the talents of her who was destined to be crowned Poetess and Improvisatrice at the Roman Arcadia, to be the theme of the verses of Mazza, of Monti, and of Alfieri, and finally to save her country from what must have been a fatal surprise, by the respect and the prestige with which her name was surrounded. But, however satisfied were her mediocre parents, very different was it with herself, who still felt "that within which passeth show." Her introduction to the theatre gave her access to some books of poetry, and, fortunately for her, amongst them were Metastasio and Tasso. The healthful young appetite at once recognized and seized with avidity upon the congenial fare. She devoured all the poems which by any means she could

procure; and her wakening soul thirsting still for more, and, like all young people, believing that what they desire is to be found somewhere in the world, if they only seek for it, she left Lucca and made her way to Florence. It is said that she had not been long there when, from reading poetry, she proceeded to attempt writing it, and, between such attempts, (which, however, were far from prefiguring her future greatness,) and the soul which she now began to throw into her dancing, she there received the name of the "Figurante Poetessa," or the poetical dancer. That her fame and name were still confined to the lowest circles is evident from two circumstances: firstly, that she was utterly unknown during that period to the celebrated *Corilla Olimpica*, that the most famous improvisatrice of the world, who was then at Florence; and secondly that, while there, she married a buffo dancer named Landrini, who became the *bête noir* of her after-life. Though worldly inexperience, however, caused her thus in one way to undervalue and throw herself away, conscious genius still whispered that she had not yet found its sphere; and away she went once more in search of it.

This time she arrived at Bologna, and there, patronized by the Count Ludovico Savioli, author of the classical little work called "Amori," she seems to have made her first step upon that path which was at the opening covered with thorns destined, as she advanced, to disappear amongst clustering roses. She here wrote a little poem in four cantos, entitled, "The Death of Adonis;" and, showing the manuscript to her patron, he returned her the poem not only elegantly printed at his own expense, but adorned with the first engravings of Francesco Rosaspina. This timely and delicate aid enabled her to abandon her early profession, so unworthy of her talents; and encouraged her to decide upon trusting her future fortunes, or at least, subsistence to extemporary recitation. I do not know exactly why she did not continue longer at Bologna; but she left it for Ferrara, where she had some very trifling suc-

cess, through the indulgent protection of the poet Manzoni. From thence she went to Venice, then to Padua, still with only such success as, while enabling her to support existence, was far from satisfying that thirst after fame which some one says is the inseparable companion of genius.

From Padua, Teresa Bandettini went to Verona, and here there took place another sort of crisis in her fortunes, the reverse of that which befell her at Bologna. Verona was at that time the Athens of the North of Italy; many are the names both of men and women, dear to Italian literature, who were there assembled. But it was not that circumstance alone which made any literary or artistic success difficult there just then; there was yet another which exerted its baneful influence more directly upon the particular branch for which La Bandettini came to solicit their suffrages. Just before her arrival there had departed from amidst those brilliant circles one of those gifted beings, which, rare everywhere, are unknown in colder climes. The Duke Gasparo Mollo, young, handsome, rich, noble, with a voice of the most silvery sweetness and cultivated flexibility, and possessing the gift of singing extemporary poetry, had been for some time the attraction of all eyes, the delight of all ears, and, if all be true, the idol of too many hearts. Having received from nature these two latter, and peculiarly southern gifts; the talent of composing extemporary verses, and a soft delightfully musical voice for singing them—which though no study can ever give, never can be carried to perfection without it,—his position in life enabled him to second them by such advantages as fall to the lot of few. Paëliello, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, and other musical composers, whose names are nearly as well known in England as in their native land, were his contemporaries, and the talents of each and all were put into requisition, in order to compose airs peculiarly adapted to the voice and powers of the noble amateur, who seems to have possessed besides the rarest and best of all gifts, and which, in fact, gives value to all others, namely, that of keeping within the rôle for which nature had qualified them.

Feeling, or at least believing, that his talents did not extend to sublimity of conception, great powers of imagination, or even exuberance of fancy, he caused airs to be composed to suit the different metres of poetry then most in vogue; and by adapting his extemporary effusions to these varied airs and measures he contrived to prevent

that disagreeable monotony and consequent weariness which must otherwise have been the result, especially as he laid down and adhered to the rule never to allow more than one subject to be proposed for the exercise of his talent in the same evening. For instance—on one occasion he was given as a subject, the Creation of the World. After a few minutes given to reflection he decided upon dividing it into five parts; each part being of a different measure, and sung consequently to different airs. The first contained the description of the Almighty Father, surrounded by his angels, as he is represented by Michael Angelo in the Sistini Chapel at Rome, about to inspire Adam with the breath of life. The second division contained the surprise of Adam when he looked around him on Creation. The third, the creation of the Woman. The fourth, the dialogue between Adam and Eve. The fifth, the hymn of thanks of both to their Almighty Creator—and with this variety in music and in measure, given by such a voice, it is easy to understand that even where he did not deserve applause, he never failed to excite delight; and that criticism itself was taken captive by his graceful tact and ingenuity. Nor was it the least proof of these latter qualities that, while doubly enjoying his success from the very consciousness that it was beyond his deserts, he prudently resolved to withdraw himself from its scene before his dazzled admirers should have time to cool into critics, and while unsated enthusiasm was sure for a time to increase by absence.

Such was the predecessor whom Teresa Bandettini offered herself to replace, and such the moment selected or doomed for that offer. But before proceeding to the result, it is desirable to have some more precise idea of the attractions she had to oppose to his. She was at that time about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. In appearance she was one of those whom nature seems only to sketch out, leaving the outlines to be filled up according to the circumstances that may befall in after-life. For instance, she was of good stature, tall enough to have become a fine woman, when acknowledged genius, and its consequent triumphs, added dignity to the air of good society, to the carriage and movements already graceful from her early profession, yet not tall enough to have rescued her from utter insignificance had her circumstances continued adverse. Her features were fairly enough formed; but though her eyes were of the intensest black, large and well

opened, it was not until cultivation drew forth the latent fire from the depths of her soul that they became brilliant and expressive; and her well-carved mouth only assumed its smiling expression in reflecting that which the world so profusely lavished on her at last. When she made her appearance at Verona, none of these favorable circumstances had taken place. She was a plain, poor, uneducated, inexperienced woman, without even the attraction of a superior voice, though after cultivation rendered it sufficiently agreeable, endeavoring to leave the miserable trade of a second or third-rate stage dancer, by the force of a talent which she declared herself to possess, but which the want of cultivation prevented from appearing; and as if to fill up the measure of her disadvantages, she was accompanied by a low, stupid, obtrusive husband, who during her or his whole life, in any circumstances, was seldom a moment absent from her side, or failed to throw the weight of his dullness into the sparkling gaiety of her conversation.

Such was the person who, without presumption however, or even that self-confidence which for a time imposes on the many, but from the mere necessity of procuring the means of living—a motive in itself the last to propitiate those from whom those means are expected—offered herself to the fastidious society of Verona, to replace the gay, brilliant, handsome and accomplished cavalier who only asked sweet smiles and brilliant glances as the guerdon of his cultivated and elegant talents. Poor Teresa!

Mortified, abashed, and discouraged, she fled rather than withdrew from Verona; probably had she had the means of existing, however miserably, without further appeals to the public, that moment would have sealed her doom, and lost to Italy one of her brightest modern ornaments; but necessity though a rugged is a healthful and health-inspiring nurse. She went to Mantua, and there at once boldly announced an evening for exhibiting her talent as an Improvisatrice, with permission offered to any or every one present to propose a subject. The announcement was startling, and fortunately for her, and for all who ever after heard her, it attracted the attention of one of those guardian angels of man's earthly happiness, whose visits are indeed "few and far between," who, spying out the obstructions to it, occupy themselves in endeavoring to remove them. The Count Girolamo Murari suggested a subject to the trembling aspirant. She handled it poorly, but his own genius,

enlightened by benevolence, enabled him to recognize the kindred sparks, and to perceive that they were only prevented from blazing forth by the want of materials. He called upon her next day, and taking a beneficent advantage of his age, his rank, his literary and private character, and even of his personal misfortune, for he was blind—"Listen to me, Teresa," he said, "and take in good part what I am about to say. You are gifted with genius, but success in your present state is impossible, because your genius is of that kind which is obliged to offer the proof of its existence in treating of whatever subjects others may please to give you, and that cannot be done without information so general, as will enable you if not to treat every subject profoundly, at least to adorn, vary, sport with them so as to charm those whom you may not be able to enlighten. This general information is only to be acquired by deep and serious study, particularly since poetry is your gift, by studying the ancient classics, which will furnish you with inexhaustible mines from which to draw at your discretion. This has not been, is not yet, in your power to procure, but I have the opportunity of offering it to you. Come to my house with your husband, look upon it as your own, upon me as your father, give your mind into my keeping, and I shall feel myself more than recompensed by bestowing upon the world one such as you then will become."

The gratitude with which such an invitation was received by a gentle amiable woman, full of talent and sensibility, in La Bandettini's position, must be left to the imagination of the reader. The time, the place, all was propitious to the good man's views; for there were just then residing at Mantua, Andrea, who had already commenced the publication of his celebrated "*Storia della letteratura universale*;" Il Bettinelli, the poet, who was then in his seventy-third year, but who lived for seventeen years after Il Bondi, who was at that moment occupied in a translation of Virgil more literal, if not so attractive, as that of Annibale Caro, who was said to have converted Virgil's gold into silver; and the Abbé Bazoli, author of a version of the Iliad and the Odyssey, who, though but an indifferent poet, was so learned, so good, so gentle and benevolent, that Murari selected him as the immediate preceptor of his protégé, while she had the advantage of a constant intercourse with all the others, as well as with whatever else Mantua had to boast of talent and erudition. Her

progress, accordingly, was stupendous. The soil was congenial and prepared, and only required the seed to be sown, in order to produce a speedy and abundant harvest. Her first studies were in history, true and mythological; her next, in the elements of natural physics and natural history; and then she was promoted to a regular and thorough course of the Greek and Latin authors, committing to memory such portions of poetry as might be made available to her object. Though she commenced this course through the medium of translations, she rested not until she was able to quote, at least, the Latin authors in the original. During the progress of her studies, she gave every week an exhibition of her improving talent, first only to the most intimate friends of her benefactor, and extending the circle according as he and her other advisers considered judicious, delighting all by the joyous outpouring of a soul so long repressed by the want of appropriate language in which to make its inspirations understood. Her *physique* partook of the second birth as it were of her *morale*; she grew into a beautiful, a brilliant woman, and at the age when most women have passed the zenith of their bloom and their attraction, she came forth with more than the bloom, the freshness and the joy of early youth. After two years' sojourn with him, her more than father sent her forth to gather the laurels which he now foretold would be flung at her feet. She went first to Parma, laden with introductions to the most celebrated literati of that once most literary and learned city, and her first public exhibition there became the key-stone to her future greatness. It created such a sensation that the poet Mazza being invited to suggest a subject for the display of her power of extemporising in verse, addressed her in a Sonnet, which, doubtless he had prepared for the occasion, and in which he made allusion to an unfortunate wight who, coming also direct from Mantua and calling himself a poet, had been chased from Parma a short time before. To this, after a few moments of self-concentration and subsequent flashing of her brilliant eyes, she replied in a poem of nine stanzas, of which I shall give one, merely as a specimen, because even those who understand but little of Italian poetry, must, I think, be struck with the harmony of the extemporary measures and rhymes.

Crolla l' Olimpo, e il Nubicante in ira,
Volge lo sguardo sotto il negro ciglio,
Di Fiegra il Vallo Sottoporto mira.
E degli empj Giapetidi il consiglio;

L' Aquila romba, e foco a foco spira,
E gli rinfresca il forgoe vermiglio,
Che guizza in-mano dell' Egioso e fum,
E di sulfurea nebbia il crin gli alluma.

In general, while the poets or poetesses sang their extemporaneous effusions, there were persons who noted down the words of inspiration that fell from their lips, and, on one occasion, the celebrated Gianni, on observing how many were catching her words as they fell, was not ashamed to cry out, "Take pens of gold—you write for eternity!"

La Bandettini, with infinitely more modesty, had yet a higher compliment paid her on that memorable evening. Bodoni, the prince of printers, who raised the price of a copy of Horace from five to twenty-five zecchini,* by the beauty of the types cut by himself, and whose editions of the Classics are in the libraries of, I believe, Lord Spencer, and a few other Englishmen of fortune, was present on the occasion, and yielding to the enthusiasm of the moment, he despatched the sonnets, on the spot, to his famous printing establishment, and, before the entertainment concluded, copies of them, elegantly printed, were distributed to the audience. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the impression made by such an evening and such an incident. Such, indeed, could only happen in sunny, lighthearted, brilliant Italy—Italy, as it then was, instinct with talent, life, and enjoyment. Teresa Bandettini had now crossed the Rubicon, and every after-appearance added a leaf to her laurel crown. From Parma she went to Rome, and there, having the good fortune to excite the admiration of Monti, who composed a beautiful ode in her praise, her sojourn there was one continued triumph in private circles of the highest order, as in public exhibitions of her talents, until it reached its climax by her being crowned in Arcadia.†

And here let us pause with her for one moment, and look back, as she did herself, from that dizzy height to the point whence she first started into public life. Neither the time nor space between was, in itself, very great, yet such were the vicissitudes she had gone through, and such the life-time of sensations she had experienced, and, accordingly, so immense the moral distance between what she had been, and what she that mo-

* A zecchino is worth two francsconi; consequently about nine shillings of our money.

† The famous Arcadia founded at Rome by Guidi, Zappi, and others, in opposition to the bad taste of 1600.

ment was, that, as she stood there—a proud, happy, beautiful, inspired woman, crowned in the midst of admiring multitudes, with that crown which, whatever may be its value in the eyes of others at the moment of receiving it, fills the soul with an ethereal ecstacy far beyond all others, and cast her eyes back over that immense moral distance and saw dimly at the end of it a poor, plain, miserable, ignorant, despised girl, struggling for the poorest pittance to enable her to live, her identity seemed to vanish, to be, as it were, worn out, and would not, perhaps, ever again have been recognized, were it not that a voice had gone forth from that distant point calling upon her to return, and give to her native land the honor and the glory, of saluting her as its daughter. The voice reached the affectionate heart of Teresa, and, unlike the many who do not feel that they can afford to patronize themselves, she returned to Lucca with all her blushing honors thick upon her; and without satiating the reader's heart or imagination with further particulars, suffice it to say, that the succeeding year might in her case be set down amongst the few perfectly happy that have been permitted to mortals upon earth. With spirit enough intensely to enjoy her dearly-earned and long-delayed laurels, she was free from that morbid ambition whose eternal craving prevents its own enjoyment, and with feeling and imagination enough to derive a soothing satisfaction from the admiration, and, perhaps, even from the warmer sentiments which she now inspired in almost all who approached her, she yielded not to that self-abandonment which never fails to bring its moments of retribution to the most flattered idol.

The first *salons* of Lucca now considered themselves honored by her presence, and her own house there became the resort of all the talent and fashion, either native or foreign, that came within its reach. Society changed its phase for the time, and, altogether, a sort of delightful moral novelty fell upon the spirits of all, and La Bandettini was looked upon as little less than one of the Muses, in *propria personâ*. Nor was this enthusiasm confined to Lucca. In addition to the number of cultivated persons from all parts of Europe, which the celebrated University of Pisa attracted thither, there were, about this period, assembled upwards of 4000 emigrants from different parts of France, and as La Bandettini allowed herself to be prevailed on to give one or more academic or public exhibitions of her talents there,

when all had permission to suggest a subject for their exercise, it is impossible to describe to what a pitch the entranced amazement of so many enlightened foreigners to whom the talent of singing extemporary poetry was in itself a novelty, carried the pride and enthusiasm of her compatriots. In one single evening she treated six different subjects, and all admirably; one being the surprise of Adam on opening his eyes and seeing Eve for the first time, standing beside him, which was proposed by an Englishman; another was the French Revolution. A French gentleman, of some consideration, a M. Fournier, professing his incredulity in the possibility of the talent existing in such perfection, and it seeming to him more *possible* that the poetess might have previously studied almost every popular subject, hit upon a test which, besides the intrinsic difficulties it presented, must, I think, be considered as conclusive, from the improbability of the idea having been anticipated. He proposed to the improvisatrice to treat some subject as her own which had already been sung by other poets, and he pitched upon the meeting between Petrarch and Laura. On this being proposed to her, she was evidently for a moment surprised by its strangeness; but recalling her self-concentration, with not more hesitation than was naturally necessary to silence memory and invite imagination, she took up the subject, and treated it so as to delight her audience and completely to convert the sceptic. From this time it became a sort of fashion to give her subjects already treated of by other poets, and that which was at first adopted as a test, if not as a sort of snare, became the crowning of her glory. She herself often quoted Addison's fine observation, that the recollection of beautiful passages is only second to composing them; and the habit once acquired, her flexible mind was able to make use of such recollections at once as her beacons and her guides; and the result of this tact and cultivation, united to her native genius, were sometimes such as not only to electrify her hearers, but to transport them and herself beyond the confines of time, space, and identity, into whatever scene or whatever character might be at the moment the focus of her glowing imagination. It was on one of those occasions that a young poet, who I believe, without authority positively to assert it, was no other than the now venerable Chevalier Rosini, who has been denominated the conservator of the Italian language, excited beyond the rest,

and wholly losing sight of the present in the past, started from his place amongst the auditory, and exclaimed aloud—

Penso, o Donna immortal se ad Illo fui,
Spirto Guerriero d'una Salma altrui !

In the midst of these, her almost unprecedented home-triumphs, she was invited to Florence with such flattering instance, that it was not possible to refuse, and there she was at once received as the companion and friend of the Princess Rospigliosi, the same who supported the character of Antigone in the tragedy of that name in Rome, in 1782, and who is mentioned by Alfieri in his life of La Bellini, the first amateur musician in Italy, for whom Zingarelli thought it not beneath him to compose music expressly ; of La Fabroni, one of the most elegant and accomplished women of her day ; and of others no less respectable for rank and talent ; while the celebrated Corilla, long considered as the first improvisatrice in the world, addressed her in a sonnet, commencing with—

Vieni figlia del genio a questo seno, &c.

and La Fantastici and Il Gianetti sung and recited extemporary verses with her. Grati-fying, however, as such a reception in society, whenever she appeared, must have been to her feelings, and flattering as it must have been to her vanity, to carry away the prize where the first contemporary poets were her competitors at the Academia Fiorentina, all fell short, in her estimation, of the complimentary lines addressed to her by Alfieri himself ; and ever after considered by her as the most ornamental leaf in her poetical chaplet.

It is time to re-conduct my readers to the point whence we started together ; to narrate how it fell to the lot of La Bandettini to save her country in its hour of peril. However high the poetess herself might deem it right to place the name of Alfieri on the list of her admirers, there was one in Florence at that time who deemed another name worthy of a yet higher place. That name was Raimondo Leoni ; and he who would so have placed it was no other than Raimondo Leoni himself ! He was, in truth, one of those beings whom every one must admit to be the happiest of the human species, humanly speaking, and yet, whom no one in the world would wish to be.

Raimondo Leoni was an able man ; for, he not only tried many trades, though he failed in all—but contrived to be employed in places

of trust, though he always disappointed that trust. The talents most conspicuous in him were self-confidence and presumption. Italy was then, and had been for some years before, breathing music and poetry. Would Raimondo Leoni be behind others in such simple arts ? While waiting for the chance of some occupation more worthy of his genius, he not only wrote a poem, but modestly entitled it "Il Tempio della Fama." It is true, his printer, on receiving it, respectfully pointed out to him that, as the verses halted here and there, ignorant or malicious persons might deny its legitimacy, but Raimondo held up his fingers, and counting the syllables thereon, proved that the numbers were there, and if people did not choose to lay the needful emphasis to make them run, why, it was all the worse for them. The printer shrugged his shoulders, did his business, and received his pay ; but the public were not to be invited to a poetical banquet and starved, and, since Raimondo did not furnish food for mirth, some one else must, and so there immediately appeared a poem, entitled "Il Tempio di Fame," "The Temple of Hunger," instead of "Fama," "Fame."

"The Temple of Hunger" described Apollo, diverted by his presumption, seizing the luckless wight by the arm with his "cithara" (musical instrument), flying up into the air with him, and popping him into the Temple of Fame. Here, becoming intoxicated with his own vanity and all he saw, the poet fell asleep, and tumbling headlong down upon the banks of the Arno, awakened to find himself a goose, as he had ever been.

It was now Raimondo's turn to shrug his shoulders,—for every one in Italy shrugs his shoulders upon every imaginable occasion,—and he talked of casting pearls before swine ; which, however, not being a very profitable amusement, after fluttering some time longer in the literary saloons of Florence, in order to persuade the world that the burlesque poem which ran from mouth to mouth had nothing to do with his approaching departure, and paying such devotion to the rival improvisatrice—especially to the Bandettini, as the most in fashion—as should convince the world that he was *aux petits soins* with the Muses, he betook himself to Milan, then the capital of the Cisalpine Republic, in order to see whether Mars might not be less envious than Apollo had proved himself to be. It seemed for a time as if he had calculated justly. Not only did he obtain employment there, but we find him, in 1797, promoted to that trust which few others would

have undertaken, namely, to betray by stratagem into the hands of the Directory that little State whose innate dignity had hitherto preserved her from all overt attacks against her independence. It was proposed to him to go as commissary to Carrara and Massa, distant about thirty miles from Lucca, and conducting a select body of troops to the very gates of Lucca, under pretext of passing on to Garfagnana, make a signal to the few within, who, notwithstanding all the precautions adopted by the Lucchese government, had not escaped the taint of infection from the French Revolution; and, while thus throwing the firebrand, assume the appearance of having come to extinguish the flames, and take the city by a *coup de main*, and then make his own conditions. When this plan was opened to Raimondo, he scarcely allowed it to be developed; his vast mind took it in upon a hint. He smiled condescendingly, and put forth his right hand with dignified deprecation of further explanation; caressed his military stock as his instructor proceeded, and as soon as respect and good-breeding permitted him to speak, he said, "Give me the men; the thing is done!" and, in truth, even a less confident person might have considered it scarcely possible to fail. No time, accordingly, was lost. The men were given him; he went as Commissary-General to Massa, and he sent secret orders to the disaffected citizens of Lucca to hold themselves in readiness to make an *emueute* on receiving a signal from him on a certain evening, when he should appear at the city gates. Every thing proceeded exactly as he could have desired: he arrived at the appointed time; refreshed his men in the fields around the ramparts; and was within half-an-hour of making the preconcerted signal to those within, when an accidental circumstance betrayed the plot to the opposite party; but so late that the very slightest attempt at resistance would have been little better than a signal for a general massacre. Consternation, horror, and despair seized upon the heirs of six hundred years of independence. All felt that nothing short of a miracle could preserve it to them an hour longer; nor did it. At that moment, Teresa Bandettini came to the rescue of her country, and saved it. The alarm, of course, had reached her in the splendid home which her talents had won for her in her native city, and where she was then reposing from the fatigues of incessant triumphs. In a moment, instead of the usual gay and joyous circle, she found herself surrounded by manly faces become pale from the dreadful sense of

impotency in the hour of danger, and women whose looks had become suddenly haggard, from far other than personal anxiety or fear. For a moment, she, too, seemed overwhelmed; and closing her eyes and clasping her hands, she sank into a chair, and suffered her head to droop upon her breast in silence. What rapidly passed in that interval through a mind that lived and drew its chief nourishment from another sphere we may not guess; but while all gazed in astonishment upon her, she arose, and slowly opening her eyes, and looking round her as if waking from a dream, "Said ye not," she asked, "that it was *Raimondo Leoni* who is without the walls? and that the signal is to be given to him this evening? Go to him, and say that La Bandettini is about to sing, and invites him to come and hear her!"

At first those to whom these words were addressed believed that terror had over-excited her; but on her repeating them, some of the most collected hastened to obey her. They found the poetical warrior giving the last directions to his men as he prepared to make the signal for insurrection to those who were anxiously watching for it within. The bearers of the invitation felt themselves almost repaid at that moment for all they had suffered in witnessing its effect upon him. His directions had been above all things to avoid all betrayal of design in the projected surprise—what excuse was he then to make for refusing the honor now offered to him? And yet—if he accepted it . . . His agitation became visible, his jaw fell, his lips became blanched: the first articulate words he uttered were "*E to quoque—Marta!*" and the next an acceptance couched in the language of rapture, but the accents of despair. As the heralds of peace and poetry insisted upon carrying their hospitality so far as not to lose sight of him for one single moment until they led him to the feet of the improvisatrice, he not only had no opportunity of making the concerted signal, but not even of giving the slightest explanation to his own soldiers, who were accordingly left to look on in bewildered silence; while the disaffected within were compelled to assist in closing the gates, manning the ramparts, and making such other preparations against their own projected attack as made Raimondo and his men very well satisfied, the following morning, to turn into reality their affected march to Garfagnani! As may be supposed, this incident did not render La Bandettini less dear to her fellow-citizens, amongst whom she breathed her last sigh not very many years ago.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, as we gather from incidental allusions in the volume* before us, is a gentleman connected with the American press—young (for Mr. Collier, he remarks, "had taken a respectable position in critical literature before I was born"), and enthusiastic in Shakspearian scholarship, and in the study of all contemporary and cognate appliances and means for the elucidation of his great Subject-Object. Until five years ago, it appears, Mr. White had read and delighted in Shakspeare, with an ear perversely, and of malice prepense, deaf to the charmings of commentators, charm they never so wisely—though in their case, perhaps, "wisely" is not quite the word; disgusted once for all with the speculations of Shakspearian speculators, the reformations of Shakspearian reformers, the emendations of Shakspearian emendators, he had forsworn, while still in *statu pupillari*, the whole kith and kin of these "tedious old fools;" the occasional cause of this systematic abjuration being Dr. Johnson's strictures, known but not read of all men, on the "folly of the fiction, and absurdity of the conduct" of "Cymbeline," and the "unresisting imbecility" of its general character. This unkindest cut of all from the paw of the Great Bear was too much for Mr. White; henceforth he could and he would be willingly ignorant, wilfully because blissfully ignorant, of the critical guild in their practices on Shakspeare; he would renounce them and all their works; he would be cynical in his refusal to let them stand between him and the Sun. Doctor Samuel had almost been the death of him,—at the least would be the death to his enjoyment of "Cymbeline," if allowed to go on still in his wickedness; no wonder, then, if the indignant Shakspeare's Scholar exclaims—"Shocked, wounded, repelled, with a sense of personal wrong I flung the book aside, and mentally registered a solemn vow never to read again a criticism or comment of any kind upon

Shakspeare's works." But, five years ago, Mr. White, in a moment big with fate, purchased a copy of Knight's Pictorial Edition, believing that after his long abstinence from all intercourse with expositors, he might with indifference read a commentator again, and with impunity. The immediate result of acquaintance with Mr. Knight was to put his reader on the critical study of the text; and from that time to this, with the exception of his professional duties, we have in that reader a diligent, earnest, loving, painful Shakspeare's Scholar. Five years "of hard labor" have impressed him, vividly and vexatiously enough, with renewed and deepened scorn of the "mass of mingled learning and ignorance, sense and folly, with which Shakspeare has been as nearly as possible overwhelmed." The appearance of Mr. Collier's volume occasioned some contributions on the subject, by Mr. White, in *Putnam's Magazine*; these papers became the germ of a more comprehensive survey of the matter in question; other, previously written but unpublished essays, on some of Shakspeare's Characters, were added to the collection; and the amalgam of these miscellanies is presented to the world in the volume yclept "Shakspeare's Scholar."

The Scholar's hate of peddling emendators is that of a thorough good hater. Every pulse of his being beats time and keeps tune with the lament of Mathias:

Must I for SHAKESPEARE no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by Commentating zeal?
On Avon's banks I heard Actæon mourn,
By fell Black Bitter Dogs in pieces torn;
Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start
All well broke-in by Coney-catching art—

Hot was the chase; I left it out of breath;
I wish'd not to be in at SHAKESPEARE'S death.

Not merely is Mr. White impatient of the Beekets and laureat Pyes, and nibbling rats and mice and such small deer, which has been his mirth for seven long year, and upwards, but of the potent, grave, and reverend seniors—potent as Pope in his most potential mood, grave as Johnson in his most spe-

* *Shakspeare's Scholar*: being Historical and Critical Studies of his Text, Characters, and Commentators, with an Examination of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1832. By Richard Grant White, A. M. New York: 1854.

cific gravity, reverend as Warburton in his right reverend overseership. If he scouts the "narrow pedagogism of Seymour, the blatant stupidity of Becket, and the complacent feeble-mindedness of Jackson," so does he "the conceited wantonness of Pope, the arrogance of Warburton, the solemn inflexibility of Johnson, and the smartness and mechanical ear of Steevens"—all of whom he accuses of seeking to commit outrages on the text quite as insufferable as those of the small fry fore-going. Mr. Dyce is the editor in whom he seems to place most confidence, and from whose prospective labors he expects most, though Mr. Dyce is remonstrated with on his "needless display of reading of worthless books," and his habit of heaping up, as if a good *sortes* were to come of it, "instance upon instance from old volumes in all modern languages . . . upon Shakespeare's text without illustrating it." Mr. Knight is complimented, as unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled among fellow-editors in intelligent veneration for his Master, and a sympathetic apprehension of his thoughts—but is gently rated for his "superstitious veneration for the first folio." Mr. Collier, too, is complimented on his devotion to the study of old English literature, especially to that of the Elizabethan age; but as an expositor of the Bard of all time, he is now regarded as stark naught. Mr. Collier's recent publication has excited our Shakespeare's Scholar to something like fever-heat—that publication* of marginalia, so multifarious in character and so mysterious in origin, whereby hangs a tale.

But 'tis an old tale now, and often told. We have all heard, it may be presumed, the story of Mr. Collier's singular purchase: how in the spring of 1849 he happened to be in the shop of the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport street, at a time when a package of books arrived from the country; how, among the contents, two folios attracted his attention, one of which, bound in rough calf, was a copy of the second (1632) folio of Shakespeare's Plays, "much cropped, the covers old and greasy," and "imperfect at the beginning and end;" how, in spite of the cropping, and the grease, and the imperfections, he bought the thing—"an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own"—for thirty shillings sterling, paid down on the nail; how, when he

got home, he repented of his bargain, so damaged and defaced was it *intus et in cute*; and how, in a fit of disappointment, he threw it by, nor, for the space of a year, had a word to say to (or peradventure of) it. Then, however, on moving it from the dust and degradation of an upper shelf, Mr. Collier discovered, to his surprise, that there was hardly a page in the disreputable looking folio which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous. The handwriting, he is of opinion, is one man's only, though the amendments must have been introduced from time to time, possibly during the course of several years. Who the ready writer was who handled the pen so industriously, is an interesting problem, but not easily "floored;" Mr. Collier, however, suggests a claim for Richard Perkins, the "great actor of the reign of Charles I." As to the capital question of the *authority* upon which these emendations were introduced, he contends, *in limine*, that no authority is required, that they carry conviction (generally speaking) on the very face of them. "Many of the most valuable corrections of Shakespeare's text are, in truth self-evident; and so apparent, when once suggested, that it seems wonderful how the plays could have passed through the hands of men of such learning and critical acumen, during the last century and a half . . . without the detection of such indisputable blunders."* Mr. Collier avows his inclination to think that his possible Perkins, in some of the changes he made in the text, was indebted to his own sagacity and ingenuity, and merely guessed at arbitrary emendations; hence, and so far, his suggestions are only to be taken as those of an individual, who lived, we may suppose, not very long after the period when the dramas he elucidates were written, and who might have had intercourse with some of the actors of Shakespeare's day. But again Mr. Collier argues, from certain characteristics in his emendator's handiwork, that he must have had recourse to some now not extant authority. The emendation has special reference to stage purposes; and this fact, taken together with the internal evidence, has induced some of Mr. Collier's ablest reviewers to conclude† that

* *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from early MS. Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the Possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Second Edition. London: Whittaker. 1853.*

* Collier: Introduction, p. xviii.

† *The Athenæum*, for instance; which observed, at the first appearance of the Perkins' folio, that here an anonymous corrector had humbled the dogmatism of critical savans and the sagacity of conje-

the book in question was amended from some copy used by the prompter or stage-manager of a theatre in which these plays were performed, somewhere about the date of the folio, 1632.

Now, Mr. White will not hear of "authority" being due to our possible Perkins. The corrections are many of them, he contends, anachronistic, such as no *paulo-post* Shakspeare-corrector could have perpetrated; some of them he can fix on the eighteenth century; and the share of various hands, writing at sundry times and in divers manners, in the concoction of the *ensemble*, he treats as beyond controversy. Besides, and this he adduces as an overpowering argument against both the authority and the intelligence of the MS. corrector, very many of the corrections are "inadmissible, and could not possibly have formed a part of the text." And he insists, with more emphasis than discretion, maybe, that if we defer to a single change in Mr. Collier's folio, because of its "authority," we must defer to all—whereas its best advocates exercise their individual judgment in accepting or rejecting its proposed changes, and, by so doing, refuse actual deference to its authority. What Mr. White maintains, is, that the only source of any *authority* for the text of Shakspeare is in the original folio of 1623, as published by the poet's friends, fellow-actors, and theatrical partners; that when that text is utterly incomprehensible from the typographical errors which deform it, and then only, we should seek emendations; that those emendations should be first looked for in the quartos, because they were contemporaneous with Shakspeare, although surreptitiously

tural emendation, by at once gathering a whole harvest off a field which had been reaped and gleaned by many of the finest intellects of the last two centuries. "In justice to them," continues the reviewer, "as well as on many other grounds, we must think that this emendator had access to an authority which they and we have not. With all the advantages and appliances which nearness to the author and to the first representation of his works may have given him over ourselves, it is to us an incredible supposition that any man should have done so infinitely more than all others put together, if he had depended solely on the same power of conjecture which those others possessed." *Ath. No.* 1315.

So, again, a reviewer of weight in Mr. White's own country, thinks it impossible that some of these corrections should have been "invented, or made up by mere conjecture, by a poor player in the earlier part of the seventeenth century [*per. princ.*] when conjectural emendation of an English author was an art as yet unheard of," &c.—*North American Review*, April, 1854.

published, or at least entirely neglected by him; that only such corrupted passages as the quartos do not make clear are proper subjects for the exercise of conjecture; and that such of these as conjecture does not amend, in a manner at once consistent with the context, with common sense, and with the language and customs of Shakspeare's day, should be allowed to stand untouched. Not what Shakspeare might, could, would, or should have written, but what, according to the best evidence, he did write, is held up as the only admissible object of the labors of his editors and verbal critics—the only guaranty for the integrity of his works consisting in the preservation of the words of the only authentic edition, when those words are understood by minds of ordinary intelligence, or supported by comparison with the language and manners of the author's day, or those of the immediately antecedent age. Until the self-elected editorial reformers of the text have taken out letters patent to *improve* it, would it not be better for them, Mr. White suggests, to confine themselves to editing it? seeing it is the function of no man to re-write Shakspeare, even to improve him, and our object being to arrive at what he wrote, not what, in *our* opinion, he should have written; nor would it ever do to say that if a suggested change be for the better, it must be accepted, because Shakspeare was sure to choose the most beautiful and forcible expression—since any such rule would put it in the power of every critic, every reader in fact, to decide what is the most beautiful and forcible.*

Mr. White has exercised his right of private judgment with much discriminative taste. In the culture both of head and heart, he shows his competency to deal with a subject so replete with difficulty—now marked by rough gnarled obstacles, that seem to defy all "tooling," and now by delicate *nuances*, which to conserve and present with the bloom on them requires a subtle spirit, and a tender, akin to Shakspeare's own. But, keeping in mind his stand-point, he does seem at times to be a little over-peremptory in his rejection, of preposterous, of emendations which fellow-critics, in *their* right of private judgment, accept as highly felicitous. There is a *souppçon* of the Sir Oracle in his voice and mien, when he insists on this as the true reading because it commends itself to his judgment, and scornfully repudiates that as a base cheat and rank imposter, though it com-

* White, pp. 80, 85, 87, 276, 461, 501.

mends itself to the judgment of a Dyce, or a Singer, or a Collier. Against Mr. Collier, indeed, his tone is by no means "nice;" and considering the extent, to which, after all, he adopts the Perkins' corrections—small as the proportion adopted may numerically be to that dissallowed—he might have treated "Perkins's Entire" more tenderly. It is a thousand pities to see how Shakspearian critics and commentators fall out by the way, and how utterly they ignore the *nil disputandum* in minute points *de gustibus*, and substitute for that broken law a habit, become second nature, *disputandi in secula seculorum*. Placable bystanders must make up their minds to see hard blows interchanged in those conflicts, and a determined essay of the pugilists to spoil each other's beauty,—as in this present dashing attempt (if we may strain an old verse)

— to beat the luckless COLLIER White.

Mr. White's own house of defence is, perhaps, sufficiently glassy to justify caution in his manner of flinging stones; some of his conjectures and expositions in Shakspearian lore being quite open to attack, or strenuous demur: witness his criticism on *Isabella* in "Measure for Measure,"—his theory of the Sonnets,—his rejection of the rhyming dialogue in the "Cymbeline" apparition scene, and of the dirge in the same play, &c. Or where, on the *Clown's* saying, in "Othello," to the musicians, "Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?" he asks—a proper query!—whether this knowledge of a minute provincial peculiarity is not an evidence that Shakspeare knew more of Italy than by books or hearsay? Or where, in his dissertation on *Othello's* complexion, which he is anxious to prove was not at all of the *Uncle Tom* hue, he explicitly lays it down that Shakspeare "had doubtless never seen either a Moor or a negro, and might very naturally confuse their physiological traits"—although so slight an allusion, *ut supra*, to the nasal tones of the Neapolitans is enough to make Shakspeare so far-travelled a gentleman. While he is very prompt, again, to ridicule some of his fellow-commentators (if he will allow of the fellowship) for the superfluity and gratuitous character of their occasional glosses, he himself condescends, at intervals, to practice the same work of supererogation—as where he carefully analyses, and distributes to each man his 'due, the welcome given by *Hamlet* to *Horatio*, *Bernardo*, and *Marcellus*. The eagerness, too, of his endeavors to find in

his own country relies of Shakspeare's mother English, not extant in ours, is a little amusing; particularly when, among the words supposed to be effete and forgotten in England, is the adjective *sheer*: for he thus discourses: "We [Americans] say sheer ale, or sheer brandy, or sheer nonsense, or sheer anything. . . . We use it ["sheer"] in this way, and have so used it beyond the memory of the oldest living men; just as we say sheer impudence, or sheer stupidity. . . . Thus, we would say that one man committed an act out of *sheer* selfishness, but that another's was *pure* benevolence." So ends one paragraph, and the next Mr. White begins with, "Thus much for the benefit of English readers." We can only respond to this *beneficium* with a graceless "Thank'ee for nothing,"—or exclaim with *Celia*, "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!" The word "right" too, in the sense of direct or immediate ("for I do see the cruel pangs of death right in thine eye," *King John*, V. 4), he is happy to say, survives in America,—as it does in England, though the compound "right away," which he adduces in evidence, and which he taunts us with sneering at, is we acknowledge, peculiar to America. And hereupon, "right away" he tells us, that "the language of the best educated Americans of the northern states is more nearly that of Shakspeare's day, than that of the best born and bred English gentlemen who visit them; although the advantage on the score of utterance is generally on the side of the Englishmen"—the

* To this statement Mr. White tags a notice of "one gross and radical error of language into which all Englishmen of the present day fall, without exception. Oxford-men and Cambridge-men speak it; and all English authors, Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Landor not excepted, write it. They say that one thing is different to another. Now, this is not an idiom, or a colloquialism: it is radically, absurdly, wrong."

One thing is different from another . . . and in America this is the only expression of the idea ever heard among those who have even the least pretensions to education." This is bad news, for news it certainly is to us, that "all Englishmen of the present day, without exception," are guilty of the solecism in question. But as to the truth of the allegation, we differ to Mr. White—and the sense of constraint we endured in writing that to instead of the wonted *from*, is our internal evidence against him: he may say, indeed, that nobody, even in England, writes "to differ to," while everybody in England writes "different to"—but *de jure* it is a distinction without a difference; and at any rate we rejoice in knowing plenty of people who do neither.

And here, by the way, as Mr. White is seemingly

Americans being possibly fonder than their "overweening cousins" of going to Naples, as a certain *Clown* might infer. Again,—on Johnson's explanation of the word "pheese" ("I'll pheese you in faith," says Kit Sly,) and on that of Gifford and Charles Knight, Mr. White says, "All wrong, as any "Yankee" could tell the learned gentlemen. The word has survived here with many others which have died out in England, and are thence called Americanisms. To "pheese" is "to irritate," "to worry." We fancy the same usage of the word is not so obsolete in the conservative haunts of racy rural English, as the New Englander supposes. Nevertheless we thank him for this note, and for another on *Slender's* "two Edward shovel-boards," a game said to be now played in England by *Colliers* only (so their namesake testifies), but which Mr. White has often seen played at "the Eagle Tavern, under Brooklyn Heights," though now replaced by the less *exigant* recreation of ten-pins. The word "placket," too, it seems, is in ordinary currency in the United States in the sense of "petticoat"—and says Mr. White, "Mr. Steevens, Mr. Nares, and Mr. Dyce, might have been saved their labors, and Mr. Halliwell his doubts, by inquiring of the Benedicks among their fellow Shakesperians on this side the water concerning this word. . . . Mr. Douce, to whose learning and judgment the students of Shakespeare are so much indebted, says 'a placket is a petticoat.' Had he been writing for Americans he need not have said it." Nor for Britishers, with a common dictionary within reach. But perhaps the most instructive of Mr. White's national illustrations of this kind is the following:

K. Rich. Well! as you guess?
—K. Rich. III. Act. IV. Sc. 4.

"If there be two words for the use of which, more than any others, our English cousins twit us, they are 'well,' as an interrogative exclamation, and 'guess.' Milton uses both, as Shakespeare also frequently does, and exactly in the way in which they are used in America; and here we have them both in half a line. Like most of those

punctilious in these *minutia*, we would fain learn the reason of his eliminating an honest vowel from the word Shakesperian, which he systematically spells Shakesperian! Why oust the *e* in the antepenultimate? He may twit us with omitting the *e* of the first syllable; but that at least is no mere question of grammar, and is (what surely the other is not!) an open question.

words which it pleases John Bull to call Americanisms, they are English of the purest and best, which have lived here while they have died out in the mother country." Well! John Bull, I guess after *that* you're a gone 'coon.

But to recur to the Collier controversy. We have testified already to Mr. White's general taste and judgment in matters of conjectural emendation, and for the most part he carries us with him in his decisions. His *exposé* of the extravagances of various Shakespearian commentators is full of honest hearty disdain, as well it may be in an admiring lover, loyal to the core, of the myriad-minded One. Of Mr. Becket he finds it difficult to speak with patience or decorum, and calls his "Shakespeare's himself again" sheer "stupidity run mad." Zachary Jackson, for his absurd and atrocious changes in the text inevitably suggesting the suspicion of all but idiocy, yet uttered with the consummate serenity of "owlish sapience," he styles "the very *Bunsby** of commentators." And who will not share in his protest against such drivelling as we see spent on, *e. g.*, this fragment:

Flav. I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Timon of Athens, II. 2.

"Sir Thomas Hanmer interpreted 'wasteful cock' 'a cockloft or garret!' and Bishop Warburton agreed with him. Pope had the effrontery to change 'wasteful cock' to *lonely room*. These be thy editors, O Shakespeare!" It must be owned that Mr. White has reason on his side, too, in some of his onslaughts against "Perkins." Valuable we believe many of the MS. emendations to be; many, too bad, and some too good, to be true.†

* Mr. White is fond of an allusion to the light literature of the day. Thus, in describing the progress of his own volume he says, the "The book was not deliberately made; but like *Topsy*, it 'grewed.' Unlike that young lady, however," he adds, "it was not 'raised on a spec' for . . . were five editions to be sold it would not pay me day-laborer's wages for the mere time I have devoted to the preparation of it." So again he sarcastically refers to "Sir Thomas Hanmer, Baronet, (as *Inspector Bucket* would say),"—to the *Mantalinism* of the tie-wig editors,—and to Mr. Singer's making *Lear* in the climax of his agony talk like "the young man of the name of *Guppy*."

† Let us here indicate a few passages in which the supposed Perkins introduces new matter into the *textus receptus*, by a whole line or lines at a time. Some of these one can neither believe without a struggle, to be either *veri* or *ben trovato*. But

The celebrated substitution of "who smother her with painting," for "whose mother was his painting," is ably discussed by our Shakespeare's Scholar, and we incline on the whole to his mistrust of the change—as we certainly do to his rejection of "boast" in lieu of "beast" in *Lady Macbeth's* appeal; and of "Warwickshire ale" for "shire ale" in the tinker's gossip; and again of "unto truth"

what shall be said of the emendator's audacity, if he really emended without authority?

In each of the subjoined extracts the italicised lines are the MS. additions of Mr. Collier's *nescio quis*:

"Says Sir Eglamour to Silvia:

Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most pure affections that you bear;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV. 3.

This is at least plausible, and by those who believe in the authority will be readily accepted.

A hitch in the assumed system of rhymes is thus "made right" in *Dromio's* speech:

"No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, fell:
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel;
A fiend, a fury, [pro fairy] pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff, &c."

Comedy of Errors, IV. 2.

Leontes says in the statue scene,—

—"Let be, let be!

Would that I were dead, but that, methinks, already

I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.

What was he that did make it?"

Winter's Tale, V. 3.

Lord Bardolph advises—

... "Consult upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.

A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite," &c.

2 Henry IV., I. 3.

Especially notable are the new complementary rhymes in the dialogue of *Queen Margaret* and *Gloster*:

"Q. M. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be protected like a child, by peers.
God and King Henry govern England's helm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.

G. My staff!—here noble Henry, is my staff:
To think I fain would keep it makes us laugh.
As willingly I do the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine."

2 Henry VI. Act II. Sc. 3.

To think Mr. Collier fain would keep this, makes some folks laugh. "These judicious changes," and "this important addition," he calls the new readings. *Chacun à son goût*. For these and similar emendations and commendations see *Collier*, pp. 24, 62, 130, 161, 175, 197, 233, 246, 285,—and especially a very curious one at p. 88.

for "to untruth" in a much canvassed line in the "*Tempest*" (Act I. Sc. 2.) Shakespeare, we submit, would have rejoiced in his Scholar, in these and some like instances of acute, scrutinizing, rightfully jealous scholarship. Mr. White's own conjectural emendations are few and feasible—affecting little beyond a slight misprint or an error in punctuation. It should be added that, notwithstanding his rule of adhesion, wherever it is at all practicable, to the original folio, he is often free enough in his tamperings with its text, and now and then scores a sentence as hopelessly corrupt, and more than once deals in somewhat arbitrary fashion with the very genuineness* of what is there set down.

The criticisms interspersed through his volume are highly interesting, and glow with sometimes impassioned admiration, finely attuned to the grand theme. The one badly eminent exception is that on *Isabella*, to which we may again refer, with regret. The following brief comment on *Claudio's* dread apprehension of being

— worse than worst,

Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine, howling!

bespeaks the man of high thought and deep feeling:—"It should be said about the last two lines of this passage, if it never has been said,—and I believe it never has,—that they possess an awful beauty which it is hardly in the power of language to describe. The idea seems to be but vaguely hinted; and yet an undefined, peculiar dread goes with the words, that would vanish, or dwindle into certain fear, if we were told exactly what they mean. We feel that they have conveyed to us that which they themselves tell us is too horrible for utterance. What can be those monstrous thoughts which ever seem to be about to take an hideous shape, and ever again vanish into formlessness, leaving the tor-

* For example, in *Theseus's* famous verses on Imagination, Mr. White rejects with a peremptory "cannot be Shakespeare's," the two concluding lines—

"Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy in a bush supposed a bear."

Midsummer Night's Dream, V. 1.

As we have seen already, he also repudiates in toto the dirge sung by *Polydore* and *Cadwall* over their sister; declaring that nothing could be tamer, more pretentious, more unsuited to the characters. "Will anybody believe," he asks, "that Shakespeare, after being out of Stratford grammar-school, or before, wrote such a couplet as

'All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust!'"

tered spirit howling with rage and horror as it knows not what, save that it is the dim phantasmagoria of the hell it ever bears within itself? What are those thoughts? We must first be damned eternally ere we can know. And yet Shakespeare in half a dozen words has made us feel what they must be." If the comment is daringly expressed, at least it is in harmony with the daring mystery of the thrilling text, of imagination all compact.

There is an excellent analysis of the seemingly inconsistent character of *Oliver*, in "As you Like It." "He is not a mere brutal, grasping elder brother; but being somewhat morose and moody in his disposition, he first envied and then disliked the youth who, although his inferior in position, is so much in the heart of the world, and especially of his own people, that he himself is altogether misprised. The very moody disposition which makes him less popular than his younger brother, led him to nourish this bitter dislike, till it became at length the bitter hate which he shows in the first scene of the play. Had *Oliver* been less appreciative of the good in others, and less capable of it himself, he would not have turned so bitterly against *Orlando*. It is quite true to nature that such a man should be overcome entirely, and at once, by the subsequent generosity of his brother, and instantly subdued by simple, earnest *Celia*. But his sudden yielding to sweet and noble influences is not consistent with the character of the coarse, unmitigated villain whom we see upon the stage, and who is the monstrous product, not of Shakespeare, but of those who garble Shakespeare's text." Equally true is Mr. White's refusal of the stage version of *Jacques*, as a melancholy, tender-hearted young man, with sad eyes and a sweet voice, talking morality in most musical modulation. "Shakespeare's *Jacques*," on the contrary, "is a morose, cynical, querulous old fellow, who has been a bad young one. He does not have sad moments, but 'sullen fits,' as the *Duke* says. His melancholy is morbid; and is but the fruit of that utter loss of mental tone which results from years of riot and debauchery." Among other Shakspearian creations characterized by Mr. White with more or less felicity and detail, are, *Falstaff*, *Gloster*, *Angelo*, *Bottom*, *Viola*, *Deirdemon*, *Rosalind*, and *Imogen*.

But the essay on *Isabella* appears to us a piece of perverted ingenuity. That by a diligent aggregation of certain particulars in her actions and speeches, an air of plausibility may be thrown over Mr. White's presentment,

or mispresentment of the "very virtuous maid," is true enough; but when, with every wish to rid our mind of prejudice and prepossession, we strive to realize what Shakspeare meant *Isabel* to be, how *he* regarded her, and what place he desired for her in the heart of the great world, which is just,—we find it impracticable to recognize Mr. White's version, and are only too glad to escape, in this instance, from the refracting medium of the critic to the poet's fontal light. "I shrink," says Mr. White, on one occasion, "from thrusting myself between my readers and their spontaneous admiration of Shakspeare." It is not often that his presence is felt to be obtrusive, or that we are not happy in his aid; but here it is otherwise. In *Isabella*, Mr. White sees an "embodiment of the iciest, the most repelling continence." She is a professional pietest, chaste by the card. She is "deliberately sanctified, and energetically virtuous." She is "a pedant in her talk, a prude in her notions, and a prig in her conduct." Hers is a "porcupine purity." "She has solemnly made up her mind to be chaste." "She has a dreadfully rectangular nature, is an accomplished and not very scrupulous dialectician, and thinks it proper to be benevolent only when she has the law on her side." "She is utterly without impulse." "No wonder," Mr. White in his contemptuous bitterness can say, "that *Lucio* tells her,

—if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

But it is very questionable whether *Isabella* was womanish enough to need a pin, she probably used buttons,—or would have done so had she lived now-a-days. It may be uncharitable, perhaps, to accuse her of having an eye to the reversion of the points with which *Claudio* tied his doublet and hose; but her indifference to his death looks very like it." A sorry jest, but in keeping with the sorry argument of Shakspeare's Scholar. But again: she is a "sheriff in petticoats," of an "impossibility absolutely frightful" and "cold-blooded barbarity." Her spirit is "utterly uncompassionate," "pitiless," "inhuman, not to say unwomanly," in her interview with her doomed brother, and the language she uses repulsively "obdurate" and "savage." She is Shakspeare's ideal of the "unfeminine, repulsive, monstrous," in woman—of the too much brain and too little heart. "Its unloveliness was not to deter him from the task. . . . He drew an *Ino* and an *Angelo* among men; among women,

why should he hold his hand from a *Lady Macbeth* and an *Isabella*?" As for her marriage with the irresolute *laissez-faire*-loving, eaves-dropping *Duke*, which Mr. Hallam calls "one of Shakspeare's hasty half thoughts," Mr. White's only scruple, if any, is, that the poor *Duke* had too bad a bargain. "She, after having listened to his arguments, probably found him guilty—not of love, that would have been unpardonable—but of preference of a female, under extenuating circumstances, and—married him. He needed a 'grey mare'; and Shakspeare, with his unerring perception of the eternal fitness of things, gave him *Isabella*." Such is Mr. White's interpretation of the character which we regard as Shakspeare's embodiment of noblest womanhood, in its religious phase,—a creature so pure and intense in her heavenward aspirations, that she cannot conceive the possibility of utter baseness and renegade treason against Heaven, in one so near to her as her brother; devoutly fixed as her own eye is on things unseen and eternal, not on things seen and temporal; immovably fixed as her affections are on things above, not on things on earth: for she walks by faith, and not by sight; and because she loves her brother dearly, she would have him die at once, in penitence and hope, that, the once-for-all death past, the judgment after death may not leave him reprobate; because she

loves him, she is jealous of his honor, and her own involved in his,—and she could weep tears of joy to see him bow meekly to the impending fate, as the guaranty of his reconciliation with God, and of her union with him in spirit by ties the sweetest and most hallowed, though impalpable henceforth to gross and grovelling sense,—rather, oh how much rather than tears of shame, such as must scald the saintly maiden's cheeks, to say nothing of the wasting and corroding thoughts that lie too deep for tears, if her father's son made election of the life that now is, instead of the life which is to come. The shock she experiences as the humiliating truth dawns on her, is expressed in a vehemence of emotion, stormy enough to prove that, *pace* Mr. White, *Isabella* is not "utterly without impulse." But in good sooth, there needs but a certain gift of special pleading, and a steady one-sidedness of view, to do with any other of Shakspeare's women what Mr. White has done with the votaress already abused by Mrs. Lenox—to make *Rosalind* a mere prurient foul-talker, *Perdita* a forward minx, *Ophelia* an impure-minded and double-tongued trisler, *Hermione* a harsh unforgiving piece of austerity, with no more of milk in her bosom or warm blood in her veins than the statue she finally and fitly represented.

THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH CONTRASTED.—The following incident was, some years ago, related by baron Brunnow, late Russian ambassador at our court, to Dr. Lee, and which the latter has recorded in his work on the "Last Days of the Emperor Alexander," etc. The anecdote, however, has previously been published. "An English nobleman and the celebrated M. de Montesquieu once met at Venice, and were comparing the English and French nations. M. de Montesquieu maintained, that the French were much more intelligent and acute than the English. The Englishman did not contradict him, although he did not give his assent entirely, being prevented by politeness from contradicting him. Every night M. de Montesquieu committed to paper what had passed during the day. On the following morning after this conversation, an Italian entered the apartments of the marquis, and said, "You

keep a journal of what you observe, and it is disliked extremely by the government. I advise you to burn your journal immediately, otherwise you will run the risk of being thrown into prison." He immediately cast his journal into the fire, and it was consumed. The same evening the English nobleman waited upon him, and M. de Montesquieu related the circumstance, and expressed himself very uneasy at the thought of being subjected to imprisonment. The Englishman observed, "Now you see the difference between the English and French: had this happened to an Englishman he would have considered the probability of this, or at least have endeavored to avoid it; he would certainly not have thrown his journal into the fire as you have done. I sent the Italian to see how you would act on this occasion, for the purpose of showing you the difference between the two nations."

From the North British Review.

WILLIAM COWPER.*

IT is a favorite saying in the present day, that "the tendencies of the age are essentially prosaic." The precise meaning which these words are intended to convey may not be very clearly understood by the majority of those who utter them; but they seem to embody a general idea of the unpoetical character of the times. There is a confused notion in men's minds, that the Practical and the Ideal not only cannot associate, but cannot co-exist one with the other—that the voice of Fact must bellow down the voice of Fiction—that the clangings of our iron must drown the harpings of our bards—that because we can travel on a straight road, at the rate of forty miles an hour, the excursions of the imagination and the wanderings of Fancy must be disregarded for evermore—that the generation which has tunnelled Box-hill can never care to climb Parnassus.

All this is in effect so often repeated, in one form or another, that its truth has been taken for granted by multitudes of men who echo and re-echo the cry; and still we are told that the age is unpoetical, and that the present generation is a generation of worshippers at the great shrine of Matter-of-Fact. But what, after all, is the meaning of the cry? Does it mean, that given up as we are to materialities—laying down iron roads by hundreds of miles; spanning immense rivers with arches of stone; flashing messages along electric wires with the speed of the lightning; covering the seas with magic fire-ships; multiplying by the same mysterious agency textile fabrics not wrought by hands, of a beauty and a splendor such as Solomon in all his glory never dreamt of—the intelligence and the inventiveness of the age expend themselves upon projects of utilitarianism, and intent upon the palpable realities before us, we have neither eyes to "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," nor wings to bear us up in illimitable space;

that whilst we are coining one metal into another, the brain-coinage of that great ideal currency, which is more enduring than iron and stone, must necessarily be suspended? Does it mean that the aliment of poetry is vanishing from off the face of the earth—that external and internal beauty, are both ceasing to be—that inanimate nature is more formal and the human mind more prosaic; that the seasons do not alternate, nor men's hearts pulse as they were wont; that mechanism has usurped the world, and gross selfishness the people;—in a word, that the sources of imaginative inspiration are utterly dried up?

Or is it meant, that although the few may write poetry, the many will not read it; that our minds, harnessed, as it were, in a go-cart of one utilitarian pursuit or another, have no sympathy with anything of which the answer to the *cui bono* does not lie upon the surface; that we have by one consent adopted the Benthamite doctrine that Poetry has no greater claims than Push-pin upon mankind, and in this "money-making age," arrived generally at a conclusion that it "does not pay." Is it meant that we have too much to do with the literature of fact—that what with our Blue Books and Statistics, our Mark-Lane Expresses, our Railway, our Mining, and our Building Journals, our Associations for the Advancement of Science, our Sanitary Commissions, and our endless official reports on every conceivable subject, we have no time to read anything that is not designed primarily to teach us to make money or to take care of ourselves? Is it meant that all iron has so eaten its way upon earth, that the sublimest and the sweetest hymnings of the bard cannot rouse in the breasts of the many one sympathetic emotion?

In whichever direction the interpretation of the popular aphorism is to be found, we pronounce it without a misgiving, to be a rank and offensive fallacy. The smoke of a steam-vessel may sometimes obscure the sun from the loiterers upon deck; but all the steam in the world, or the material tendencies of which it is the representative, could

* *Poetical Works of William Cowper*. Edited by ROBERT BELL. 3 Vols. 1854. [Annotated Edition of the *English Poets*, by ROBERT BELL, Author of the "History of Russia," "Lives of the English Poets," &c. v. d.]

as readily put out the sun as they could put out poetry. As long as there is sunshine; as long as there are moon and stars; sky and cloud; green fields and sweet flowers; the changing ocean, and the human heart which contains the likeness of them all, the few will sing and the many will listen. To us, indeed, this would seem to be a truism scarcely worth uttering, if it had not been in effect so often contradicted. We are utterly at a loss for a reason why it should be otherwise. There is room enough in the world both for Poetry and Steam. A man is not less likely to be endowed with "the vision and the faculty divine," or less likely to admire its manifestations in others, because his father goes up to London every day, with a "season ticket" in his pocket, from the fair hills of Surrey or the green woods of Berkshire, instead of travelling in the Brixton or Clapham omnibus along the old high road; or because he himself can rush from the smoke and din of the metropolis in a few hours,—

To see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore;

to bury himself deep in a mighty wood, or to ascend the rugged mountain side until he steep himself in the clouds. If there be anything in poetical education, anything in the effect of external influences upon the poetical temperament, surely the agency which brings a man most readily within their reach—within the reach of all the beauties and benignities of Nature—is to be regarded as one of the best aids to the development of the Divine faculty, and in no sense an obstruction to it. It is not one, indeed, of the least benefits which Steam has conferred upon the age, that it brings the country—sea and shore, hill and valley, wood and plain, the yellow corn-fields, the winding river, the mossy turf, the fragrant wild-flowers, the song of the lark, the tinkling of the sheep-bell—within the reach of the anxious town; almost as it were, to the very doors of dwellers in the heart of our cities.* Let those who talk about our iron roads

* Coleridge said, apologetically,

"I was reared

In the great city

And saw nought lovely, but the sky and stars."

Contrast this with Wordsworth's well-known lines,

"The tall cliff

Was my delight, the sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion," &c. &c.

marring the beauty of the country, because here and there may be seen an unsightly embankment, consider that there are thousands and thousands amongst us, who but for these iron roads, would never see the country at all. The Rail is, indeed, the great *open-sesame* of Nature. It is the key that unlocks her choicest treasures to the over-worked clerk and the toil-worn mechanic, and brings all sweet sounds and pleasant sights and fragrant scents within the reach of men who else would know of nothing that is not foul, unsightly, and obstreperous. What is this but to say that the Rail is a great teacher, educating both head and heart, preparing the few to utter, and the many to appreciate the utterances of Poetry.

All this may be conceded; and yet it may still, perhaps, be alleged that the age is essentially a prosaic one. An increasing addiction, it may be said, to the study of the exact sciences is as much an effect as a cause of all those great material improvements which are the growth and the characteristic of the civilization of the nineteenth century. And it is assumed that Science and Poetry are the antagonists, not the help-meets and handmaids of each other. But most true is it of our civilization, that—

Science and Poetry and Thought
Are its lamps—They make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
So serene they curse it not.

They do not enter the cottage or the mansion, to jostle and to wrestle with, but to aid, encourage, and to support each other. They may rarely find expression through the same oracular mouth-piece. But their influences upon the generation at large are conjoint and co-extensive.* The well-known, often quoted Baconian passage, setting forth that the same age which is fertile in men of action, as warriors and statesmen, is fertile also in men of thought, as poets and philosophers, might have both a more general and a more particular application. The age which produces giants of one kind produces giants of another. The same influences which operating upon one order of intelligence generate great mechanics, operating upon another will generate great poets. As with the body of an individual man, so with the body of men in the concrete, there is a sympathy between its different parts. Those salutary influences

* It may be remarked, too, that men of science were never more poetical, nor poets more scientific, than at the present time.

which strengthen one arm seldom fail to strengthen another. At all events, nothing can be more preposterous than to affirm that because one part thrives another must languish. The healthiness of the age manifests itself in the general developments of intellectual power of all kinds. We see it alike—

In the steam-ship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind;

the progress of the nineteenth century is, in a word, *Catholic*.

But after all, the best reply to the vulgar assertion, that the tendencies of the age are essentially prosaic, is to be found in the simple material fact of the large amount of poetry that is written, and the large amount that is read. It is true that much poetry, or much that presumes to call itself poetry, is written, but never read. The volumes of poetry which issue from the press, never to be read, but by friends and critics,—and by them sparingly—are past counting. Of this phenomenon there are two noticeable things to be said. Firstly, that very much of that unread poetry would once have been largely read. Unread poetry is not always unreadable poetry. Many a poet, doomed in this nineteenth century to taste all the bitterness of neglect, would at the close of the eighteenth have made for himself a great reputation. There have been worse versifiers included in editions of standard British poets than those, which week after week are now dismissed by our periodical critics in a few faint sentences of feeble praise. And, secondly, that poetry must, to a considerable number of people, be its own exceeding great reward, or so much would not be written for the mere pleasure of writing it. Every allowance being made for the deluding operations of hope—for all the excesses of a sanguine temperament—still the fact is mainly to be accounted for by a reference to the truth, that

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which none but poets know.—

And if this pleasure be widely experienced, as by its results we know it to be, at the present time, the age cannot be an unpoetical one. It matters not, in this view of the case, whether the poetry be good or bad. We speak here of those poetical yearnings which may find sufficient or insufficient utterance. Whatever may be their audible expression, whether in immortal music or wretched stutterings, there is a feeling of poetry at the source of

it. The existence of the poetical temperament is indicated even by the profitless effort, the impotent desire. It is something even to aspire to be a poet.

It will, perhaps, be said, that if poetry, which would once have found many readers, now finds few or none, the age is, therefore, an unpoetical one. And so it would be, if, whilst rejecting this once tolerated mediocrity, we had nothing better to fall back upon. But the generation which can boast of Wordsworth and Shelley—Byron and Crabb—Campbell and Rogers—Keats and Tennyson,—as its contemporaries, has no need to betake itself to such mediocrity as was erst represented by Pomfret and Yalden. Has Mr. Tennyson, the most poetical of poets, any reason to complain of a paucity of readers? Has Elizabeth Barr att sung to a people who will not hear?

And, in the meanwhile, how fares it with our older bards? Are those who have sung worthily to a past generation forgotten or neglected by the present? There is no more cogent argument to be adduced, in denial of the assumption that the tendencies of the age are essentially prosaic, than the fact that there are, at the present time, *three* different editions of the standard British poets in course of serial publication. Would there be this ample supply if there were no adequate demand? Would Mr. Bell, Mr. Gilfillan, and Mr. Wilmot waste their fine minds in the strenuous idleness of editing generation after generation of English poets, only to supply lining for our trunks? Would Mr. Parker, or Mr. Routledge, or any other publisher, sink his capital in an unfathomable well of hopeless speculation? Would Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Murray fritter away their learning and their enterprize upon new editions of "Lives of the Poets," and other kindred works, if we had ceased to delight in poetry? Would minor publishers be, as they are, continually on the alert to pounce, hawk-like, on expired copyrights of popular poets, if the tendencies of the age were essentially prosaic? As we write, a prospectus is placed before us, announcing a forthcoming serial issue of Byron's poems, in penny numbers, under the auspices of some lawful pirate, who knows that the speculation will be a profitable one. Already have some of the earlier poems of Southey, Scott, and others, become common property—common property, which, in a prosaic age, no one would have thought worthy of the paper and print expended on its appropriation. Of the quantity of poetry that is printed in the present day, no doubt can be

entertained. It may, therefore, without any violence, be assumed that much is *read*.

Indeed, if there were no other evidence of the tastes and feelings of the present generation than that afforded by the edition of the English Poets, for which we are now continually indebted to the talents and energies of Mr. Robert Bell, and Mr. J. W. Parker, we should be abundantly satisfied with the demonstration. The "Annotated Edition of the English Poets" promises to be the best ever presented to the public. The name, however, suggests to us in *limine*, what appears to us to be a defect in the design of the work. We have been used, when there was less need than now of the more comprehensive designation, to read of editions of the "*British Poets*." We gather from the different title now adopted that it is the intention of Mr. Bell to exclude from his edition the whole of our *Scottish* poetry. It is not merely as North British Reviewers that we protest against this exclusiveness. In the advertisements to the edition, it is expressly stated, that "it will include the works of several poets entirely omitted from previous collections, especially those stores of lyrical and ballad poetry in which our literature is richer than that of any other country, and which, independently of their poetical claims, are peculiarly interesting as illustrations of historical events and national customs." Is the collection of these stories to stop short at the border? Is all the Ballad minstrelsy, the growth of those tracts of country which lie to the north of the Tweed, to be ignored in a great national collection like this? Is a work which must necessarily contain the writings of so many minor minstrels to give no sign of the existence of Robert Burns?

We shall hardly be suspected of any national partiality, in claiming for our principal northern bards due recognition, in a work which we believe will take its place not only in our own but in our children's and children's children's libraries, on both sides of the Border. "In the exercise of a strict principle of selection," say the projectors of the Annotated Edition, "this edition will be rendered *intrinsically* more valuable than any of its predecessors." It is only, indeed, upon the basis of the intrinsic excellence of the collection, that such a work as this can build up its claims to an extensive and lasting popularity. The editor of such a work must by no means be diverted from the duty of gathering together poetry of the highest order,—

All such as manly and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use;

in search of what is merely curious and interesting from the extrinsic stamp of antiquarianism that is upon it. We should entertain no apprehension of such an editor as Mr. Bell falling into an error of this kind, even if he had not pledged himself to regard the intrinsic excellence of the poetry itself before every other consideration. That, in particular cases, there must always be some variance in the public taste is certain. It would be impossible for any editor, in a selection of poetical works to fill a hundred or more volumes, not to offend some prejudices and disappoint some predilections. There is a story told by Mr. Charles Butler to the effect that a party of gentlemen having agreed to write down the names of, we believe, the six most interesting books they had ever read, one name only appeared in every list. The book thus honored was *Gil Blas*. There would not be this variance of opinion with regard to the intrinsic excellence of any number of British poets; but it would be curious to see the lists which would be given in by a dozen intelligent men well-read in English literature, if they were invited to name the poets who, in their estimation, ought to be selected to fill a hundred volumes like those which are now before us. In respect, indeed, of this matter of selection, Mr. Bell must prepare himself to be charged with some errors both of commission and of omission. But we have little fear that starting, as he does, with the design of regarding intrinsic poetical excellence above all other considerations, he will go far wrong in respect of the general result.

"The edition now proposed," says Mr. Bell, "will be distinguished from all preceding editions in many important respects." When Cowper first examined Johnson's edition he wrote to Mr. Unwin, saying, "A few things I have met with, which if they had been burned the moment they were written, it would have been better for the author, and at least as well for his readers. There is not much of this, but a little is too much. I think it a pity the editor admitted any. The English muse would have lost no credit by the omission of such trash. Some of them appear to me to have a very disputable right to a place among the classics, and I am quite at a loss when I see them in such company to conjecture what is Dr. Johnson's idea or definition of classical merit. But if he inserts the poems of some who can hardly be said to deserve such an honor, the purchaser will comfort himself with the hope that he will exclude none that do." The hope, however, was disappointed. The selection was the work

of the booksellers, not of the editor, and the former estimated the merits of a poet according to the existing amount of demand for his works. The great rival edition of the last century, known as "Bell's British Poets," was only so far better than Johnson's that it commenced at an earlier date, and included the works of Chaucer, Spencer, and Donne.*

Speaking of these two editions of the British Poets as of the only ones whose completeness renders them worthy of notice, Southey says, in his *Life of Cowper*, "I know not whether Johnson's edition was more accurate" (than Bell's, of whom Mr. Croker had said that the "inaccuracy of the press was very conspicuous," "but this I know, that unless the press be carefully compared with the last edition of a book that has passed under the author's own eye, every new edition will introduce new corruptions into the text, and of the very worst kind, by the careless substitution of words, which, without making nonsense of the passage, alter its meaning or destroy its beauty." Of the truth of this there is no doubt. The probable evil of which Southey here speaks is a real one. The projectors of the edition now before us rightly observe, that "the necessity for a revised and carefully annotated edition of the English poets may be found in the fact, that no such publication exists. The only collections we possess consist of naked and frequently im-

perfect texts, put forth without sufficient literary supervision." That an edition of the English poets, distinguished at the same time by a judicious selection of authors, a careful revision of the text, and intelligent annotation, was one of the greatest of our literary wants, will be readily admitted. This Mr. Robert Bell has undertaken to supply; whilst Mr. Parker performs his part of the compact in a manner to which the most fastidious cannot object, by issuing the edition in monthly volumes, which are a model of elegance, at so low a price, that the work, viewed in relation to the care and cost bestowed upon it, is one of the cheapest publications of the day.

As we write, some ten volumes of this edition have already appeared. It is too early a day to speak of the manner in which the duty of selection, generally, will be performed by Mr. Bell; but so far he has proceeded with judgment and discrimination. Mr. Bell's design is not merely to bring out the collected works of our principal English poets, weighing the claims of different aspirants to classic honors, as they have not been weighed by his predecessors, but to render his work also a complete collection of English Poetry. In other words, he purposes to embrace in his collection a large body of that scattered, and in some cases anonymous poetry, which is not less intrinsically excellent in itself, and has not had less influence upon the times, because it has not made the reputation, and is not historically associated with the name, of any particular man. Of the new insertions, the poems of John Oldham—a vigorous and a pungent satirist, well deserving resuscitation, may be accepted as a promising example; whilst the collection of *Songs of the Dramatists*,—the intrinsic excellence of which, however, we do not estimate quite so highly as Mr. Bell, is a pregnant instance of the careful, the conscientious, and the intelligent manner in which he is addressing himself to the performance of his difficult and responsible duty.

We have, indeed, a high opinion of the qualifications which Mr. Bell brings to his task. He is obviously a man of fine taste and cultivated mind, united with the steady, and, we are afraid, rarer qualities, of laboriousness and conscientiousness. He is a discriminating, but at the same time a genial critic, a graceful writer, and an instructive commentator. A larger amount of cumbrous learning than he possesses would only be in his way. He is the reverse of a pedant; he has no exclusive sympathies, no narrow prejudices of any kind. He can admire and ap-

* "England, I believe," says Southey, in his *Life of Cowper*, "is the only country, in which any general collection of its poets has been attempted. The first was brought forward by a noted bookseller, named John Bell. . . . He, in the year 1777, announced an edition of the poets of Great Britain, complete from Chaucer to Churchill. The more respectable of the London booksellers, regarding this as an invasion of what they called their literary property, (as by the custom of the trade it was considered to be,) resolved upon publishing a rival edition, which should have the advantage of an ostensible and competent editor, of a more correct text, and of including several authors, whose works being still copyright by law, could not be pirated unless with the consent of those publishers in whom that right was vested. Dr. Johnson, as holding deservedly the highest rank among his contemporaries: was the person whom they selected to undertake this task, and to write the lives of the poets. And they also, like Bell, proposed to commence with Chaucer, and to include all the English poets down to their own time. The selection, however, was made, not by the editor, but by the booksellers; and they were directed in it by no other criterion than that of public opinion, as evinced in the demand for certain books. The poet whose works were not called for was dead to them. Departing, therefore, on that consideration, from their first intention, instead of commencing their collection with Chaucer, they began with Cowley."

preciate writers of the most opposite character. Here and there it is probable that the editorship of some one particular poet might more advantageously be entrusted to some particular living writer whom we might name; but we know no one among our contemporaries more likely to do justice to an edition of English Poets as a whole.

The edition before us is emphatically an "annotated" edition of the English Poets. It in no small measure founds its claims to popular support upon the accuracy and copiousness of the annotations it contains. The illustrative matter is indeed ample. It is of two kinds, introductory and marginal. Judging by the volumes now before us, we have little hesitation in pronouncing an opinion favorable to the manner in which this important part of the editor's duty has been performed. The notes are numerous, but not too numerous. They discharge their proper functions; for they explain, they do not encumber the text. That here and there a wrong word may have crept in, or a stop may have been misplaced, or a note omitted where one is to be desired, is something more than a probability—it appears indeed to us to be a necessity in such a work. It would require, indeed, superhuman intelligence, and superhuman labor, wholly to prevent the occurrence of such mischances as these. That they seldom occur in a work of such extent, demanding so rare a combination of many qualities in the individual workman, is honorable to the ability, the care, and the conscientiousness of the editor. The "annotated" edition of the English Poets would be the greatest literary wonder of the age if no errors were discernible in it.

To the assaults of that lowest order of criticism—the word-catching, which lives on syllables—a work of this kind is sure to be exposed. Every critic knows something, or thinks that he knows something, about Dryden and Pope, Goldsmith and Cowper. Many hold opinions of their own, perhaps have some peculiar critical tenets, any variance from which they regard as an unpardonable heresy. Mere difference of opinion constitutes, in their eyes, an offence. They treat as settled points what are often open questions; and whilst dogmatically commenting upon another's errors, not seldom illustrate their own. Doubtless they have a right to their opinions, and they have a right freely to express them. But a large portion of the censure which is passed by periodical critics upon such works as this, is, in reality a mere expression of a difference of opinion, and

ought rather to be delivered in a suggestive than a dogmatic tone. The acrimony of rival commentators is, however, proverbial. The *ineptissime dixit* is still the favorite critical formula which expresses the offence of an editor who interprets an obscure passage after a fashion differing from that which finds favor in the eyes of his critic. But these Brunckian amenities are not creditable to our periodical literature. With the editor of such a work as this every literary man should make common cause; all who have our national literature at heart should endeavor to assist his labors, and to contribute something towards the completeness of his work.

The edition of Cowper now before us, included in three of Mr. Bell's annotated volumes, may be taken as a fair specimen of the manner in which he is discharging his important duties. We do not conceive that the "bard of Olney" is one to the consideration of whose writings, and the illustration of whose career, a mind so constituted as is the editor's, is likely to bring so large an amount of enthusiasm and sympathy as to other poets whom we could name. But on that very account, we believe that in selecting the annotated Cowper for the text of the present paper, we are dealing fairly with the work as a whole. We have no doubt that better specimens of genial and careful editing will appear in the series. Indeed, we regard the annotated Dryden, with which the series was commenced, as, on the whole, a better specimen of editorial skill. But we cannot hesitate to declare that there is no existing edition of Cowper's Poems which we so much care to possess, as that which is now before us. It has one great advantage over all others,—that the poems are arranged according to the date of their composition, so that we have a complete picture of the development of the poetical faculty in William Cowper, and a history of the intellectual activity of the bard, at different periods of his life, at once in the most authentic and the most interesting shape. The introductory notes explanatory of the circumstances under which the different poems were written, and the influences to which the poet was exposed at the time of their composition, impart a vitality to the collection, which, taking all the pieces together, carries the reader on from one to another, and raises within him, as he advances, those emotions of sympathy which are inspired by the perusal of a vivid autobiography. It is a common remark, that the history of a poet's life is to be

found in his works. But his poems, when collected, are often arranged in so clumsy a manner, or on so false a system, that they throw no light at all upon the progress of his inner life, or the development of his genius. Mindful of this, Mr. Bell has, for the first time, printed Cowper's Poems in chronological order; and it is difficult to say how much their interest is enhanced by such an arrangement.*

In making frequent use of Cowper's unrivalled correspondence, the annotator has done wisely. But not less wisely in resisting the temptation to a more liberal use of these materials for commentary. It would have been easy, with a collection of Cowper's letters before him, for the editor to have multiplied note upon note. But such multiplication would have encumbered the text, and expanded the bulk of the work beyond convenient limits. It appears to us that we have just sufficient annotation, and no more, for a work that forms only a small component part of an extensive series.

The life of William Cowper has been written so often and so amply, that it was hardly to be expected that Mr. Bell should have much novel matter to introduce into the Memoir which he has prefixed to the poems. It is a pleasant, a conscientious, and a reliable piece of writing; and, with the introductory notes, affords a very complete picture of the life, the habits, and the character of the poet. There is a well-known peculiarity in the life of Cowper which distinguishes it from almost every other subject of biography. People are prone to ask, when a new biographer or new essayist enters upon it, "which side does he take?" The subject, indeed, has become a sort of literary battle-field—one, too, in which even larger interests than those of literature are concerned. The life of William Cowper has been written from very different points of view—one biographer regarding the views of another, to say the least of them, as dangerous heresies, and

each having a large phalanx of supporters eager to condemn the work of his rival. Grimshawe wrote because he was not satisfied with Hayley; and Southey wrote because he was not satisfied with Grimshawe. Mr. Bell avoids both extremes. He is more moderate and candid than his predecessors. His sympathies are, perhaps, rather with Southey than with Grimshawe. But he has no theory to maintain. He treats of the results more than of the causes of Cowper's fearful maladies; and there is very little in his Memoir or his Notes to offend the prejudices of the most sensitive adherents of either party. If there be *any thing*, it is rather in some casual expression than in any studied assertion of opinion.

In truth, it is a melancholy subject; but, after all, not so melancholy as some, it seems, would wish to make it. It would be the saddest thing of all to believe that so noble a mind was wrecked by that which is the very crown and perfection of human reason, and without which the intelligence of man, in its sublimest utterance, is but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. That William Cowper was, at certain periods of his life, the victim of some miserable spiritual delusions, is a painful and undeniable fact. But these delusions were not the cause, but the effect of the derangement under which he suffered. It has often been said that "religion drove him mad." But religion never yet drove any man mad. Even Mr. Bell, of whose candor we have spoken approvingly, seems to have fallen into this old error. Speaking of the composition of the Olney Hymns, he says, "A devotional labor of this peculiar description, calling him back into the solitude of study and composition, to those spiritual meditations which had formerly unsettled his reason, was full of danger to Cowper." But spiritual meditations did not unsettle Cowper's mind. His mind would have been unsettled had he been an atheist and a blasphemer. The only difference would have been in the manifestations of his disease.

Had Cowper lived and suffered half a century later, the terrible malady which, during so many years of his life, overshadowed his reason, would, in all probability, never have been a mystery, never a subject of contention between rival biographers and controversial essayists. The seat of the disease, whether in the brain or the viscera, would have been discovered: and we should have heard nothing of spiritual meditations unsettling the reason of the unfortunate poet. As

* "The Poems," says Mr. Bell, "are here printed, for the first time, in chronological order. It is believed that independently of other considerations, the interest connected with these pieces is much enhanced by this arrangement; especially in reference to the minor poems, which, being chiefly occasional, are to a great extent autobiographical. They enter into the history of Cowper's life; and a new light is thrown upon them, by exhibiting them in the order of the incidents to which they refer. The particular circumstances connected with their origin are explained in the introductions, and, wherever it is possible, in Cowper's own words, derived from his correspondence."

it is, we can only grope about in dim twilight. The solution, it is true, is very easy—reason and analogy favor it; but at the best, it is only conjecture. More or less of doubt and obscurity must always envelop a subject upon which, in these days, modern science would in all probability have thrown a flood of light.

The extent to which the diseases of the body, both organic and functional, affect the mind, is every year becoming better and better understood. Men are often victims of the most horrible delusions under the influence of a mere temporary derangement of the organs of digestion. We have no doubt that medical experience could cite scores of cases of mental aberration, analogous with that of Cowper, attended with corresponding symptoms of physical disease. In general terms it is said, and said truthfully, of the poet, that from his childhood upwards, he was constitutionally of a morbid temperament. It does not appear that there was any hereditary tendency to which the origin of his malady can be assigned, but that it was constitutional is not to be doubted. "I have all my life," he frequently said in his letters, "been subject to a disorder of my spirits." This commenced at a very early period. We cannot quite follow Mr. Grimshawe in the inference which he draws from some of the well-known lines "On the receipt of my mother's picture out of Norfolk," to the effect that even before his mother's death Cowper was subject to depression of spirits. "That a morbid temperament," says the biographer, "was the originating cause of his disposition, is confirmed by an affecting passage in one of his poems:—

"My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun."

But the meaning of this passage is not that Cowper was a "wretch" antecedently to the death of his mother, but that that event made him a wretch even at the beginning of "life's journey." His sorrows seem then to have commenced. There is nothing in the passage to lead us to the conclusion that they had commenced *before*.

He might truly date his sorrows from that melancholy epoch. It is not improbable, indeed, that he owed them all to his untimely bereavement. He was a child of a delicate organization, and he required, therefore, the gentlest treatment and the most watchful care. Instead of enjoying these advantages, he was

subjected, in early childhood, to discipline of a very opposite nature. His father, the rector of Berkhamstead, on the death of Mrs. Cowper, sent William to school. The delicate, sensitive boy was "taken," as he said, "from the nursery, and from the immediate care of a most indulgent mother," and sent to "rough it," as best he might, among strangers.

Where Bedfordshire abuts into Hertfordshire, at a point of the great highroad, between St. Albans and Dunstable, is a long straggling village or townlet, known by the name of Market-street.* Now that the North-Western Railway runs at no great distance, almost parallel with this road, the place has a wan, deserted, melancholy appearance. But once the now silent "street" continually resounded with the smackings of the post-boy's whip, and the notes of the coachman's horn, and there was something of bustle and excitement, as there was at that time in many places, once the great arteries of our traffic, but now almost without a pulse of life. In this pulseless Market-street, there was a school kept by one Dr. Pitman; and thither, at the age of six, William Cowper, motherless and forlorn, was sent to "make his way," as it is called, against the "rolling sea" of birch and bullies.

And many a boy would have made his way against both. But poor little Cowper could not make his way at all. All the little nerve which he carried with him to Market-street was battered out of him by a big boy, who seems to have made it his especial business to cow one who needed but little discipline of any kind to bring him to a fitting state of subjection. "I had hardships of different kinds to conflict with," he wrote in after life in reference to his early training, "which I felt more sensibly in proportion to the tenderness with which I had been treated at home. But my chief affliction consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object on whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I choose to forbear a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity with which he made it his business continually to persecute me; it will be suffi-

* Southey, in his life of Cowper, has been at some pains to show the conflicting testimonies of different writers regarding the geographical position of Dr. Pitman's school—some having placed it in Bedfordshire, and some in Hertfordshire; and says truly enough, that the poet was only at one private school. A glance at the maps of the two counties might have assured him of the cause of the seeming discrepancy.

cient to say, that he had, by his savage treatment of me, impressed such a dread of his figure on my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift up my eyes upon him, higher than his knees, and that I knew him by his shoe-buckles better than any other part of his dress." Commenting upon this passage, a portion of which Mr. Bell quotes in his introductory memoir, he observes, that to the brutality of this boy's character, and the general impression left upon Cowper's mind by the tyranny he had undergone at Dr. Pitman's, may be referred "the unfavorable opinion he entertained respecting schools, so forcibly expressed in the poem entitled '*Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools*.'"

Of this there is no doubt: but might not something more have been added—might not something more have been referred to the tyranny of the big bully at Dr. Pitman's? It would be hardly possible for a child of delicate organization to undergo such treatment as little William Cowper was subjected to at the bad school in Market-street, without some abiding consequences affecting his physical or moral health—or both. What the precise nature of this treatment was does not appear. But no one knowing the many forms which school-boy cruelty assumes can doubt for a moment that it is quite sufficient to sow broadcast, in such a constitution as little Cowper's, the seeds of that melancholy disease which overshadowed so many of the best years of his life. We are sorry to say, that there are many cases on record of similar evil treatment, attended with effects of the same melancholy nature.

Not, however, that we regard such an instance of tyranny on the one side, and suffering on the other, as any thing more than an exceptional case. There has been more than a common outcry of late against "fagging systems," "monitorial systems," and other kinds of schoolboy domination. But we have no disposition to swell the chorus. We suspect that there are not many men, whether educated at public or private schools, who are not willing to speak feelingly, affectionately, gratefully, of the kindness shown towards them by older boys. There is something almost parental in the tender care and chivalrous protection which we have seen extended to the young and helpless at the scholastic institutions which Cowper conceived to be nurseries of vice and hot-beds of oppression. When the result is different, it is for the most part to be attributed to the unfitness of the preceptor. In large public schools it may be difficult to exercise a direct

influence over this branch of internal discipline; but in such establishments as Dr. Pitman's nothing can be easier. The master has nothing more to do, when a young and tender child is entrusted to his care, than to place him immediately under the protection of one of the elder boys. The more openly, *coram populo*, it is done, the better. Such a trust is sure not to be betrayed. We have known the happiest results to attend such a practice as this. The chivalrous feelings of the elder boy are stimulated by such an appeal to his manliness. He is proud of the charge. He rejoices in the confidence reposed in him by his master; and he studies to prove himself worthy of it. He soon learns how much pleasanter it is to protect and to cherish than to domineer and to oppress; and he has his reward in the almost filial reverence and affection with which he is looked up to and leaned upon by his youthful client.

Such kindly, judicious management as this might have saved poor Cowper. As it was, we can hardly doubt that during his residence at Dr. Pitman's the seeds of his terrible malady were sown. From the school in Market-street he was removed to the house of an oculist, where he remained for some time, under treatment for a disease of the eyes. A dreary time, in all probability, it was—with nothing strengthening or refreshing in the environments of his position, but much to enervate and depress. From this isolation he was thrown at once into the tumult of a public school. At the age of nine he went to Westminster. "At twelve or thirteen" he was "seized with the small-pox," "severely handled by the disease, and in imminent danger." The virulence of the disorder cured the complaint in his eyes, but left behind what Cowper believed to be symptoms of consumption.* That it very much increased the irritability under which he suffered, and still further weakened an already weakly constitution, is not to be questioned. At this time, he says, he was "struck with a lowness of spirits very un-

* In the Memoir of Cowper's early life, written by himself, these apprehensions of a consumptive habit are mentioned before the appearance of the small-pox. But the narrative of his school-days is written in very general language, and the allusion to the consumptive symptoms may belong to any period of his Westminster career. As the attack of small-pox occurred at the age of twelve or thirteen, and he says, with reference to the "intimations of a consumptive habit," that he had skill enough to understand their meaning, they are more likely to have occurred after than before that age.

common at his age." As time advanced, however, his position at Westminster necessarily improved. The most reserved and retiring boy cannot spend nine years at a public school without acquiring some confidence in himself. As he grew older, and necessarily more respected by reason of his seniority, he became more self-possessed. He formed many friendships. He took part in the active recreations of the school. These social enjoyments exercised a salutary influence upon both his body and his mind. It does not appear that during the latter years of his residence at Westminster he was otherwise than healthy and happy.

At the age of eighteen he was "taken from Westminster, and, having spent about nine months at home, was sent to acquire the practice of the law with an attorney." On attaining his majority, he took a set of chambers in the Temple, and was "complete master of himself." Here, according to his own statement, he commenced "a rash and ruinous career of wickedness." Who could doubt the effect of dissipation upon his irritable constitution? Not long after his settlement in the Temple he was "struck with such a dejection of spirits as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of." "Day and night," he said, "I was upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair." In this state he "continued near a twelvemonth, when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, he at length betook himself to God in prayer." He had not, however, tried the effect of "all human means." Change of air and scene was subsequently recommended him, and he went to Southampton with a party of friends, and spent several months at that pleasant watering-place. It need not be said that the change had a prodigious effect upon his health and his spirits. One clear, calm, sun-shiny morning, as he sat on a hill-side, and looked down upon the beautiful expanse of sea and land beneath him, the burden which had so long oppressed him was suddenly removed, and he felt an elation of spirit so delicious that he could have wept for joy. This is no unwonted phenomenon. Nor is it a bit more strange that, finding himself so much better in health and lighter in mood, he should have ceased from those spiritual exercises to which he had betaken himself in a season of sickness and despondency. These mutations are so common that they have passed into a proverb, contained in a somewhat irreverent distich, to which we need not more particularly allude.

He went back to town, gave himself up to society, and what he afterwards, perhaps in somewhat overstrained language of self-reproach, described as "an uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence." This kind of life, however, could not have had a very beneficial effect upon his nerves. He was disappointed, too, in his affections. He was tenderly attached to his cousin, Theodora Cowper; and the passion was reciprocated. But the prudent parents,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart,

forbade the union; and the cousins remained single until death. Whether this "disappointment," which he made the subject of a poem, had any abiding effect upon his spirits, does not very clearly appear. Mr. Southey and Mr. Bell both think that it did not—quoting in confirmation of this opinion a Latin letter written subsequently to the failure of his suit, in which he speaks of "a lovely and beloved little girl" of sixteen, who had bewitched him at Greenwich. In our estimation, however, the argument based upon this passage is of no weight. The Latin letter appears to us to be nothing more than a bit of amusing badinage. Surely his account of the "amabilis et amata puellula," whose departure left behind so many "lachrymas et auspiria," was never meant to be received as the expression of a serious passion. Considering that he addressed his correspondent, a brother Templar, as "*Deliciæ et lepores mei!*" it is not very difficult to make allowance for the classical bombast wherein he speaks of his female friend. The Latin letter is curious and amusing, but it throws no light upon the real character of Cowper's love. His disappointment was, probably, one of many aggravating causes, which tended to increase his nervous irritability at this time; and we have little doubt, that if the issue had been different—if he had been united to a sensible, an amiable, and a sprightly woman, the clouds would not have gathered over him in such appalling density.

A crisis was now, indeed, rapidly approaching. Cowper's little patrimony was fast melting away under the influence of a life of continued idleness. In this emergency he remembered that he had some influential friends; and he bethought himself of the possibility of obtaining a situation under Government. The office of clerk of the journals of the House of Lords was in the gift of his kinsman, Major Cowper. The

incumbent died, seemingly at an opportune moment; and about the same time the joint offices of reading-clerk and clerk of the committees were vacated by resignation. Major Cowper, who was patentee of these appointments, made his cousin an offer of "the two most profitable places"—in other words, the joint office—and the latter thoughtlessly accepted it. On reflection, however, the idea of a public exhibition in the House of Lords quite overcame him, and he sought permission to exchange his office for the less lucrative post of clerk of the journals. The exchange was effected, but the object was not obtained. Cowper was "bid to expect an examination at the bar of the House touching his sufficiency for the post he had taken." The thought of such an exhibition was so appalling, that in time it overthrew his reason.

There is nothing very astonishing in this. There are many men—men, too, in other respects not wanting in courage and confidence—who would rather forfeit a lucrative appointment than make a public exhibition of themselves, and stand an examination before such a tribunal as the House of Lords. It may be asked, then, why Cowper could not relieve his mind at once by throwing up the appointment? The answer is, that his abandonment of the office would have been a confession of incompetency, and that such a confession would have compromised his kinsman. He endeavored, therefore, to qualify and to brace himself up for the threatened examination. It need not be said how hopeless are all such attempts. It would have been nothing short of a miracle if he had succeeded. Had his organization been far less delicate—had he never been subject to an excess of nervous irritability almost amounting to insanity—the experiment would have disastrously failed. As it was, the horror of the impending trial only increased upon him. The more he struggled to obtain light, the more hopeless was the darkness. It is unnecessary to enter into any details illustrative of this miserable period of Cowper's life. All the frightful circumstances are fully on record, as narrated by the poet himself. His excessive anxiety brought on a "nervous fever," which was somewhat allayed by a visit to Margate, where change of scene and cheerful company enabled him for a while to shake off his terrors. But on returning to London and the journals, his old misery came back upon him, and he was more grievously tormented than before. He saw no escape from his agony, but madness

or death. The former, as he thought, came too slowly, so he took refuge in the latter. He bought laudanum to poison himself. He went down to the Custom-house quay to drown himself. Finally, he hanged himself in his chambers; but falling to the ground, just as strangulation was commencing, he was baffled in this last attempt. He seems then to have awakened to a sense of his guilt. But mind and body, thus cruelly exercised—thus rent and shattered and convulsed, were now giving way. It was impossible that they could much longer withstand this continued tension. "A numbness," he wrote in his own painful Memoir of these sad events, "seized upon the extremities of my body, and life seemed to retreat before it; my hands and feet became cold and stiff; a cold sweat stood upon my forehead; my heart seemed at every pulse to beat its last, and my soul to cling to my lips as if on the very brink of departure. No convicted criminal ever feared death more, or was more afraid of dying. At eleven o'clock, my brother called upon me, and in about an hour after his arrival, that distemper of mind which I had so ardently wished for actually seized me. . . . A strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light upon the brain, without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt."

He was conveyed to a private asylum, kept at St. Albans by Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, an excellent and accomplished man. His mental alienation was of the most terrible, but not the most uncommon kind. After what had happened, it was almost a necessary consequence that his insanity should be of the gloomiest type, and that he should believe himself beyond the pale of salvation. Under the judicious treatment of Dr. Cotton, however, he slowly recovered. His terrible delusions began in time to clear away, and after eighteen months spent in the St. Albans Asylum, he was sufficiently restored to be removed to Huntingdon, where a lodging had been secured for him by his brother. His spirit was becoming every day more tranquil. He found solace in prayer. He attended divine service. His heart was full of unspeakable gratitude and joy. The goodness of God was the continual theme of his meditations. At Huntingdon he made the acquaintance of the Unwins. The family consisted of Mr. Unwin, a non-resident clergyman; his wife; a son, intended for holy orders; and a daughter, whom Cowper described as "rather handsome and genteel."

How this acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and how Cowper became an inmate of the Unwins' house, is too well known to need recital. He seems at this period of his life to have been happy and cheerful. He took sufficient exercise—even riding upon horseback. He wrote, indeed, that he had "become a professed horseman;" and nothing was better calculated to strengthen his health and cheer his spirits. But a melancholy accident brought this peaceful interval of life to a close. Mr. Unwin was thrown from his horse and killed.

How the survivors—that is, how Mrs. Unwin and Cowper—determined not to forsake each other, but to dwell together and to administer to each other's wants, is known to all who are acquainted with even the merest outline of the poet's life. Of this curious compact, which Mr. Bell truly describes as "an exceptional case, not to be judged by ordinary standards," we purpose to offer no opinion, further than that, beautiful as was the constancy of the friendship which was so long maintained between them, the union was in some respects unfortunate in its results to both. But the most unfortunate thing of all was the choice of their residence. They were attracted to Olney—a small townlet on the banks of the Ouse, in Buckinghamshire—by that remarkable man, Mr. Newton, who, then at the commencement of his distinguished evangelical career, was acting as curate of the parish. He recommended Mrs. Unwin to remove to Olney, and offered to secure a house for her. To this she readily assented, and her companion willingly ratified the choice.

So, in the autumn of 1767, Cowper went to live at Olney. It would have been difficult to select, from one end of the kingdom to another, a more unfortunate place of residence for a nervous invalid. The house itself resembled a prison. The principal sitting-room was over a cellar filled with water. The surrounding country was low, damp, miasmatic. During several months of the year it was almost impossible to go out of doors. There was no pleasant neighborly society. All the influences, external and internal, to which he was subjected at this time, were enervating and depressing; and they abundantly fed his disease. A slow fever began gradually to consume both Cowper and his companion, but although they suffered miserably from its effects, it was long before they began thoroughly to understand the cause.

But they saw the whole extent of the

mischief at last, as the following passages of a letter to Mrs. Unwin's son clearly indicate. Need we look any further for the source of Cowper's sufferings at Olney?—

"When you first contemplated," he wrote, "the front of our abode, you were shocked. In your eyes it had the appearance of a prison; and you sighed at the thought that your mother lived in it. Your view of it was not only just, but prophetic. It had not only the aspect of a place built for the purpose of incarceration, but it has actually served that purpose through a long, long period, and we have been the prisoners. . . . Here we have no neighborhood Here we have a bad air in winter, impregnated with the fishy-smelling fumes of the marsh miasma. . . . Here we are confined from September to March, and sometimes longer. . . . Both your mother's constitution and mine have suffered materially by such close and long confinement; and it is high time, unless we intend to retreat into the grave, that we should seek out a more wholesome residence."

In another letter, addressed to Mr. Newton, he wrote:—

A fever of the slow and spirit-oppressing kind seems to belong to all, except the natives, who have dwelt in Olney many years; and the natives have putrid fevers. Both they and we, I believe, are immediately indebted for our respective maladies to an atmosphere encumbered with raw vapors issuing from flooded meadows; and we in particular, have fared the worse for sitting so often, and sometimes for weeks, over a cellar filled with water.

To the evil effects of climate and situation, far more than to the companionship of Mr. Newton, and to the pursuits into which he was led by that exemplary divine, are we to attribute the return of his malady. Mr. Bell, with the highest respect for Newton's character, is, however, of a different opinion.

"The change to Olney," he says, "materially disturbed the tranquillity which Cowper had hitherto enjoyed, and which was so essential to his mental health. The calm daily prayers of Huntingdon, which shed a balm upon his spirit that at once strengthened and composed him, were displaced by more frequent evangelical worship; prayer-meetings were established in the parish, at which Cowper actually assisted; he was called upon to visit the sick; to pray by the bedside of the dying; to investigate the condition of the poor of a populous and extensive parish, and to administer to their wants, which he was enabled to do by a fund placed at his disposal by Mr. Thornton, a rich merchant; and, drawn gradually into the duties of a spiritual adviser, he exchanged the quiet and the leisure of the last few years,—the cheerful conversation, the mid-

day relaxation, the evening walk, for the onerous and agitating labors of a sort of lay-curate to Mr. Newton. The effect of this change on a delicate organization, already shattered by a disease which the slightest excitement, especially of a religious character, was likely to bring back, could not be otherwise than injurious."

To this we cannot but ask in reply, "Is it so?"

— Is it so, Festus?

He speaks so calmly and wisely—is it so?

Our own belief is, that visiting the poor and relieving their wants is any thing but a dreary and depressing occupation; and that "quiet and leisure" were not precisely what Cowper most wanted. What he wanted was active occupation—occupation both for body and mind; something, too, to draw him out of himself. The contemplation of such scenes as he witnessed in the houses of the poor, as Newton's lay-curate, must have largely awakened that sympathy with others' sufferings, which more than any thing else perhaps, saves a man from dwelling upon his own. We are not sure that if we were called upon to prescribe for the worst forms of hypochondriasis, we should not recommend the sufferer to fill his purse and go out to visit the poor. Such an occupation must in itself have been salutary even in Cowper's case.* But it was not sufficient to counteract the other evil influences of which we have spoken. The marsh miasma of Olney was doing its sure work upon Cowper's irritable constitution. He was continually inhaling the slow poison of the place. A nervous fever was preying upon him. "Having suffered so much by nervous fevers myself," he wrote in 1776, "I know how to congratulate Ashley on his recovery. Other distempers only batter the walls; but they creep silently into the citadel, and put the garrison to the sword." It need not be explained to the duller reader, that the citadel here spoken of is the head—*arx formæ facies*,—and that the garrison is the brain, or the reason. We have here therefore a distinct avowal of Cowper's opinion that his reason was destroyed by the operation of nervous

fever; and we have already cited an equally distinct recognition of the fact that his nervous fever was mainly occasioned by the unhealthiness of the climate of Olney. The same atmospheric poison acts differently upon different constitutions. It has, however, one general rule of action. It attacks the weakest place. It lodges itself wherever there is a predisposition to receive it. We need take no trouble to explain why the fever which in the poorer class of inhabitants assumed a putrid type, should in one so organized as William Cowper attack the nerves and affect the brain.

When he wrote about "the nervous fever" creeping silently into the citadel, he had been nine years resident at Olney, the three last of which had been passed under the influence of the most terrible depression. Still, for three years longer he continued under the same influence, but considerably mitigated by time. In 1776 the fury of the storm had expended itself, and in 1779 it had well-nigh blown over. He said afterwards, that he did not quite lose his senses, but that he lost the power of exercising them. "I could return," he said, "a rational answer to a difficult question; but a question was necessary, or I never spoke at all. This state of mind was accompanied, as I suppose it to be in most instances of the kind, with misapprehensions of things and persons, which made me a very untractable patient. I believed that every body hated me, and that Mrs. Unwin hated me most of all; was convinced that all my food was poisoned; together with ten thousand vagaries of the same stamp." There is nothing here that may not be—indeed, that has not been—clearly traced to derangement of the physical constitution. But the disease was suffered to make progress under a mistaken sense of its import, until the enemy could with difficulty be dislodged. Southey says that Mr. Newton and Mrs. Unwin, being clearly of opinion that their poor friend was torn by an unclean spirit, would not for many months seek that professional aid which before had been exercised with such salutary results.

During the season of his slow recovery, he amused himself by taming hares, carpentering, gardening, and painting landscapes; and when, in 1780, his mind seemed to have recovered its original strength, it was suggested to him that he would do well to cultivate his poetical powers. He frequently wrote slight occasional pieces; and now he was stimulated to more sustained efforts by the affectionate solicitude of his friends.

* We are entirely of opinion, however, that it was extremely injudicious to call upon Cowper, to whom a public exhibition of himself was, as he himself said, in any state, mortal poison—to take an active and outward part in the prayer-meetings of Olney. Mr. Greathend, who preached his funeral sermon, said, "I have heard him say, that when expected to take the lead in this social worship, his mind was always greatly agitated for some hours preceding."

They sent him to court the muses, not in search of fame, but of health.

Suffering, indeed, made him a poet, as it has made many others. "Encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair," he wrote long afterwards to Mr. Newton, "and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror, I first commenced as an author. Distress drove me to it; and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment still recommends it." But there was something wanted to give effect to the proposed remedy. Cowper himself well knew what it was. In the poem of "Retirement," he significantly says,—

Virtuous and faithful Heberden, whose skill
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfill,
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,
And sends the patient into purer air.

Cowper ought to have been removed from Olney on the first appearance of his malady. But he remained there throughout nineteen long years, at the end of which it had become intolerable to him. It is probable, however, that he would not have had sufficient energy and resolution to effect a change, but for a circumstance which in the course of the year 1786 exercised a happy influence over the remainder of his life. In that year his cousin, Lady Hesketh, with whom he had been in a familiar and affectionate correspondence for a quarter of a century, arrived on a visit at Olney. She brought an admirable physician with her, in the shape of a carriage and horses; and Cowper, who had been, for many years, literally incarcerated in a dreary prison-house, with a companion who, like himself, was wasting away under the destroying influences to which they were both subjected at Olney, was prevailed upon to accompany his cousin on her pleasant rural drives, and was wonderfully refreshed by the recreation. She was in all respects, too, a most delightful companion. Her presence made sunshine in that shady place on the banks of the Ouse. Even in his letters to Mr. Newton, Cowper could not refrain from chanting her praises in a full swell of gratitude.

"Lady Hesketh," wrote the poet, "by her affectionate behavior, the cheerfulness of her conversation, and the constant sweetness of her temper, has cheered us both, and Mrs. Unwin not less than me. By her help we get change of air and scene, though still resident at Olney, and by her means have intercourse with some families in this country, with whom but for her we could never have been acquainted. Her presence here would at any time, even in my happiest days, have been

a comfort to me, but in the present day I am doubly sensible of its value. She leaves nothing unsaid, nothing undone, that she thinks will be conducive to our well-being; and, so far as she is concerned, I have nothing to wish, but that I could believe her sent hither in mercy to myself; then I should be thankful."

Lady Hesketh saw, at the first glance, the fatal mistake that had been committed when Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were prevailed upon to fix their residence in the Olney Bastille. They needed little persuasion or encouragement to induce them to remove to a more cheerful abode, though without any, they would probably have continued to stagnate in the old place. Lady Hesketh's warnings were quite sufficient to fix the resolution of both. In the course of June, Cowper wrote to his old friend Joseph Hill—the "honest man close buttoned to the chin" of the well-known "Epistle,"—that he had determined to break his chains. "Olney," he said, "will not be much longer the place of our habitation. At a village two miles distant (Weston Underwood) we have hired a house of Mr. Throckmorton. It is situated very near to our most agreeable landlord and his agreeable pleasure-grounds. In him and his wife we shall find such companions as will always make the time pass pleasantly whilst they are in the country, and his grounds will afford us good air and walking-room in the winter—two advantages which we have not enjoyed at Olney, where I have no neighbors with whom I can converse, and where seven months in the year I have been imprisoned by dirty and impassable ways, till both my health and Mrs. Unwin's have suffered materially." Many passages of similar import might be drawn from Cowper's letters; but after what we have already written, we need not pile up evidence to prove that when the Olney house was selected for his residence, it was written down against him that he should never again enjoy a continuance of physical or mental health.

In November, 1786, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed themselves to Weston. He was charmed with his new abode. He wrote playfully that the change was as great as "from St. Giles to Grosvenor Square." *But it had come too late.* Those nineteen dreary years in the Olney prison-house had done their sure work both upon Cowper and upon Mrs. Unwin. He had been fast subsiding again into a state of depression, when Lady Hesketh had arrived to cheer him; but although her presence delayed the attack, she could not wholly avert it; and he had

not been many weeks settled at Weston when the fever which he had brought with him from Olney began to assert itself, and with it came his old despondency. The evil was perhaps precipitated by a calamity which befell the two invalids at this time. "Hardly," he wrote, "had we begun to enjoy the change, when the death of Mrs. Unwin's son cast a gloom upon every thing." This exemplary man was fondly loved by Cowper, and his unexpected death was a heavy blow to him. It fell, too, at an inopportune moment, and, doubtless, evolved the crisis which otherwise change of scene might have retarded for a time. As the year commenced he felt the fever creeping in his veins. "I have had a little nervous fever, my dear," he wrote to Lady Hesketh, "that has somewhat abridged my sleep." A few days afterwards, writing to Mr. Newton, he said with reference to another's trials, "I have no doubt it is distemper. But distresses of mind that are occasioned by distemper, are the most difficult of all to deal with." He knew this but too well, for it was his own case. To Lady Hesketh, too, he wrote again on the 18th of January, "My fever is not yet gone; but sometimes seems to leave me. It is altogether of the nervous kind, and attended now and then with much dejection." The ink with which this was written was scarcely dry, when the storm burst over him in all its fury. A terrible darkness fell upon him, which continued throughout many months. His agony was so extreme that again he sought refuge in death. But for the timely interposition of Mrs. Unwin, he would have been laid in the suicide's grave.

In July he suddenly awoke, as it were, from a terrible dream, and returned to his usual avocations. He devoted himself to his translation of Homer, and seems to have fallen into the error of applying himself too closely to study. He took little exercise, and seldom went beyond the limits of his own and his neighbor's grounds. "I stay much at home," he wrote, "and have not travelled twenty miles from this place and its environs more than once these twenty years." His health and his spirits were subject to considerable fluctuations. Even the improved situation of Weston could not dislodge the enemy which for nearly twenty years had been creeping into the "citadel." Nor was Mrs. Unwin more fortunate. Her health had long utterly failed her. Her faculties were becoming clouded. Extraordinary delusions possessed them both. At last, in the winter of 1791, the poor lady was stricken down by

paralysis; and from that time, though every effort was made to rally her, and she even consented to accompany Cowper on a visit to Hayley, at Eastham in Sussex, she continued to grow more and more imbecile, until it was plain that she was totally incompetent to manage the affairs of her household. It need not be said that the melancholy sight of his poor friend's infirmity, which was continually before him, had the worst possible effect on the poet's mind. In 1794 he was in a pitiable state. He refused medicine; he refused food. He was continually pacing his room, backwards and forwards, like a beast in a cage. Dr. Willis was sent for and did all that his unequalled skill could accomplish. But such interposition was too late. Lady Hesketh attended on him, and ministered to his wants with the most sisterly assiduity, but nothing could raise him from the hopeless dejection into which he was sunk.

In the summer of 1795 it had become obviously necessary to make some new arrangements for the disposal of the two sufferers; and it happened fortunately that at this time Dr. Johnson, of North-Tuddenham, a young relative of Cowper's, who united with a sound judgment the highest rectitude of conduct and the most unfailing kindness of heart, expressed his eagerness to take charge of them; and they were quietly removed to Norfolk. He watched over their declining years as though they had been his parents. Nothing could have been more judicious than the treatment to which Cowper was subjected; but, as we have said before, it was too late. Such transient signs of revival as manifested themselves in Norfolk only indicated what might have been done at an earlier stage. In December, 1796, Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper, being taken to see the corpse, burst out into a passionate exclamation of sorrow, but left the sentence unfinished, and never spoke of his friend again.

He survived her more than three years, but they were years of suffering, bodily and mental. The low fever which had clung so tormentingly to him was now preying on his very vitals. "The process of digestion," we are told, "never passed regularly in his frame;" and "medicine had no influence upon his complaint." The only marvel is, that thus hopelessly prostrated he so long continued to live. "Frequent change of place, and the magnificence of marine scenery," even then, however, "produced a little relief to his depressed spirit." The remedy, indeed, was being applied when he could no longer profit by it. In 1799, his

corporeal strength was rapidly declining, and early in the following year it was plain that his dissolution was close at hand. As his end approached he does not seem to have gained serenity of mind. The terrible delusions which had so long clung to him were not now to be shaken off. He expressed, indeed, no hope to the last; but when, on the 25th of April, 1800, his soul was released from its shattered tenement, the affectionate relative who had so tenderly watched over the last dark years of the poet, thought that he could see on the face of William Cowper "an expression of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise."

Painful as is this story, it is not an unintelligible one; we believe, indeed, that it is not an uncommon one. The celebrity of the poet has imparted to it an interest and a notoriety which do not belong to others, presenting the same features to the eye of the professional observer. These nineteen years at Olney, viewed in connection with the melancholy antecedents of Cowper's life, were sufficient to account for any thing that occurred after he took up his abode in that dreary Bastille on the banks of the Ouse. A dry, bracing air, cheerful society, regular exercise (if possible on horseback), occasional change of scene, and good medical advice, might have restored him to health and happiness. This is no vague conjecture. He had himself the strongest possible conviction that these were the remedies he required; and whenever the effect of any one of them was accidentally tried, he greatly improved both in health and spirits. As it was, with every thing to poison the body and depress the mind, mind and body were continually acting reciprocally one upon the other, until disease was so firmly established in both, that all hope of cure was at an end.

That one—the chief, indeed, of Cowper's delusions, should be an insurmountable belief that God had turned away His face from him, and that the Redeemer had not died for him, seems to be an almost necessary result of the miserable circumstances which preceded his first attack of madness. So profound, indeed, was his mental darkness, so complete the entanglement and confusion of his ideas, during these awful periods of insanity, that he believed that God had totally and finally rejected him because he had *not* committed suicide. He read every thing backwards; he saw everywhere the reverse side of things. To base any theory upon these grotesque figments of a disordered brain were clearly absurd. The greatest of our

poetesses* has beautifully and aptly compared this aberration with the wanderings of a fever-stricken child, who calls aloud for his mother, whilst her kind eyes are bent upon him:—

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother
whilst she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness o'
her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around, "My mother
—where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks could come
from any other.

Indeed, Cowper's despair was but a fever-born delusion; in his healthier hours his religion was eminently cheerful.

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her
bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied
love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long
fever gave him,
Beneath those deep, pathetic eyes which closed in
death to save him.

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth could image
that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs
round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body
parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew, "My Saviour!
not deserted!"

He knew, indeed, that he was "not deserted." When the enemy was not "in the citadel" he was hopeful and assured. He lived in a state of habitual thankfulness. His familiar letters sparkle with playful humor. They are the pleasantest and the most genial ever written. They indicate, for the most part, a mind at peace with itself, and a heart full of tenderness towards others. With few exceptions, they declare in every sentence the gentle, lovable nature, the cheerful philosophy, and the sound good sense of the poet. For it was Cowper's hard fate, when the malady was upon him, to belie himself in every essential particular. A terrible disguise obscured all the realities of his natural self. The loving, grateful heart, the clear reason, the hopeful piety, all yielded to the assaults of the insidious fever; and he became, under its domineering influence, morose, fanciful, desponding—mistrustful alike of God and of man.

How complete the inversion was, is appa-

* Mrs. Browning.

rent to every reader who studies in immediate connection with each other the life and the works of William Cowper. If there be one characteristic of his poetry more remarkable than any other, it is the sound good sense which informs it. He is, indeed, the sanest of our poets. Of "fine frenzy" in his writings there is little or none. Perhaps there is no collection in the language less likely, on its own merits, to be attributed to a "mad poet." He was of a school the very antithesis of the spasmodic. It is the rationality, indeed, of Cowper's poems which has rendered them so acceptable to the people of England. He had seen little of men, and was not very largely acquainted with books. But his strong natural sense, and his extraordinary keenness of observation, enabled him to triumph over these deficiencies, and there are many passages in his longer poems which have all the appearance of having been written by a well-read man of the world.

It was said, by William Hazlitt, we believe, that there are "only three books worth looking into for a quotation—the Old Testament, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth's *Excursion*." To these might certainly have been added, "The Poems of William Cowper." With the single exception of Shakespeare, there is no poet more frequently quoted by his countrymen. He is, perhaps, more quoted than read. Many brief passages in his writings have become "familiar as household words," and are passed about from one mouth to another by men who cannot trace the lines or couplets to their true paternity. It is the simple, intelligible truth of these passages that fixes them so firmly on the popular memory, and renders them so easy of reproduction. If they were more poetical, or more profound, they would be less current amongst us.

The sustained popularity of Cowper's writings is a fact very creditable to Englishmen. Within the last few months three new and handsome editions of his Poems have been contemporaneously appearing. He is em-

phatically an English poet; he represents, indeed, the best side of the English character; but he is entirely and exclusively English. No other country could have produced such a poet; and in no other country would he have been equally popular. We take him to our hearths fearlessly, trustfully. There is scarcely a library in the kingdom containing a hundred volumes in which Cowper has no place. His poems are the earliest which English children learn by rote. They are food alike for tender nurslings and for strong men. We may not be very enthusiastic over them; they do not excite us to any prodigious heights of admiration; perhaps they do not often stir any profound depths of emotion within us; but we always approve, we always trust, we always sympathize with, we always love, we are always grateful to the poet. It is the proud distinction of William Cowper that he never led any man astray—that no one ever studied his writings without being wiser and better for the study—that no English parent in his sound senses ever hesitated, or ever will hesitate, to place Cowper's poems in the hands of his child.

We are thankful that there is a sufficiency of good, healthy English taste and feeling amongst us to keep alive the popularity of such writers as William Cowper. We are not unmindful of the claims of poets of another class. They write under different influences, and they have their reward. Even the writers of what is now called the "spasmodic school" are entitled to some consideration, and may be too severely handled. But let what schools may rise and fall, come jauntily into fashion for a little while, to be hooted down as quickly—the good English thought and English diction of William Cowper will still keep their place amongst us; and still as we speak reverently and affectionately of him who did so much to swell the happiness of others, but could never secure his own, it will be our boast that the most English of our poets was emphatically the most Christian.

From Dickens's Household Words.

THE LAST OF THE HOWLEYS.

At the beginning of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, a respectable family, named Howley, resided in the neighborhood of Wexford, in Ireland. They consisted of the father; two sons, Mark and Robert; and a daughter, named Ellen. That was the year of the great Rebellion, when the patriot volunteers, having taken successively the titles of United Irishmen and Defenders, openly declared themselves in revolt against the government of the sister country. The civil war raged fiercely in the southern provinces; and the Howleys speedily became involved in it. The father, who assumed the title of colonel, and placed himself at the head of an armed band, chiefly composed of peasants on his own estate, fell, fighting, at the battle at Vinegar Hill. Both the sons were taken prisoners with arms in their hands by the king's troops, during the terrible fight in the streets of Ross: and Mark, who was the elder, was shot, without trial, on the spot where he was captured; Robert, being a slim youth of fifteen—and of an appearance even younger than his years—was spared, and sent to Dublin for trial. His sister Ellen, who was then a girl of seventeen, and of very remarkable beauty, set out without consulting any one—indeed, there were few who dared trust to the advice of another in that terrible time—contrived to traverse a country still swarming with troops and insurgents, and arrived safely in Dublin.

There, with no friend or acquaintance in the city, she remained from the month of June until the February of the following year. During that time she was not allowed to see or communicate with her brother; but the misfortunes of her family, and the loneliness of her situation, transformed the young girl into a self-reliant woman. Every day was methodically spent in some endeavor, direct or indirect, to save her brother's life. She sought for friends, and succeeded in interesting those who had been mere strangers. Day after day she haunted the courts, listening to the speeches of the various counsel, in order herself to form a judgment of their skill. When she had fixed upon one to undertake

her brother's defence, she instructed him herself, paying his fees out of a little treasure she had brought with her, and which had been kept by her father against a time of need.

The barrister whom she had chosen was a young man named Roche, then but little known in his profession. He felt for her sorrows, and began to take an interest in his client's case. Every day, after visiting the prisoner, he brought her some intelligence from him, and succeeded in whispering to him, in return, a word of consolation from his devoted sister. He also entered into her schemes for interesting influential persons in her favor; but he was a young man, and, having risen by his own efforts above the humble position of his own family, he had but little personal interest. The atrocities committed at Wexford, and the horrible story of the barn at Scullabogue, had produced a strong feeling against all prisoners from the south; and their applications to the Lord-Lieutenant were met by a cool official answer.

Meanwhile, Roche directed all his energies to preparing for the defence. The morning appointed for the trial came. It was a showery day. Gloom and sunshine changed and counterchanged a dozen times, as the young maiden trod the quiet streets near the prison-walls, awaiting the hour when the court should open. It was an anxious moment when she stood in the presence of the judge, and heard her brother's name called, and watched the door through which she knew that he would come. Many eyes beheld her—not all, alas! eyes of compassion—standing in the dusty bar of sunlight that came through the high arched window. Roche calmly arranged his papers without looking towards her, and the faint shriek that she uttered when her brother appeared, after all that long, dark winter, seemed to have caught all ears save his. But the young barrister, though seeming to be wrapt in thought, lost nothing of what passed—not even the impression that her beauty made upon some persons present. Though the

evidence against the youth was too clear to be doubted, Roche dwelt strongly upon his youth, and the misfortunes his family had already suffered, and told, in simple and affecting language, the story of the sister's struggles. The effect of the appeal upon an Irish jury was the acquittal of the prisoner; who, after a solemn warning from the judge of the danger of being ever again accused, left the court with his sister, and the friend to whom he owed his life.

The impression of that trial, and of his interesting client was not easily to be effaced from the mind of Roche. Her frequent visits, her importunities, which at times had almost vexed him, her fluctuating hopes and fears, he now began to miss, as pleasing excitements which had passed away in the attainment of their object. He corresponded with Ellen Howley at intervals; and, delighted by the womanly sense and tenderness of her letters, he soon became aware of his attachment for her. A journey to Wexford—though only sixty miles distant from the capital—was not a slight matter then, and a year and a half elapsed before he was enabled to quit his duties and pay a visit to the Howleys.

It was on a rainy day in a rainy autumn that Roche arrived in Wexford. A shrill wind blew from seaward, driving on the moist, heavy clouds. Traces of the late conflict were still visible in the streets; and the sullen manner of the common people with whom he came in contact, indicated their suspicions of a stranger. But when he inquired at the inn for the residence of the Howleys, the son of the landlord sprang forward, and eagerly offered to show him the way.

Killowen, where the Howleys resided, was at a distance of three miles from the town. The way lay down a cross country road in the neighborhood of the sea-coast; a lane, partly through an enclosed plantation overgrown with rank shrubs, conducted to the house. Not a single cottage, or even hut, did they pass, except, once or twice, the ruined walls of a house, wrecked, as Roche's guide told him, by the royalist yeomanry, after the recapture of the town. The residence of the Howleys was a large red-brick mansion, by no means old or dilapidated; but the railing that surrounded the shrubbery had been torn out for pikes, leaving square holes, in which the rain had accumulated, along the top of the parapet wall. The grounds around the house were extensive, consisting of shrubberies, paddock, and plantations of young fir.

There was a kind of porter's lodge beside the rusty iron gate; but its shutters were closed, and its door was nailed up. Grass grew upon the soil; dry dust lay thick upon the threshold; and the drops of rain and the withered leaves that fell with every movement of the wind, were fast rotting away the wooden roof.

In this desolate and solitary spot, Roche remained two months with the Howleys. The rebellion had left Ellen no relative except her brother. The serving-man, who had lived in the lodge, had also lost his life in the insurrection, and his place had never been filled up. The brother and sister, and an old woman-servant, now formed the whole household. Owing to the political troubles of the country, the land belonging to them was then in great part uncultivated; but the brother collected such rents as could be recovered, and the Howleys, though impoverished, were still in easy circumstances. Roche accompanied the brother in fishing or shooting excursions on the banks of the Slaney, during which the latter frequently spoke of political matters, and hinted that the rebellion might again break out before long; but Roche, who had no sympathy with the insurrectionists, always turned aside the conversation, or spoke to him of what his family had already suffered, and warned him of his imprudence in approaching such matters. Robert was of a gay, reckless disposition; but the sister was the same subdued and thoughtful creature. The sad and solitary spirit of the place seemed to centre in her. Roche remarked, at first with surprise, that no visitors ever came there; but he soon grew accustomed to their lonely life, and began to feel a pleasure in it. It was pleasant, sitting beside her in the long evenings, to fancy that he had abandoned for ever the strife and anxiety of his profession, and even the ambitious hopes which had made his labors light to him, to live with them in that quiet home, which had outlived the storms of ninety-eight.

Roche's visit to Killowen naturally increased his affection for the young lady. When the day of his departure drew nearer, he frankly told her his circumstances, and solicited her hand. She set before him, like a noble girl, the injury that might result to him in his profession from alliance with a family considered as rebels by the government; she reminded him that her brother was rash and hot-headed, and that their troubles might possibly be not yet over; she prevailed upon him at last, to postpone the marriage for a twelvemonth. On this

arrangement, made with the approval of her brother, and on the understanding that he was to return in the same season of the following year, Roche bade her farewell, and returned to Dublin to follow his profession.

The appointed twelve months had nearly passed away, when one of those minor outbreaks which, for many years, followed at intervals the suppression of the Great Rebellion, again involved the Howley family in trouble. On the twelfth of July (the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne), a party of the society of Orangemen, which had grown bolder than ever since the triumph of the loyalists, assembled in the town of Wexford, and marched across the bridge and through the principal streets, in procession, carrying banners inscribed with mottoes offensive to the Catholics, and preceded by musicians playing "Croppies lie down," and other tunes known to be irritating to them. The Ribbonmen remained in-doors; but it was whispered about that it was intended to light bonfires in the streets at night, and to burn in effigy some of the favorite leaders of the United Irishmen, who had suffered for their treason; and it soon became known that a riot would take place. The Orangemen, who have since been found to be so mischievous a body, were, in those days of party warfare, openly encouraged by the authorities, and looked upon as a useful barrier against the revolutionary spirit of the common people. No pains, therefore, were taken to stop their proceedings, and several frays ensued, in which some lives were lost. One of these occurred in the market-place, where a large fire had been made. The attacking party were at first beaten off, and the Orangemen's bonfire had sunk into a great heap of embers, glowing and rustling in the wind, when a man named Michael Foster, who was in the act of raking the fire with a pole, was shot by an unseen hand, and immediately fell forward on his face. A few persons who were standing near him (most of the Orangemen had already dispersed) fled at the report of the gun; before any of his own party returned there, the head, and a portion of the body, of the murdered man, were almost consumed by the fire. There was then a dead wall on one side of the market-place, from an angle of which some persons pretended to have remarked that the shot was fired; however, in the hurry and bustle of that night the murderer escaped.

Outrages had been committed on both

sides; but so strong was the prejudice of the authorities in favor of the party who gave the first provocation, that no Orangeman was apprehended, while a great number of Ribbonmen were taken, and lodged in prison; on the following day, a diligent search was made for others, who were known to have been connected with the affray. The murder of Michael Foster in the market-place, made remarkable by the mystery attending it, and the horrible circumstance of the burning away of the head, was the subject of much investigation. Little doubt was entertained that the perpetrator had taken advantage of the riot, to commit an act of personal revenge. The conspicuousness of the victim, standing at the moment in the glare of the red embers, had no doubt enabled the murderer to take aim. That it was the act of one man, and that the man was satisfied with the result, was concluded from the circumstance that the gun was only fired once, and that the assassin or his party did not rush forward, as was the invariable practice of the Irish in an affray.

Suspicion, easting about for some person known to have a plausible motive for the crime, was not long in finding a victim. It was remembered that the murdered man had been a witness against young Howley on his trial; he was, moreover, said by some to have openly boasted of having with his own hand cut down the father, at the fight at Vinegar Hill. This clue was at once seized, and, on the night following the Orange riot, young Howley was arrested, and conveyed to the jail at Wexford.

Evidence, true or false, was quickly procured against him. One of the Orange party now came forward, and (for the first time) stated, that as he stood near the angle of the dead wall, on the night of the murder, he heard a voice, which he recognized immediately as that of Howley, exclaiming, "By the Holy Ghost, I'll make a hole through that villain!" Immediately after which, he heard the report of a gun, and fearing that there were many armed men of the Ribbon party at hand, fled with others. Young Howley admitted that he was at Wexford that night, and that he carried his gun with him, but solemnly denied that he was the murderer of Foster; declaring that he had never heard of his boast of having slain his father until that moment, and that he did not believe it. Nor could any witness now be found who had ever heard of such a boast. But the magistrates committed him; a special commission was appointed; and, for the

second time, young Howley was to be tried for his life.

On the day of her brother's apprehension, Ellen Howley had written to her lover the intelligence of her new trouble, and again imploring that assistance which had already served to rescue him from a violent death. But the difficulty was now greater than before. The trial was to take place at Wexford, instead of at Dublin; and the inhabitants of that town were strongly against the rioters. Roche knew that it would be extremely dangerous to the prisoner if he were to plead his cause a second time. He therefore secretly instructed a barrister who was a warm friend of his, besides being a Protestant and a strong government man, to proceed to Wexford and conduct the defence. The day of trial arrived, and Howley's counsel would probably have succeeded in neutralizing the feeble testimony against his client, but for a circumstance which, though probably intended to save him, was undoubtedly the cause of his destruction. On his way to the court-house to give evidence on the trial, the principal witness against Howley was fired at from a plantation beside the roadway, and wounded in the arm. The ball passed through the flesh, without breaking the bones, and the man, after having the wound dressed, persisted in presenting himself at court to give his evidence. The appearance of this fanatic, who, whether speaking truth or falsehood, had wrought himself to a belief in his own statement, created a deep impression on the audience. His pallid countenance, his arm in a sling, his narrative of the attack upon him by a secret assassin, presumed to be a friend of the accused, and his statement—not to be shaken—of the words used by Howley, decided the minds of the jury. The eloquent appeal of his counsel was often interrupted by murmurs in the court; and the young man was found guilty, and sentenced to death.

The execution of Howley, with five others, found guilty of taking a part in the riot, was fixed for the afternoon of the second day after the trial. The magistrates, apprehensive of disturbances, had despatched a messenger to Waterford for a small reinforcement of soldiers; but some hours had passed since noon, and the men had not yet arrived. It was not until sunset that it was determined to proceed to execution without them. A large crowd had assembled; but the yeomanry were in great force and well armed, and the populace confined their marks of disapprobation to yells and groans, until the prisoners

appeared upon the scaffold. At that moment, some symptoms of a disposition to renew the riot were remarked, and the executioner was ordered to hasten with his task. Young Howley was executed, repeating his declaration of innocence. The six men suffered their sentence, the mob dispersed, and no traces of what had passed were left, all within one hour.

Since the day of her brother's second apprehension Ellen Howley had never rested from her endeavors to save him. But all hearts were steeled against her. Events succeeded each other with terrible rapidity; and it soon became evident that no power could save him. On one only, of all those to whom she applied, did the sight of her beauty and misery make an impression. This man was the sheriff of the county; but he had no power to help her, and he did not even dare to delay the execution. There was but one favor he could procure for her—a favor conveying to her mind so strongly the hopelessness of her case, that he scarcely dared to name it. It was that, contrary to custom, the body of her brother should be given up to his family, to be decently interred in their own burial-place. Accordingly, about dusk on the evening of the execution, the corpse was privately removed, in an undertaker's car, to the house at Killowen. To avoid a fresh occasion for disturbance, it was stipulated by the sheriff that this fact should be kept as secret as possible, and that the burial should take place at dark on the following night.

It was not until the day after the funeral that Roche arrived in Wexford. Trusting to the skill of his brother counsel, he had proceeded to London to endeavor to interest some powerful persons in favor of the accused. Only on his return to Dublin did he learn that the execution must have already taken place. He hastened, therefore, to Killowen, in the hope—though too late for aught else—of consoling his unhappy friend.

It was evening when he arrived there. Though in full summer, the place struck him as far more desolate and lonely than it had seemed in the dull autumnal day when he had first visited it. The heavy clank of the bell that hung somewhere between him and the house, startled him as he pulled the handle. No one answered his summons; and seeing no light at any of the windows, he began to fear that its inmates had left the place. Gently pushing open the gate, he made his way through the shrubberies around the house. The place was quite still;

but, listening awhile, he fancied that he heard a noise within, like a faint moaning and sobbing, yet he doubted whether it came from a human being. He listened and heard it once more—this time so distinctly that if it had been the whining of a dog or any other animal he could not have failed to recognize it. Tormented by vague surmises, he made his way back to the front of the house, and, mounting a flight of stone steps, knocked loudly at the door. Some minutes elapsed before a voice answered him, and inquired his business. It was the old woman-servant. She admitted him, and refastened the door with a chain.

"Where is your mistress?" inquired Roche.

The woman, with a strange, bewildered look, motioned to him to follow her. She led him into a little room lined with books, and faintly lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling; there, seated in a chair by the table, pale and motionless as death, he recognized the form of his betrothed. Roche would have sprung forward to clasp her in his arms; but the thought of her recent sorrow, and the coolness and silence of her manner, awed him.

"I am glad you have come to-night," she said, as soon as they were alone. "This very hour I have formed a resolution, which would give me no rest until I had told you of it."

"No, no," said Roche, anticipating her meaning. "This terrible affliction must not separate, but link us closer to each other!"

"Roche," she replied, in the same chilled, unimpassioned voice, "I declare to you solemnly and before Heaven, that the promise I gave to you last year can never be fulfilled."

"I came to-night in the hope of consoling you in your sorrow," replied Roche. "Do not think that I would press you now on any thing relating to my own happiness. Let me do something to cheer your solitary life. Show me some way in which I may lighten the burden of your trouble, and I will ask at present for nothing else."

"A reason that I cannot name to you," she replied, "compels me to appear ungrateful. I entreat you to leave me. This interview is more than I can bear. Believe me, the pain our parting gives me is equal to yours. I ask of you the greatest proof you can give me now of your affection. It is that you believe my resolve to be forced upon me inevitably, but that it is firmly and for ever taken; and that you take my hand,

and promise never to seek me, to see me, any more."

Roche took her cold hand, and turned away. "I cannot promise this," he exclaimed passionately. "I will leave you to-night, since my presence gives you pain. But I declare to you, I cannot cease to hope that you may one day repent of this cruel determination."

The young barrister pondered, on his way back to Wexford, upon the melancholy reception he had met with. Half suspecting that her troubles had affected her reason, and that her cold and calm manner was the result of some fixed delusion, he repented of not having interrogated the old servant. Sometimes he fancied that, ignorant of his endeavors in her brother's behalf, and of the cause of his delay in coming to her, she believed him to be guilty of neglect. Sometimes it seemed to him more probable that she had no motive for her conduct, beyond the desire to save him from the disgrace of an alliance with one whose brother had suffered death at the hands of the hangman. But, whatever might be the reason of her behavior, and in spite of the pain his visit appeared to cause her, the thought of leaving her in that solitary place was insupportable. He determined, at all events, to see her before returning to Dublin.

What passed between them at this interview need not be told. In compliance with her entreaties, he promised to leave the neighborhood; but only on condition that she would meet him that day six months, and assure him, from her own lips, that her resolution was still the same.

Roche returned to the capital, where, in the increasing labors of his profession, he endeavored to bury his thought, until the six months should have passed. The appointed day—the very hour he had named—found him again at Killowen. Ellen Howley received him as before. The little room in which he found her, the place in which she sat, the tone of her voice, were in nowise changed. She repeated to him her determination, and Roche, according to his promise, departed from her again. Thus, for several years, at long intervals, the barrister returned to Killowen, and always with the same result. In the course of time, her obstinacy irritated him, and the repeated disappointments he experienced gradually wore away much of his love for her. He pitied her lonely and cheerless life, and would gladly have restored her to the world; but by degrees he came to know that his affection for

her was not the ardent passion that it had been. One day, upon the occasion of one of these visits, Ellen Howley spoke to him of the injustice he did himself, in continuing to wait for a change which could never in this world come. Not without a sorrowful heart, when he knew that the moment for separation had at last arrived, Roche entreated her to remember him whenever she had need of aid or counsel, and finally bade her farewell.

Many years passed, and Ellen Howley continued to live, shut up in the great house at Killowen. No visitor ever entered there, and she rarely went abroad. When she was seen, it was noted that her looks were more and more careworn. Though still a young woman, her hair became partially gray, and her form wasted to a shadow. Few who saw her now forbore to pity her, remembering how beautiful she had been, and seeing how she had suffered for the errors of others. The house in which she lived looked every year more dreary and neglected. The roof, the door, and shutters, of the lodge, mouldered away; the grounds about the house were filled with rank weeds, overrunning the paths; strange stories circulated, of curious noises heard at night; and the country people, who knew the history of the family, would not pass there after dark. Some said that the greater part of the rooms had been kept locked since the day of the brother's death; and that the ghost of the father had appeared to Ellen Howley, and begged her not to quit the place. One day, a woman-servant who had been occasionally employed there since the old nurse's death, declared she had seen the ghost of Robert Howley. She said that she was going up the stairs at the back of the house, at night, and that as she came to an upper landing, she distinctly saw, by the light of the candle in her hand, the young man, whom she remembered well. His face, she said, was ghastly pale; he did not speak, but stood rolling his eyes, and making strange grimaces at her, until she dropped the candle and swooned. Whether this was a delusion or not, the woman was evidently sincere, and the illness which she suffered, and which she declared to have been caused by the shock, convinced the neighbors that Killowen was haunted by the ghosts of the Howleys, and that the young lady, compelled to remain there by some dread reason, was wasting away through the terror and solitude of her life.

Thus Ellen Howley lived, for seventeen years. Meanwhile, Roche had become a thriving man in his profession. Years after

the impression his first passion had left had begun to wear away, he had won the hand of the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Dublin, and had settled down in life, a quiet, unromantic lawyer. The name of Ellen Howley had long been absent from his thoughts when he received a letter from her, begging him to come to her. She told him that she was very ill, and that she desired to make a settlement of her property before she died. He left Dublin immediately, and travelled in all haste to Wexford. There he heard the superstitious stories which were in circulation about the house at Killowen, and remembered the strange noises he had heard three years before. No one appeared to know of Ellen's illness, nor did it appear that any doctor had visited her.

It was getting dark when Roche arrived at the well-known house of Killowen. Leaving his horse tied to the gate, he made his way through the shrubbery. He saw no light at any of the windows, and the place seemed to be quite deserted by its inmates. He rapped at the door; the noise gave a hollow echo, as if the house were empty. He repeated his summons several times, without receiving any answer; he went round, as he had done long ago, to the back of the house. He had brought with him a dark lantern; by this he guided himself, until he discovered steps ascending from a lawn; mounting them, he found that he could open the door by means of the latch. To his astonishment, at that moment, he caught again the very same noise that had startled him before. It was a long, plaintive tone, interrupted now and then by a noise like the sobbing of a child; at length the whole died away, and the place was silent.

The barrister was a man of nerve, but he hesitated a moment. He knew that he was far from any other habitation, and that, whatever might befall him, he could hope for no succor. Drawing out his travelling pistol, however, he entered. With the light from the lantern in his left hand cast before him, he walked up the hall and down a passage, calling aloud, "Miss Howley!" until, finding the doors on each side of the hall locked, he began to mount the wide staircase. More and more surprised by the silence of the place, he was relieved by seeing a faint light through a door which stood ajar upon the landing above. This door opened wide, and a man stood on the threshold. Roche felt a chill pass through his body, for he recognized, in his wild look and distorted features, the face of Robert Howley.

"Howley!" cried Roche, grasping his pistol firmly. "Speak, in the name of God, if this be you!"

The figure repeated its strange gestures, opening and shutting its eyes, and moving its lips quickly; but it made no sound.

"Speak," repeated Roche, excited by the terror of his situation, "or I will fire!"

The figure moved towards him, and said, in a whisper, "You may come in. Come in if you will. Keep the crowd away. They must not see her."

Too much astonished for reflection, Roche followed him into a large chamber. His guide stopped at the table, and taking up a lamp, held it above his head, and pointed to the floor. There, beside an ancient bedstead, stretched upon the ground, was the figure of a woman dressed. Roche knelt beside her, and raising her, felt that she was cold. Her hair was gray, and her features sharp and wasted, like her body. Ellen Howley.

"She is dead!" exclaimed Roche; "she is dead!"

His companion regarded him with an idiotic stare, and then burst into the same loud whine and sobbing noise which he had heard twice before.

A suspicion passed into his mind that she had suffered violence at the hands of the idiot; but he found no marks of injury on her, and he had known that she was ill. It was evident to him that she had perished without medical aid, or any one near her, save her crazed companion.

He had no alternative but to leave her there, while he rode back for assistance. That night he learned the truth. In a letter, addressed to him, and only intended to reach him after her death, she related the terrible history of seventeen years. In the confusion and hurry of the execution, and under the fear of an attack from the mob, her brother had been taken down from the hanging-place within a few minutes; and, some time after the removal of his body to Killowen, he gave signs of life. Aided by the old nurse, she succeeded in slowly restoring him, but wholly deprived of reason. Then it was that she resolved to keep her dreadful secret, and devote her life wholly to him. In later years she had wished to dispose of her property, and leave her native country with him; but he could not be prevailed on to go out into the daylight, or to meet the face of a stranger. Since the nurse's death, and the day when the woman-servant accidentally met him, she had lived alone in the house with him. Satisfied in her own mind that she had done right in setting her lover free from his engagements, and bidding him farewell, she had resolved never to see him again; until her long continued illness, and her anxiety for her brother's fate, compelled her to write to him.

Robert Howley lived only a few months after the death of the sister who had sacrificed her love and her life for him. He was buried beside her, in the parish church near Killowen, the last of his unfortunate family.

From the Leisure Hour.

AN EXCURSION TO PORT-ROYAL.

I HAD once more visited the palace of Versailles; I had wandered through the park, mused in the *bosquets*, and endeavored to reduce into some definite shape, by the power of imagination, the thousand phantoms with which my mind associates the names of Bossuet, Racine, Condé. At last, thoroughly tired, I returned to the Hôtel de Paris, asked for a cup of coffee, and, whilst an awkward, dirty-looking stable-boy was harnessing two miserable *rossinantes* to the lumbering diligence, I hastily put down a few notes in my

memorandum-book. "Well," said I to myself, as coachey requested me to take my place, "I believe I could now pass a very creditable examination on the history and antiquities of this town. I must seek new quarters, and find something to discourse of elsewhere."

At this juncture a venerable old gentleman entered the coach-yard, and, approaching the person who was taking the passengers' fares, "If you please, ma'am," inquired he, "when does the Chevreuse *voiture* start?"

"To-morrow afternoon at three."

"Chevreuse!" thought I; "surely I know that name. Chevreuse why, to be sure; it is the next post beyond Versailles; the road winds through the valley of Port-Royal, and close under the walls of the monastery. For shame! this is my hundredth trip to the city of Louis le Grand, and I have not yet had even a glance at those noble ruins which testify still so loudly to the power of religion. I know every nook and corner in the splendid mansion of the persecutor, and I cannot say that I have even attempted to spell the funeral inscription which M. Hamon carved on the tombstone of Nicole or la mère Angélique! Tomorrow I start for Port-Royal." As the clock struck three, the next day, I was seated in the diligence, and, upon reconnoitering around me, I discovered amongst my fellow-travellers the little old gentleman I had already met at the coach-office. We soon entered into conversation together, and the first remark made by my companion was one which rendered me rather desirous of becoming acquainted with him.

The automedon under whose directions we rolled along had no doubt the most cogent reasons to be annoyed at the slow movements of his team; the fault was that he expressed his dissatisfaction every now and then by an oath.

"Poor man!" sighed my unknown friend, as a tremendous imprecation burst forth from coachey's lips; "poor man! he does not know what it is to respect God's holy name."

"I am afraid, sir," observed I, "that the great mass of the people in this country have very little scruple in breaking any of the ten commandments."

"Two hundred years ago matters were rather different in this neighborhood; at all events, when the *ouvriers* of the monastery were at work their conversation was about spiritual things. They all knew the Psalter by heart, and some of them the New Testament. But, instead of blessings, now we have curses; the tongues which were formed to sing the praises of their Maker are busily employed in helping on the triumph of the great arch-enemy."

"You just now alluded to the monastery," continued I; "it is, I presume, Port-Royal you mean; may I ask whether you are connected with —"

"Well, sir," answered the old gentleman, with a good-humored smile, "I am not ashamed to say that if these were the days of Louvois and Madame de Maintenon, I

should most likely be shut up in the Bastille as a confirmed Jansenist, instead of having the pleasure of travelling with you; but if you do not believe that a deep assent to the truths of the gospel is heresy, and if you are not proceeding farther than Chevreuse, I shall be most happy to walk with you through the ruins of Port-Royal."

I readily accepted the offer, anticipating a capital opportunity of gaining the information I needed about some of the most eminent characters in the modern history of France. "I cannot feel too thankful," said I, "at having so valuable a cicerone on the present occasion; and although the dust is somewhat troublesome, we could not very well wish for a finer afternoon."

"August is generally a delightful month in France," replied the Jansenist; "and we are now more than half through it. To-day is the 19th."

"Indeed! the anniversary of the death of Blaise Pascal!"

"Yes; as you seem to be fond of antiquarian researches, you have, I suppose, looked at that great man's tomb in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, in Paris?"

"I have; and I think that Périér's inscription is the *beau idéal* of a Christian epitaph. It often strikes me," continued I, "that some incidents of Pascal's life are quite as amusing as the circumstances related in the first provincial letters."

"Certainly. Port-Royal, you will not be surprised to hear, is full of that illustrious thinker. I shall make you taste some peaches off his favorite tree, and show you the well dug under his direction. But I see that we are at our journey's end; let us get out of this box, and breathe the fresh air once more."

Having reached this stage of my narrative, I intended to present the reader with a description, written by myself, of the locality rendered for ever memorable by the solitaires of Port-Royal. But, finding in a work on the same subject a sketch which it would be vain to try to improve upon, I shall transcribe it without any scruple.

"On reaching the verge of the deep descent, we for the first time beheld Port-Royal. Imagine the hill, forming a complete steep or precipice, extending in an amphitheatrical shape, and shagged with forest-trees, chiefly beech, horse and Spanish chestnut, lime, and ash; and in the bottom a beautiful level plain, watered by a brook, and terminated by an imposing range of wooded hills; in the midst, and almost di-

rectly under our feet, covered with a profusion of creepers and wild flowers, are the silent remains of the monastery of Port-Royal des Champs.

"The view, without presenting any particular feature of magnificence, is yet one of the most completely beautiful it is possible to conceive. I could scarcely imagine, whilst contemplating it, that the view I was looking at was the same place which Madame de Sévigné describes as a 'frightful desert.' Its character, on the contrary, is singularly that of cheerfulness and elegance, though combined with the most perfect stillness and seclusion. Perhaps it may be, in some degree, altered from the circumstance that formerly all the circumjacent hills were shagged with lofty forests, which would both increase their apparent altitude and darkness of coloring; whereas, now, though beautifully wooded, there is a sufficiently great proportion of coppice to give the forest-trees room to expand in a broad shade, instead of forcing them to tower into tall timber-trees."

The diligence had long disappeared from our sight, and we could only catch the distant sound of the wheels rattling down the hill; yet still we were there, standing at the very spot where we had alighted, absorbed, so to say, in the lovely prospect before us, and overwhelmed by the associations with which it is indissolubly connected. Just below us was the road leading to the entrance gate; on the left stood another imposing gateway, formerly belonging to the hôtel of the Duchesse de Longueville. We could distinguish in the distance the house of Tillemont, the historian; in another direction a small farm constituted the only remains of Les Granges, Arnauld's favorite residence.

I do not know how long our reverie would have lasted, had it not been for a little boy who came running up to us, and, addressing my venerable cicerone, said: "If you please, Monsieur Silvy, the dinner is quite ready."

M. Silvy laughed outright. "I had positively forgotten all about it," said he; and turning towards me, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my rudeness. A little refreshment after our ride will do us both good; we dine early here, and in the evening we can have some more talk on Port-Royal. If you cannot favor us with your company for a longer space of time, the coach returns to Paris to-morrow at ten."

It was no use venturing upon an excuse, or begging pardon for the liberty I was taking. To tell the truth, I felt very anxious to know something more of M. Silvy, and,

nothing loth, I walked back with him to the quarters where, according to the latest intelligence, a French *pot au feu* was already occupying its wonted station on the dinner-table.

My Jansenist friend was, as I subsequently discovered, a retired magistrate, who, after having filled one of the highest posts in the parliament of Paris, now spends the declining years of a useful and active life in retirement and prayer. Firmly attached to the principles for which the community of Port-Royal suffered persecution, he lived, so to say, in the past, and, like a second "Old Mortality," he endeavored to rescue from destruction the remains of the once far-famed monastery. He had purchased the estate over which these interesting ruins were scattered, and with unceasing energy he had applied himself to the task of repairing in some measure the damage done to them by the hand of time and the intolerance of men. When we entered his drawing-room, I found the floor, the tables, the chairs, indeed every article of furniture, covered with relics of the past. Some persons might perhaps have sneered at this accumulation of lumber, and spoken contemptuously of M. Silvy's antiquarian nonsense. That was what I could not find courage to do. Slabs of tombstones, fragments of church ornaments, worm-eaten old books, lay scattered about; on the walls were several fine old pictures by Philippe de Champagne, including portraits of Arnauld d'Andilly and la Mère Angélique. In the midst of all these mementoes of past ages, the appurtenances of a dinner-table seemed rather incongruous; nor was it without some difficulty that we made our way to the soup-tureen, through a barricade of Port-Royal *débris*; we, however, ultimately succeeded in our attempt, and I must acknowledge that I never spent a more pleasant evening than the one I enjoyed under the roof of one of the last survivors of the French Jansenists. In the course of conversation the subject of religion was naturally introduced, and the reader will easily believe that I did not hesitate to give my own views respecting the proportion of error which, as Protestants, we must grieve to find mixed so largely with the Jansenists' notions of divine truth; yet they were undoubtedly men agonizing to enter in at the strait gate; they were upright, like Job; they feared God and eschewed evil. Their hearts were no sooner illuminated by the spirit of the gospel, than, with him, they abhorred themselves, and repented in dust and ashes; they were branches engrafted into the true vine, and their names still shine as stars in the dark and distant

horizon of departed centuries. That Rome persecuted such men is surely an affecting proof that its system casts out evangelical truth wherever it meets it in active operation.

M. Silvy related to me many deeply interesting particulars concerning the different members of the community, and it is from his conversations that I have derived the greater part of the information I possess on the subject. With what enthusiasm he spoke of Pascal, of Arnauld, of Racine! How feelingly he described the final closing of Port-Royal des Champs, and the dispersion of its inmates in the year 1709! After dinner we walked out again; we visited every nook and corner to which any thing of historical interest was attached, and I there studied the seventeenth century from a point of view contrasting most singularly with that which Versailles suggests to the careful observer.

Out of the various personages who lived at Port-Royal des Champs, only a very few, comparatively, are known to English readers. "Esther" and "Athalie," the "Provincial Letters," the "Treatise on Logio," and other works, have no doubt insured to their respective authors a world-wide celebrity; but besides the writers of these a great many more deserve to be mentioned who spent their life in performing deeds of charity, and whose only ambition was to be numbered amongst the Lord's jewels. These excellent men have left behind them the fragrance of a consistent Christian career, and they should, for the benefit of the church, obtain after their death the celebrity they shunned in the days of their pilgrimage.

The house called Les Granges, which M. Silvy has selected as his own residence, is reduced to less than half the original building. Besides Arnauld, it was inhabited by Le Maitre, the physician Hamon, and several others. In Hamon's room are still to be found the furnace, oven, mortar, and various utensils which he used for preparing medicines for the poor. Through this room was a little light closet in which he slept on a board, instead of a mattress. The staples which held his bookcase yet remain, as well as the alarum by which he called himself to midnight prayer. Arnauld's apartments are rather large, and consist of several rooms opening into each other. From the windows, which, like all the others in the house, were only the size of casements, the prospect is delightful, extending over the whole valley below to the wooded hills beyond, and including the spires of the little churches of Vau-murier and Saint Lambert.

Amongst the recluses were persons from every class of society; soldiers, statesmen, peers of the realm, divines, poets, physicians, all contributed their share to the growth of Port-Royal and the edification of France. Entire families, converted by one of M. de Saint Cyran's sermons, or by reading the word of God, forsook, with mistaken sincerity, all the pleasures of society, and sought in seclusion from the world that peace which passeth all understanding.

On one fine day in July the dauphin had gone out a-hunting with his courtiers. The stag, after starting from the woods of Saint Cloud, dashed off in the direction of Saint Germain, apparently determined to weary his pursuers, and, at all events, not to yield without making a gallant struggle. Away galloped the hunters, mad with excitement, whilst the hills rang with the notes of the bugle and the yelling of the hounds. Twice the stag crossed the Seine, twice the dauphin's party rushed in its pursuit; at last, weary and exhausted, the noble animal threw itself into a pond within a few yards from the monastery of Port-Royal. How to get at it then was a problem which none of the courtiers seemed anxious to solve; and after a day's hard work, the prospect of being obliged to return to Versailles empty handed was rather mortifying, when a man dressed in the habiliments of a peasant, and carrying a spade, approached the prince himself, and taking off his hat, asked in a respectful manner, if his royal highness would allow him to try and get the stag out of the pond.

"Allow! my friend," answered the dauphin; "we shall be very much obliged to you if you will do that job for us, and I'll reward you for your trouble."

In a short time the animal was safely landed. "Bravely done!" exclaimed the dauphin. "Pray, what is your name?"

"Pierre Bouchier, my lord, to do you service."

"Well, Pierre Bouchier," answered the prince, "here are twenty-five crowns as a keepsake."

"If your highness will excuse me," said Pierre, "I had rather not take the money."

"And, pray, what may be your reason for doing so?" asked the dauphin.

"The persons whom I serve provide for all my wants with so much charity that I want nothing. That Providence on which I rely has never forsaken me; and if I continue faithful to God, I am very sure I shall never be forsaken."

Language such as this sounded, unfortu-

nately, somewhat strangely to the courtiers. At first they concluded that Pierre Bouchier was a fool; when, however, they heard that he belonged to the community of Port-Royal, they passed from feelings of contempt to a sense of the deepest admiration. They continued to press him to accept the money, telling him that if he had no occasion for it himself, he could give it to the poor. He replied, "Gentlemen, you can give it to the poor yourselves, which will be better."^{*}

The piety and reliance upon God's mercy which characterized the Port-Royalists shone as conspicuously amongst their lower dependants. On another occasion, Pierre having been compelled to receive a handsome present by the Count of Toulouse, whom he had assisted in catching some game, he went and took it immediately to the monastery, saying, "I do not know what to do with this money, it is an encumbrance to me; lay it out as you please."

I might easily fill a volume with the interesting anecdotes which, in the course of an evening's conversation, I gathered from M. Silvy's reminiscences; but my only object on the present occasion is to give the reader an idea of the community whose annals fill the brightest page in the literary and religious history of France. Its ruin was brought about by the efforts of the Jesuits, who, ever since the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne, had been unceasingly endeavoring to suppress throughout the kingdom every manifestation of opinion not strictly in accordance with the traditions of the Romish church. It will be remembered that Jansenius, bishop of Ypres, had written a work in which, for the purpose of upholding the doctrine of free grace and justification by faith, he had collected and arranged together all the passages on the same subject he could find in the writings of Augustine. The opposers of these doctrines selected from the volume of Jansenius five propositions, which appeared to them the most erroneous in their nature, and the most pernicious in their tendency; they employed every means to have these propositions condemned by the court of Rome;

^{*} After all, the two actions performed by this Port-Royalist favor a little of an erroneous judgment. The refusal of the money would seem to imply a recognition on his part of the monkish doctrine that poverty is a virtue; whereas money, be it much or little, is an object for wise stewardship. The service, too, which he rendered in capturing the hidden deer was (whatever sporting readers may think of it) a questionable piece of benevolence.

and having obtained to this effect two bulls from popes Innocent X. and Alexander VII., their next object was to secure their promulgation in the dominions of the French king. An assembly of court bishops drew up a declaration, which was subsequently made more valid still by the king's own signature, and which became obligatory on all ecclesiastical persons throughout France. This declaration contained two points; the former to the effect that the five famous propositions on the subject of divine grace were to be found in Jansenius; the latter maintained the heretical character of these propositions. Believing, as they did, that the five propositions were in substance maintained by Jansenius, the solitaires of Port-Royal would have been guilty of an untruth had they subscribed to the pope's declaration; on the other hand, if they refused to sign, they were lost. In this dreadful situation, the thought of a compromise struck the firmest minds. A negotiation was opened with the Archbishop of Paris, for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain from him a pastoral letter conceived in moderate expressions. Several meetings took place amongst the Jansenists, Pascal and Domat deciding against all compliance contrary to Christian truth and sincerity, whilst Nicole and Arnauld wrote in favor of conditional obedience. The latter prevailed; the authority of Arnauld, especially, carried along with it the votes of the majority. Port-Royal had breathed its last!

This catastrophe, through which the Jesuits themselves struck at popery a blow more fatal than any of those dealt by the combined forces of protestantism, was, when made known, a death-pang to many a noble mind. Jacqueline Pascal subprioress of the monastery, gave the example of obedience to the orders of her superiors; but three months after she was lying in her grave, the struggle between duty and inclination had been too powerful. We fancy we are reading the history of ancient heroes when we trace the consequences of the sentence of dispersion pronounced against the Port-Royalists—against a community of persons who, with all their errors, were undoubtedly, in their generation, burning and shining lights. Arnauld, like his protestant brethren, had to eat the exile's bread and to continue in a foreign land the contest which he made the object of his whole life.

And what was the result of that desperate system of persecution carried on by Louis XIV. at the suggestion of the Jesuits? Did the throne stand the firmer for being steeped

in blood? Was the royal authority the stronger for not being established in righteousness? Nay; scarcely had the monarch demolished Port-Royal, when his power, firm as it then appeared, was shaken to its very foundation. The grand-dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duke of Brittany, the three successive heirs to the crown, were struck by death, sudden, awful and inexplicable; and France was left with an aged and decrepit old man at her head, surrounded by triumphant enemies. The victories of Höchstet, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, rapidly succeeded each other; Tournay, Lille, Mons, and Douay opened their gates to the enemy. Louis XIV., in an evil hour, had, by the intrigues of the ambitious woman he married, consented to oppress true religion equally in his protestant subjects, by

signing the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and in his catholic subjects, by the banishment of Fénelon, and the destruction of Port-Royal; and Louis XIV., whose brilliant successes had obtained him the vain title of Great, died, not even leaving to his nation the empty laurels which might have speciously concealed the naked poverty to which he had reduced it.

As I took leave, the next morning, of the venerable M. Silvy, such were the thoughts that rushed to my mind. The diligence rolled along the dusty road until about three miles from Versailles, when, looking around me, I could see on my right the ruins of the monastery tinged by the first beams of the sun, and on my left the once favorite abode of courtly splendor: there, humble piety; here, pride and vexation of spirit.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

"No. 15 Castle street," I called out to the driver, who was holding the door of the fly, threw my carpet-bag into one corner, myself into the other, of the wretchedly stuffed vehicle, and away we jolted over the fearful pavement from the railway-station into the centre of the town—where I ought to have appeared long before in full evening dress—and the very thought of it drove me nearly distracted—and with *her*, her on my arm, forget all—ball-room, earth, sky, the whole universe, in my happiness. But no, there I was being still jolted in this wretched machine, among gloomy, stern-looking masses of houses; for on this very day, just as if the engine could not do me the kindness to travel a little faster than a diligence, we had in the first place crawled along like snails over the frozen rails, stopped an immense time at every station, and finally, as if to set the crown upon the whole, we had stuck fast for a good hour in a snow-drift. In consequence of all this, instead of arriving at seven o'clock, it was just half past eight, and surely this will serve as my excuse for hammering at the window at least a dozen times during my progress from the station, at one moment thundering curses in the driver's ear, and then offering him money to drive faster,

until at last, in perfect despair, he lashed his astonished horse into full speed, and soon stopped before the house I had ordered him to drive to.

"I had given up all hopes of your coming!" exclaimed my friend, who had only received my letter the same morning, and had hurried down to the door when he heard me drive up. "Where have you been all this time?"

But there was no time for explanations; I seized my carpet-bag, thrust the money I had held in readiness into the driver's hand, and flew, rather than walked, up the stairs into Meier's room. Here I threw down my hat, and told my friend in a despairing tone—while searching all my pockets twice over for the key of the padlock, and at last finding it in the one with which I had commenced—how misfortune ever pursued me, and that I was such an unlucky beggar that nothing would turn out rightly with me. But on this occasion my whole life's fortune was at stake; after two years' separation I was again to see *her*, without whom I could only fancy the world would be to me a desolate wilderness; this evening I might hope to receive from her the sweet confession of her love, or at least to read in her eyes what my

fate would be: with her, life in its sunniest aspect—a perfect elysium; without her—

"What on earth have you got in your carpet-bag?" Meier exclaimed, just as I had opened the little padlock, without paying any attention, for I was lost in my dreams of future happiness or woe.

I had, equally unconsciously, thrust in my hand to take out my inexpressibles—my tail-coat I had put on before starting for fear of it creasing,—and I fancied I should be seized with a fit, when on the top I saw a pair of stays, a box of rouge, and with continually-increasing fury dragged out a whole quantity of such feminine vanities, and hurled them on the chairs and floor around me. Meier's demonic laugh first restored me to consciousness.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" he shouted; and the tears ran down his plump, swollen face in his ecstasy. I could have strangled him as he stood. "Ha, ha, ha!—you've got hold of a wrong carpet-bag. That's exquisite—glorious!"

"There!" I shouted, and hurled the emptied iniquitous bag behind the stove; "lie there and rot. What shall I do now. I really cannot enter a ball-room in my gray and blue stripes. Good heavens! was not I right in saying that I was the most unhappy creature that walked on two legs between earth and heaven? Here I am—Emilie will be waiting for hours with her angelic patience for a man she believes false to her; but, at last, will no longer be able to refuse the earnest prayers of the gentlemen, and will be engaged for the whole night."

"But how was that possible?" Meier asked, after he had slightly recovered from his beastly convulsions of laughter. "Every one keeps his carpet-bag by him, and I cannot understand——"

"Understand—understand!" I growled, angrily, and paced up and down the room—I was then only twenty years old, and the ball was a question of life and death with me—"I understand it perfectly. At the last station, where you couldn't see your own hand in the carriage, a lady got in and pressed close to me, as in the opposite corner a confounded Polish Jew was seated, wrapped in his fur, and had not the politeness to make room for the new-comer. From this moment I will be a devoted antagonist to emancipation. Of course I did not know she also had a carpet-bag with her, and when the train stopped, I jumped out in my hurry, afraid I might not be able to procure a fly, and without troubling myself any

further about the lady and her luggage. Most probably I seized her carpet-bag, and she has mine. By heavens, though, it is growing late! But where can I get a pair of black trousers? If I delay much longer, Emilie will be engaged for the whole evening, and I shall have to parade her fat aunt about in the ball-room."

"Well, if there's nothing more the matter," Meier said, good-humoredly, "I can perhaps help you. Make haste and perform your toilet here, and I'll go and see in the mean while whether I cannot discover a pair in my wardrobe. We are about the same height."

A good fellow, Meier. I pressed his hand cordially, and while he was gone I attended to the remainder of my costume, arranged my hair, which was in some disorder, and a few minutes later was prepared to jump into any pair of trousers that might be offered me. Meier, however, did not return so soon, and I amused myself by opening and shutting the door twice every minute, or by examining the boxes and cases which malicious fate had brought in my path.

Ladies rubbish—paint, powder, false curls, dirty gloves and stockings.

"Bah!" I cried, and threw away the things again. "Is it possible, then, that there are asses in the world who can be fooled by such devices? I am only twenty years old, but I am pretty certain——"

"Good heavens! what a smell of burning there is here!" said Meier, who at this moment opened the door, and walked in with the desired article of clothing. "Something must be smouldering."

I had also noticed the smell, but in my impatience had not sought the cause. Meier, however, drew the mysterious carpet-bag from behind the stove. One side of it—a white ground with red roses—I can remember it as distinctly as if it were only yesterday—was tinged of a yellowish-brown color, and I must confess, to my shame, that I felt a considerable degree of malicious pleasure at seeing it. But what did I care now for a carpet-bag? While Meier was collecting all the various objects scattered round the room, and after returning them carelessly to the carpet-bag, gave them a push with his foot in order to make them fit in properly, and then put it under the bed, I boldly donned the inexpressibles. Good heavens! if they had not fitted!—but no!

"Hurrah!" I shouted, and cut various capers round the room. "All is serene!"

They fitted as if made for me. They were rather tight, but that was no conse-

quence; the style was splendid, and I was as delighted as a child. I was always rather sweet upon my leg. I had scarcely time for a hurried review in the mirror, for the whip of the driver, whom the servant had fetched in the mean while, was cracking furiously in the street. I put on my cloak, seized my gloves, slapped my hat on my forehead, and prepared to start.

"Stop!" Meier shouted, and seized my arm. "What time do you think you will come home?"

"Who, I?—well, not late. When my lady goes home, I shall not dance another step; at any rate, I shall be back by one or two at the latest."

"Well, then, take the house-key," Meier replied; "I shall hardly get home so soon, for we usually play a couple of rubbers afterwards. Are you a sound sleeper?"

"Not extraordinarily so."

"Then I'll clap my hands under that window where your bed stands. You can tie the house-key in a pocket-handkerchief or in the tobacco-pouch hanging there, and throw it down."

"But have you not a porter to answer the bell?"

"The wire is broken, and has not been mended yet. You are sure to hear me?"

"But the confounded heavy key——"

"Leave it in your great-coat pocket; it won't bother you there—and one thing more, notice this door carefully. When you come up the stairs in the dark, keep to the left; you can't make a mistake, it is the first door."

"Enough, enough." We hurried down stairs into the fly, and started for the Hôtel de Russie, where the brilliantly-illuminated windows announced that the festivities had commenced. How my heart beat when I went up the wide flight of stairs! I felt as if I suddenly had lead in my feet, and could not move or raise my limbs. I was forced to collect myself, and was indeed only recalled to my senses by one of the gaily-dressed liveried servants thrusting a card into my hands, and disappearing the next moment with my mantle. We entered the ball-room: the wild sounds of a gallopade reached our ear through the doorway. It was just as I had expected: three dances were already over—the Polonaise and two waltzes, and Emilie must be engaged for the whole evening. Could I reasonably anticipate any thing else?

"You see," I muttered into Meier's ear, with my hand convulsively pressed on my

heart, "such is the fate that ever mercilessly pursues me. I have travelled eighty miles in the most piercing cold; surmounted gigantic difficulties; and now—too late—the curse which has undermined my whole existence—Emilie is lost, and I am a wretched, wretched man for ever."

"Adolph!" Meier whispered to me as he bent down. "You know what I have told you a thousand times: I advise you to forget the girl altogether. She is older than yourself; her best years are passed."

"Go to the deuce!" I cried angrily.

"Fellow, do you want to render me insane, when you see me on the uttermost verge of despair? You know that I——"

"Very good—the old story—you will not listen—so go your way in peace. But there is Emilie's younger brother coming towards us, and you will immediately learn from him where you must seek your divinity."

Angrily I turned away from him towards the brother of my beloved; but who can describe my surprise, my delight, I may say, when I heard that Emilie, who had also been delayed by some peculiar *contretemps*, had not yet made her appearance, but was expected every moment. I could have fallen on the neck of the amiable young man, a tall, thin attorney's clerk, in the public ball-room. Of course I posted myself close to the doorway. I certainly paid my respects in my zeal to at least a dozen strange ladies; was forced to apologize repeatedly, and at last discovered that Emilie had entered by another door; but what matter? Conducted by her brother, she came in search of me, and I forgot, in that moment, journey, carpet-bag, deception, and long waiting. I forgot the world, and lived and breathed in her alone. An hour thus passed in intoxicating joy. What dances I danced, what I said to her, how could I know; I did not even see any of the merry throng that surrounded us; I only gazed in her eyes, and in these I saw a paradise. Emilie had never before been so kind to me, and at this moment I would not have changed places with an emperor.

At length, during one of the pauses, I found time to converse more calmly with her; arm in arm we walked up and down the room, and her little rosy lips whispered and prattled the sweetest flattery in my ears. We had at last reached one of the small red-covered benches against the wall, and sat down: and Emilie now expressed her sorrow for looking so pale and *distracte*. Good heavens! I had not even noticed it; she looked really much paler than usual—and, in truth,

considerably altered. What could have happened to her?

"Oh, dearest friend!" she whispered in reply to my sympathizing question; "it was nothing of any consequence, and still it was a thing which almost forced me to give up the pleasures of this night's dance."

The blood ran coldly through my veins when I thought even of the possibility.

"But how was that possible? it cannot be illness? Your cheeks are really remarkably pale this evening."

"I was childish," she smiled. "Terror, and at the same time annoyance, if I must speak candidly, were in reality the foolish cause."

"Annoyance?"

"About a trifle. I have been spending a few days with a sick aunt in the neighboring town; several acquaintances had arranged a little dance there; this evening I returned, and—you will laugh at me—exchanged carpet-bags in the carriage. Well, why do you start? that is not so very terrible." She laughed as I drew back.

"No, indeed not," I stuttered, and looked round to see whether the roof would not fall in to bury me. "Exchanged—exchanged your carpet-bag—ha, ha, ha!—that is really too comical—that is glorious—ha, ha, ha, ha!—delicious!"

"But, for goodness' sake, Adolph!" Emilie exclaimed in alarm, "you are attracting the attention of the whole room—what is the matter with you?"

"Beg a thousand pardons," I stuttered, quite confounded, for I really did not know at the moment whether I was on my head or my heels. Paint, powder, locks! I turned hurriedly towards her, and by heavens! she did not wear her usual brown locks, from which I had once stolen a sweet, dear memento, which had been kissed a thousand, thousand times. Plague and cholera! I had the remainder at home in the box. But what to do? Should I confess to her that I had been the unhappy wretch, who—No! that would not do, at least not now. And was not the carpet-bag singed, ruined? Did it not lie—I dare not think of it—where and near what? My senses began to grow confused, and patches of burnt carpet, locks, black trousers, rouge, powder, all went round and round in my head like a burning Catherine-wheel in a thousand wild and ever-changing shapes.

"I really cannot understand you," Emilie at last whispered, and directed a reproachful but still tender glance upon me. "What is the matter?"

"Ah!" I replied, in fearful embarrassment, and must have looked at the moment as red as a freshly-boiled lobster; "you really cannot imagine how sorry I am for your accident; if we could only—only discover who made the unfortunate mistake——"

"I am certain it was a gentleman," she said quickly. "I found just at the top——" She stopped suddenly and bit her lips.

"You opened the carpet-bag?"

"Yes, certainly, but of course by mistake; the padlocks are alike, and I did not find my error till I—till I——"

I knew what was coming now, what must come, for *they* had been lying at the top.

"Found a little book; that is to say, a few sheets of paper, sewn together, containing poems. Ah, Adolph, if you had only read the verses——"

I looked up to her in surprise. I had quite forgotten the confounded verses, but they pleased her. Emilie was an enthusiastic poetess.

"You would have killed yourself with laughing at the stuff," the young lady continued, who had now quite recovered her calmness. "I have read a good deal of nonsensical poetry in my time, but never such trash as this—such moonshine and melancholy—such fancies for suicide, and similar trash. I was rather bold, and read a few of them; they were too absurd."

"But, madam," I stuttered, and hid my face in my handkerchief—it seemed to me as if the blood must burst in my veins—"I really do not know—a stranger's secrets!——"

"A grocer's apprentice!" she interrupted me, laughingly. "There is no risk; the pretty writing betrayed the author." (It had cost me five shillings to have them copied neatly.) "You must visit us to-morrow," she continued; "then you can read the trash, yourself. I will send the carpet-bag to an acquaintance afterwards, at whose house I will have the advertisement directed."

This was too much; my pulse beat furiously; my forehead burned; the word was on my lips with which I would annihilate her. I seized her arm at the same time with such violence that she uttered a slight cry, and looked up in my face. At this moment the music recommenced, the dancers flew to their places; I sprang up and looked round wildly.

"Come, Adolph!" Emilie whispered, and pressed my hand gently; "the quadrille is forming; let us take our places."

She dragged me almost passively towards the merry band—me, the desperate man,

with a very demon gnawing at my heart; but suddenly my fury broke out. I tore myself away from the horrible creature, leaped back, and cried—no, not a word passed my lips, but an icy shudder ran down my back. Good heavens! I had forgotten the tight trousers: a seam had given way in consequence of my hurried movement; so much I felt, and I now feared all that was most horrible. Every eye was at the same time fixed upon me—at least it seemed so to me—and I felt as if I must sink to the earth in my shame. If they noticed it, if I must leave the room saluted by the contemptuous laughter of these wretches—but no, they could not yet have comprehended the whole extent of my misfortune, and it was still possible that I might retire unseen. The only method was a sudden attack of bleeding at the nose: I pulled out my handkerchief, held it before my face, and examined the *terrain* with a hurried glance. The whole of the ground between us and the door was free from men, but several ladies were standing here and there, and the countless lights imparted the brightness of day: if I dared to cross at this moment, I should rashly expose myself to detection; I must wait for a more favorable moment.

A second glance convinced me that the spot where I had lately been sitting with Emilie was disengaged, and was, in addition, somewhat hidden by a curtain. If I could retreat thither undetected, I could bide my time and gain the door at the first favorable opportunity. It may be imagined that, under such circumstances, I did not dare turn my back on the company; but although Emilie regarded me with surprise, and even the handkerchief I held up did not account for such a retrograde movement, I at length succeeded, by extraordinarily clever manœuvring, and covered by a high-backed chair, in reaching the bench again, and hoped to effect my flight in safety eventually.

It was now a pressing necessity to discover the extent of the injury that had been effected: as it seemed, no one at the moment was paying any attention to me, and I bent down a little. Good heavens! I had not conceived that my misfortune was so great: but it was only too certain, and my heart beat fearfully, my limbs shuddered with fever. But the nearness of the danger renders even a coward bold for the nonce; the misfortune was evident, it must be remedied. If Meier had only been for a moment with me—but no, that cold-blooded, unfeeling man was assuredly seated at the whist-table and counting his tricks and points: I dared not calculate

upon him, and I was just preparing to rise, in order to repair the calamity as well as I could. Almost involuntarily I raised my eyes, but I fell back on my seat, as if shot, for scarce three yards from me, and coming straight towards me, I saw Emilie on the arm of the thin, consumptive clerk, her amiable brother.

Had the velvet-cushioned bench opened and swallowed me up, I would have sunk with the greatest pleasure any quantity of fathoms into the earth and utter obscurity; but it remained perfectly quiet, and I had scarce time to arrange my coat so as in some measure to hide the odious rent, when my destiny, in the form of this syren, came up to me, and asked, in a gentle, flattering tone:

"Is your nose bleeding, Adolph?"

I only made a silent nod of affirmation.

"Well, that will soon be over," she consoled me; "but—might I trouble you for a moment?"

I looked up in surprise and alarm.

"You are sitting on my handkerchief," she continued, in an imploring tone; "I left it here just now."

"There—there is no handkerchief here," I assured her most decidedly, from behind my own handkerchief; "I have just looked."

"Yes—yes, dear Adolph!" the horrible creature said, smilingly; "you are, indeed, sitting on it—I—I can see it;" and before I had the slightest notion of what impended over me, she suddenly seized the fancied handkerchief, and tried to draw it out.

If ever I wished heartily for any thing in my life, it was at this moment to weigh somewhere about one hundred tons. I certainly seized the so-called handkerchief and held it tightly, but my merciless tormentor employed her utmost strength, and, as I could only make use of one hand, and, besides, did not sit at all firmly on the soft cushions, I felt that she gained gradually upon me.

"But, my dear Mr. Miller," the unhappy clerk now said, and set to work too, "I really don't understand why you will not"—and he pulled with all his strength—"give up the handkerchief."

I saw my ruin imminent; the fearful crisis was at hand; I could only delay it as long as possible, when—heavenly powers! it yielded, I felt it give away beneath me, the couple sprang back and held—was I awake or dreaming?—Emilie's handkerchief! A moment convinced me that my own fears had been unfounded; but whether they noticed it, or were only rejoicing over the victory, I cannot tell. I rushed out of the room, put

on in my haste two wrong cloaks in succession; at last found the right one, with a hat which sunk over my temples—I throw it in a corner—put on the first that seemed to fit, and rushed down the stairs out of the house into the piercing cold, which, however, was balm to my burning brow. I was free, I could breathe again; and I hurried down the gloomy town towards the Castle street.

When I at last reached it, I could not immediately find the right house; they were all alike, with their gray fronts and dark windows; but fortunately I knew the number, and at last found the No. 15, by the pale light of a lamp that burned opposite.

"To-morrow I'll start with the first train," I muttered, as I pulled the heavy key from my pocket, and tried to put it in the keyhole. "I am cured. Meier is right; I was betrayed shamefully, abominably. Ah, well! This confounded door won't open; what a treat to have to stand an hour in the cold street!" I tried again, it would not turn; I blew into the key, but all in vain.

"Meier!" I shouted, with the faint hope that he might have left the ball-room before me; but, of course, received no answer, and tried the key again. It was of no use; in vain I turned the handle a dozen times—in vain did a watchman and a pair of passing chairmen take a most lively interest in me; I got the key into the hole, but there it was fixed, and I could not even draw it out again. I cannot say how long I stood freezing and cursing before the unlucky door; at last a passer-by—for even the watchman had given it up at last as a hopeless job—advised me to ring the porter up.

Ring! yes, it was all very good talking, but was not the wire broken? Still I followed his advice, though really only through despair and fury, and pulled as if I wished to pull the bell out by the roots. It was comforting to have something on which to vent my passion. But the experiment was not so fruitless as I had anticipated. A bell was set in motion within the house, which not only made the most fearful noise on its own account, but seemed as if it never intended to stop. Before long—and the giant bell was still sounding—a pair of slippers came stamping across the stone hall at immense speed; the person in them coughed very earnestly, and a cheering ray of light found its way through the keyhole. A key was turned within; but to my surprise a bolt was also pulled back, and the heavy door creaked on its hinges.

The old man, who was wrapped up in a fur-dressed gown to the ears, cried at the same time,—

"Who's ringing so furiously?"

"Good-evening, old boy!" I interrupted him, as I thrust a piece of money into his dressing-gown—for the sleeves came down far over his hands—walked into the house, and was going up-stairs without further delay; for I was frozen to the backbone through my former heat and long standing before the door. The man, however, first held his lantern under my nose, and said, with a glance somewhat calmed by the tip,—

"Do you live here, then?"

"Yes; with the young gentleman upstairs."

"Since when, then?"

"Since nine o'clock this evening. We went to the ball together."

"Ah, so!" the old man nodded; and fancying that he had then performed his janitorial duties, he turned away with a "good-night." My eye had fallen on the street-door, and I saw him fastening the bolt again.

"Do you do the house up in that way?" I asked him in great surprise. "I did not know that; no wonder my key did not help me."

"Yes," the old man said, and began coughing again. "Since they—oho—oho—oho—murdered the old lady—oho—oho—in this street—oho—my master has been frightened—oho—oho!"

"But how will the young gentleman get in?"

"He'll ring too," the old man said laconically, and retired into his own apartments.

"That, then, is the end of my sweet dream," I sighed, as I walked up the broad stone staircase in the dark, and held on by the balcony. What did I care at this moment for the bolt?—other, much more terrible, thoughts were crossing my mind.

"Such is the result of my journey; that is the keystone of my future happiness, on which I had built my castles! Away, away, even with the reminiscence of my misfortune! I will sleep—would it were till the day of judgment. Ah! death would be a blessing!"

But, though it was so dark up-stairs that I could not see a single step, I knew my road, and felt along the left-hand wall as soon as I reached the first landing. My hand struck something, and at the same moment, while almost smashing my knee against a sharp edge, an earthen vessel fell with a fearful sound to the ground, and the splash revealed to me that I had upset some large water-jug. That was the climax; I was really wading. But how did the jug get there, and whence had it fallen? In truth there was a table there; it must have been placed there since

we went out, and my left knee suffered the consequences. But there was no time for reflection; I could not repair it in the dark, and determined on warning Meier from the window when I heard him come home, that he should not slip upon the water, which would by that time be frozen. I then moved along the left-hand wall—well, the door ought to be here? I could feel nothing but the naked, cold wall. I might certainly have passed it at starting, and sought my way back to the stairs; but there was no door, and yet I was so certain that it was on that side. Again I commenced my wanderings, and my teeth chattered with cold, and with no better success than at first, except that I came to a window which looked out into some dark court. Where was I now?—what should I do? I could not pass the whole night on the stairs—I should be frozen to death in my thin ball-costume. And should I make a disturbance in a strange house, with what face could I appear in the morning? but, hang it, needs must when a certain person drives, and I could not perish with cold. There must be a door somewhere, and if I did not find the right one, I should at least find some one to show me where my room was.

I quickly set to work, and at last found a handle, which I tried to turn; but it withstood all my efforts, and I received no reply to my repeated knocking. I went further on, stumbled over a chair, came to a small table, above which I felt a mirror, and at length reached a second door. Although this refused an entrance, still I fancied I heard a noise much resembling snoring. I knocked lustily, and listened. Something moved—a bedstead creaked—then all was still again. I repeated my knocking, and a voice replied, apparently in the greatest surprise,—

"Who the deuce is knocking out there? Is that you, John?"

"It's I, Mr. Meier," I replied, in a gentle but still distinct voice, for I naturally supposed this was my friend's father. "It's Adolph Miller, your son's friend; I can't find my room, or rather his."

"Con—found it, sir, don't disturb people in their sleep!" the fancied father, however, replied in a by no means kindly tone. "I have no son; go to the devil, and leave me in peace."

"But, my dear sir," I entreated him, "it is terribly cold out here, and I may catch my death; if I only had a light so that I could find my room! Which are Mr. Meier's apartments?"

"I don't know any Meier, sir," the voice replied, with fearful certainty; "there's not a Meier in the whole house. Good-night."

And I heard the monster turn on his other side; but his words were a thunder-stroke to me. No Meier in the whole house! That could not be so. Had I not seen the number with my own eyes? But the interior of the house was in truth strange to me—could he be in the right?—but no! my Meier certainly lived there. The cabman had driven me straight to the right door,—a proof that I had known the number then. I must consequently make a second attempt to find my bed.

I walked slowly along the wall, and at length reached a second door, which certainly led to a sitting or sleeping-room. I had scarce touched the handle, when such a piercing, terrific shriek was raised, that I started back in terror.

"Mr. Meier!" I, however, quickly returned to the charge, and knocked sharply at the door. "My dear Mr. Meier!"

"Murder—thieves—villains—fire—fire!" the voice said in reply, and a bell was pulled with desperate energy.

"But my dear Mr. Meier," I implored, and thus tried to appease the storm.

"Help—help—fire—thieves!" the echo sounded, and doors rattled in all parts of the house, and timid voices were heard. Once again the slippers pattered across the court, and for the moment I did not know what better to do than to yield myself unconditionally to them. I felt my way, as quickly as I could, back to the stairs and down the banisters, and recognized with pleasure the porter's lantern once again. But he scarcely perceived me hurrying towards him, probably with evil designs, as he was led to believe from the cries for help, when he rushed back, and bolted his door.

It was some time ere I was able to prove to them my utter harmlessness, especially as the voice heard above thundered down uninterrupted threats of gallows, wheel, house of correction, and galleys, and thus naturally maintained the belief among the gallant defenders that something fearful had occurred. At last my ball-costume, which I displayed to them, perhaps calmed them; it was not, at least, very probable that any reasonable being would try to break into a house, with the thermometer at such a state, in black coat, white kid gloves, and shoes and stockings. I found myself, a few seconds later, and glad in the bargain at not being given in charge to the patrol as a disturber of the

peace, before the very door where I would have given Heaven knows what, so shortly before, in order to get in.

I certainly tried immediately, and while the bolt was again being fastened, to convince myself of the identity of the number; but the last lantern had gone out in the mean while, the street was deserted, and the snow fell in great icy flakes. I trembled with cold in every limb, and apprehended, not without reason, a dangerous illness, if I remained a moment longer, thinly dressed as I was, in the open street. Under these circumstances, nothing was left me but to give up all attempts to find the right house in such darkness and cold, and I hurried down the street to take advantage of the first hotel or inn which might offer itself.

Fortunately, I did not require to search long; a few hundred paces lower down I recognized the gigantic gold letters of a sign. The house-bell was at the right place, and I found—in truth, scarcely able to stand on my feet—an ice-cold room, but a warm bed, in which I could recover from the misery and sufferings of this night. Exhausted to death, I naturally fell asleep directly, and only awoke when the bright daylight shone into my room, and the waiter came in with the coffee I had ordered for eight o'clock.

The recollection of the past night lay upon my nerves like a gloomy nightmare, but the

coffee exerted its beneficial effects upon me; I shook off all my unhappy thoughts, and with the firm determination to leave Emilie for ever (I have not, up to the present moment, quite made up my mind whether the false locks, or the opinion about my poetry, decided me on this), I put on my cloak, donned my hat, which the events of the night had bestowed upon me, and, after paying my little account, opened my door, which led out into a narrow passage.

I took my hat off, and saw, for the first time, that there was a little silver cockade on the side of it. I had, in my hurry on the previous evening, seized some servant's.

Soon after I recognized the door at which I had stood the previous night, the bell-handle I had not yet forgotten—the thick round knob I had pulled so furiously—and, plague take it, a 13 grinned horribly at me, which I had certainly taken in the darkness for 15. The measure of my anger was filled up.

The same evening I wrote to Emilie a few lines, in which I confessed my unworthiness, and begged for her friendship. Meier I also acquainted with all the details, and three days later received my carpet-bag, as well as all the letters I had written her. Only one thing was missing—my poems. I had insulted a woman, and she revenged herself. A fortnight later they appeared in the *Frankfurt Didaskalia*, with my own name.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF WASHINGTON.

SEE PLATE.

DURING the period that Washington resided in Philadelphia, the incident occurred which furnished the artist with the subject of the picture, and illustrates the considerate and benevolent character of that great man. The President was one day accosted in the street by a small boy of interesting appearance, soliciting alms for a sick mother. Washington made a few inquiries, and then offered to call and see her. This he accordingly did straightway. It needed but a brief conversation to find that the poor woman had been unused to so lowly a condition—that, in the common phrase, she had seen better days, and that she suffered more from the depressing influence of poverty, than from any physical ailment.

Washington sat down by an old table that formed part of the very scanty furniture

of the apartment, and after being a few moments engaged in writing, requested that her son, on his return, should take the paper to the place indicated upon it; and, after a few words of consolation and encouragement, took his departure. In a little while, the lad came home with the scanty pittance he had collected, and delightedly told his mother that a kind gentleman he had spoken with in the street, and who was doubtless a physician, had promised to call and see what he could do for her. "He has already been here," replied the gratified mother; "and there on the table is the prescription he has left; you will see where to take it when you read." The boy hastened to examine it, and to the joy and astonishment of both, found a check for quite a liberal amount, signed with the name of—George Washington.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A WELL-KNOWN and attractive work has been reproduced in very handsome style, by the Messrs. APPLETON, of this city—the celebrated *Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes*. It was one of the earliest of those disclosures of the private life and personal habits and traits of Napoleon, that have since been so plentifully supplied. Written with wonderful vivacity and tact, and taking a candid though favorable view of the Emperor's character, and abounding in those personal sketches and anecdotes which are entertaining when told of any body, but become fascinating when relating to such a character, it forms one of the best portraits and most readable books to be found. The lively author brings within the scope of her observation and criticism a great variety of the lesser lights that revolved around the imperial sun; so that a very fair reflex of the court and society of that most pregnant and interesting era can be obtained from these pages. The authenticity of her disclosures has never been questioned, as certainly the skill with which they are made will not be. The style in which the work has been got up is highly creditable to the publishers.

The same house has favored the reading public with rather more and better books for the pleasant uses of the holidays, than ordinary. Some of their issues are magnificent, equalling the costly preparations of the transatlantic houses who cater for aristocratic buyers. The *Republican Court*, edited by Dr. GRISWOLD, is a very sumptuous affair, yet its elegance of adornment and illustration is the least of its claims. It is a gallery of the portraits of a number of the ladies who adorned the social circles of the revolutionary era—Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Madison, and others, who were distinguished for their beauty and talent in their day, and whose memory is still cherished. These portraits are engraved in the highest style of art, and certainly form a beautiful gallery. The accompanying letter-press is composed of very spirited sketches of the principal social events of the era, in which all that remains of biographical details respecting these ladies and others, is inwrought. It is an interesting contribution to this important period of our national history, and a beautiful work of art, worthy of cherishing for either or both respects.

Ornaments of Memory is another fine work for holiday purposes, published by the APPLETONS; and to these may be added their editions of juvenile gift-books, prepared by the renowned PETER PARLEY, and embellished with elegant French engravings.

The busy and useful press of the Messrs. CARTER has recently furnished some valuable works. The *Autobiography of William Jay, of Bath*, is a very pleasant work, revealing with great simplicity and grace the life and character of a good man. There is a kind of Vicar of Wakefield frankness in the disclosures, which carry the reader's sympathy at

once. His life, as one of the most popular of the evangelical ministers of his day in England, and as a man of culture, genius, and most gentle personal traits, has many points of decided interest. He was brought into close relations to many of the most eminent personages, upon whom and whose doings he ingeniously comments, often with shrewdness, and always with interest. Appended to his autobiography is a series of sketches of several of his clerical contemporaries, which, though meager, are, nevertheless, valuable as the reliable testimony of an eye-witness. Some literary remains are also added, all of which discover the grace and finish of style, and the sobriety of thought which have been understood to distinguish his pulpit prelections. A very engaging and profitable book.

Remains of the late Rev. W. H. Hewitson, in two volumes, is a collection of the literary productions of a young clergyman of the Church of England, who died early, but not until he had left a permanent record of exalted worth and admirable genius. These Remains are epistolary and general. His letters strike us as very fine specimens of a style of literature in which few excel. They are flowing, yet elegant and expressive, and breathe a very devout and pure spirit. R. CARTER & BRO.

A fine edition of the *Complete Works of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth*, has been also published, comprising all that this energetic and excellent writer had ever issued. It forms a body of religious reading of rare value, combining at once sound religious views, clear thought, and a most excellent purpose. R. CARTER & BRO.

A neat edition of a unique and valuable work by the late Rev. Dr. DUNCAN, a Scottish clergyman, entitled the *Social Philosophy of the Seasons*, has been issued by the CARTERS. It is a description of the various phenomena of the seasons, replete with learning and accurate knowledge, and followed to their moral and religious suggestions. The abundant facts and truths of the work, the excellent feeling it displays, and the elegant style in which it is composed, make it a work of great scientific and moral value.

A Prize Essay on the *Modern and Current Phases of Infidelity*, from the pen of the Rev. THOMAS PEARSON, has been republished by the Messrs. CARTER. It is an elaborate treatise, dealing with those aspects of the controversy which have the most interest at the present day.

A *Life of Horace Greeley* has been prepared by some admiring Boswell of the celebrated editor, which, like all gossip, has its interest. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Greeley's principles, the sturdy independence of his character, and the successful industry of his life, are points that will attract and deserve admiration. The incidents of this sketch are quite varied and striking, and the personal anecdotes with which it is adorned will detain the reader to its pages till the close. MARSH BROTHERS.

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ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

Printed by J. W. Brown